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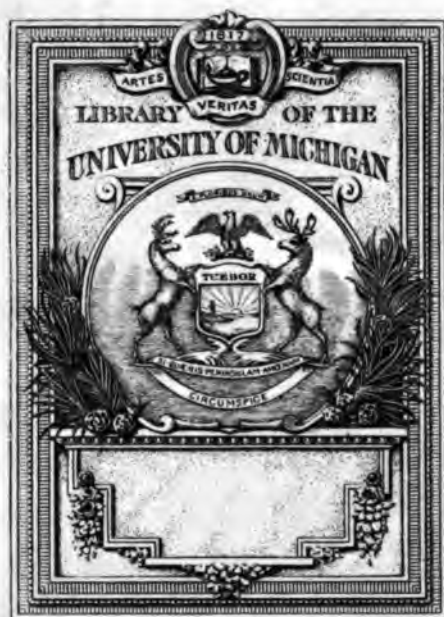
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THE
Eclectic Review.

MDCCCXXV.

JANUARY—JUNE.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXIII.

Φιλοσοφίαι δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγου, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἑπικουρείου ἢ
καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἰρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσεων τούτων καλῶς,
δικαιοσύνη μετὰ εὐσεβούς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδασκοῖα, τούτο συμπικνὸν τὸ ΕΚΑΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ
φιλοσοφικὸν φημι.

CLEM. ALEX. *Strom. Lib. 1.*

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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JANUARY, 1825.

Art. I. *The Book of Psalms, in an English Metrical Version, founded on the Basis of the Authorized Bible Translation, and compared with the Original Hebrew; with Notes Critical and Illustrative.* By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, DD. M.R.I.A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. 8vo. pp. xxii. 506. Oxford. 1824.

THE Book of Psalms is styled by St. Augustine, a kind of abridgement of the whole Scripture. 'The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books,' says Hooker, 'the Psalms do more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form wherewith they are written.' As prophetic records, as devotional compositions, and as the sublimest, as well as the most ancient specimens of lyric poetry, it is impossible to venerate too highly this portion of the Hebrew Scriptures. But the veneration in which the Psalms have been held, has been singularly disconnected with either the rational interpretation or the practical use of this part of Holy Writ. From the Talmudists and the Christian Fathers, down to Hutchinson and Horsley, the obscurity of these sacred compositions has afforded room for displaying the perverted ingenuity of mystical commentators, who have refined away both their beauty and meaning, till these inspired poems and prophecies have been converted into most recondite enigmas. The mode of proceeding adopted by these interpreters, may be compared to the conduct of the mine-hunters of South America, who, in searching for hidden treasure, wash away into the rivers the fertile soil from which they might have obtained their bread. Some of the Fathers have discovered mysteries in the order of the Psalms. Thus, Hilary, Ambrose, and Origen have thought they could trace the succession of events in the life of David; others have detected

the order of the solemnities celebrated in the temple; and Augustine, while he acknowledges that he could not discover the mystery of the disposition of the Psalms, thought that every fiftieth has relation to the vocation, the justification, and the glorification of the saints.* Chrysostom and a host of others maintain, in defiance of all external and internal evidence, that all the Psalms were composed by King David, and one writer classes among heretics all who denied it; in which number Athanasius himself would be included, since he assigns only seventy-two Psalms to the royal poet. A learned controversy has moreover been carried on respecting the titles of the Psalms, whether genuine or not, and whether, if added by Ezra, they are to be considered as having the authority of inspiration. Another question has been raised in more modern times, whether they were originally composed in metre,—whether these sublimest of poems are entitled to the name of poetry. But the most important, and indeed the only interesting controversy relates to the double sense of which a large proportion of the Psalms are doubtless susceptible. In establishing the higher or mystical sense, a class of interpreters, among whom it is with regret that we rank Horsley, not only lose sight of a literal or primary meaning, but even deny their having any reference to the trials and experience of humanity. The characteristic boldness of the learned Prelate verges on impiety in one place, where he argues, that the Spirit of Jehovah would not be requisite to enable a mere man to describe his own sufferings just as he felt them, and his own escapes just as they happened. Therefore, ‘the suppliant is a ‘mystical personage,’ ‘the enemies are mystical,’ the sickness spoken of is mystical, the deliverance mystical; they have no bearing on the spiritual life or outward trials of the Christian. This most perilous scheme of interpretation, which locks up the meaning of the Scriptures as effectually from the common people, as the Papists do the letter in a foreign tongue, would indeed go very far to justify the utmost reserve in putting the Bible into the hands of the uninformed laity. Very different was the opinion of the judicious Calvin: ‘*Librum hunc non abs re vocare soleo ἀντροπῶν omnium animæ partium; quando nullum in se affectum quisquam reperiet, cujus in hoc speculo non reluceat imago. Imo omnes hic dolores, tristitias, metus, dubitationes, spes, curas, anxietates, turbulentos denique motus quibus jactari solent humana mentes, Spiritus Sanctus ad vivum representavit. Reliqua Scriptura continet quæ Deus servis suis*

* See Calmet's Dict. *Psalms*.

*' mandata injunxit ad nos perferenda. Hic vero Propheta ipsi cum Deo loquentes, quia interiores omnes sensus retegunt, quem- que nostrum vocant aut trahunt ad proprium sui examen, nequid ex tot infirmitatibus quibus sumus obnoxii, totque vitiis quibus sumus referti, occultum maneat.'**

The value of these sacred compositions as a rule and model of prayer, which this admirable Commentator proceeds to point out, is obviously nullified by the Hutchinsonian scheme of interpretation. In fact, this practical purpose, we might almost gather from Bishop Horsley's declaration, he deemed unworthy of Inspiration. We are far from imputing to that learned, acute, but paradoxical writer, an antinomian contempt for personal sanctity; and yet, it is but too evident, that he had little taste for spiritual and practical Christianity. On this account, he was but ill qualified to appreciate the devotional beauty of the Psalms of David; and to this circumstance, taken in connexion with his preference for the hypothetical and the paradoxical, may be ascribed his adoption of a scheme of interpretation which levels him, as an expositor, with Eyles Pierce and Dr. Hawker,—a system which, as Andrew Fuller pointedly observed, erects the Gospel on the ruins of common sense.

If Calmet's remark was just, that nothing can be a stronger proof of the obscurity of the Book of Psalms, than the vast number of commentaries, the proof must be admitted to have gained strength since his time. He reckoned that above a thousand writers had undertaken to illustrate the Psalms, and more modern times have greatly added to the list. Yet, we seem as far from having an unexceptionable and perfectly intelligible translation of this portion of Scripture, as ever. Nor are we aware of any English commentator since Ainsworth, who has contributed to throw much light on the obscurities of

* ' Not without reason have I been accustomed to call this book the anatomy of all the parts of the mind, since there is no emotion of which any one can be conscious, that is not imaged here as in a glass. In fact, whatever pains, sorrows, fears, doubts, hopes, cares, solitudes, or turbulent emotions of any kind, are wont to agitate the minds of men, the Holy Spirit has here represented to the life. The other parts of Scripture contain the commandments which God enjoined upon his servants to be delivered to us. But in this part, the Prophets themselves communing with God, inasmuch as they lay open all their inmost thoughts, call or allure every one of us to the examination of his own heart, so that of the various infirmities to which we are liable, the various faults with which we abound, nothing may remain concealed.'

the sacred text. No part of the Old Testament so much requires in the critical expositor, the rare combination of philological learning, cool judgement, fervent devotion, and poetical taste, as the Book of Psalms. To the elegant criticisms of Bishop Lowth on Hebrew poetry, the Christian world are under deep obligations; but his translation of Isaiah, with all its beauties, has but served to illustrate the various difficulties of the high emprise. We are inclined to think that Dr. Watts united in himself more of the qualifications of a translator than most who have undertaken it. Whether he was sufficiently accomplished as a Hebrew scholar, we know not; but in catching the spirit of the text, no writer, perhaps, has been on the whole so happy; and his metrical version, free and imperfect as it professedly is, and faulty in many respects, is nevertheless the most instructive commentary on the Psalms that we possess. Nor has any single work so powerfully contributed to promote the cultivation of sacred poetry and the devout use of the inspired originals. That Bishop Mant should not have had magnanimity enough to pay a just tribute of encomium to that learned and accomplished Nonconformist, cannot be wondered at, when it is recollected, that even the amiable Bishop Horne has not noticed his version, though he has cited Merrick and Ogilvie.

Dr. Watts's version was an immense improvement in English psalmody, and, to a certain extent, an excellent exposition of the Psalms. Still, he was cramped, as well by his design of accommodating the language of David to the purposes of Christian worship, as by the scanty limits of the metres to which it became requisite to confine himself. If the Psalms are to be sung by Christian congregations, this would seem the only rational plan that can be adopted to preclude the singing of what, to the performers, must be virtually nonsense, or worse. Accordingly, Dr. Watts's example has been slowly and reluctantly followed by almost all who have subsequently undertaken to give a metrical version of any of the Psalms. The absolute impossibility of accommodating *all* the Psalms to this purpose might, however, long ago have suggested a doubt as to the fitness of many of them for Christian worship. Why the prophecies of David, rather than those of Isaiah or Jeremiah, should be sung by a Christian congregation, it seems difficult to tell. Not, surely, because they are recorded in the form of poetry. No part of Scripture is in a higher strain of poetry than some whole chapters of Isaiah; nor does the song of Moses or of Deborah less partake of the lyric character. The mere title of Psalms, even admitting, what it is hard to admit, that they were all originally written for

musical recitation, cannot supply a sufficient reason that they should be indiscriminately adopted into Christian worship. But both the old and the new metrical versions of the English Church, the Scotch Psalms, and, to a great extent, the Psalms of Dr. Watts, recognise the Book of Psalms as a whole in the light of a formulary of public devotion. The error is corrected in practice. There are many of these Psalms which have perhaps never been sung. But their appearance in these collections implies the principle of their adoption and indiscriminate use,—a principle at variance, as it seems to us, with a right view of their true character and purpose.

The sacred poems comprised in what we denominate the Book of Psalms, (in the Masoretic copies and the Syriac Version, they are divided into five books*,) are the productions of inspired men who lived at very different periods; and they differ not less as compositions in their specific character. When first collected, no attention appears to have been paid to either their chronological order, the circumstance of authorship, or the subject-matter and occasion of the poem. If any principle of arrangement determined their order, it has become impossible to detect it. But it may be suspected, that the original order has been disturbed in some places, in the process of transcription, possibly by being divided among several transcribers, while additions appear to have been made of distinct books, as others of these sacred compositions were collected. The first book, comprising Psalms ii. to xli., may be pronounced, with tolerable certainty, the entire composition of the royal Psalmist, to whom all the titles ascribe them, with the exception of the second (more properly the first) Psalm, which we know to be his from Acts iv. 24., the tenth, and the thirty-third. Psalm i. is supposed to have been prefixed by Ezra to the complete canonical collection. Even in this first book, however, we find nothing like chronological arrangement. The second Psalm, which contains one of the most distinct and sublime predictions of the kingdom of Messiah, appears to have been written after David had fixed the seat of his government at Jerusalem: it could not be the first Psalm he had composed. The third Psalm is referred, by the title, to the period of Absalom's rebellion, while the eighteenth was composed on David's deliverance from Saul. The eighth, the

* Some have argued that the Psalms must have formed but one book, because they are styled in the New Testament (Luke xx. 42,) "the book of Psalms." But so are the prophetic writings termed, "the book of the Prophets." (Acts vii. 42.)

twenty-third, and the twenty-seventh were probably written at a still earlier period of his life. Of the Psalms comprised in the second book (Psalms xlii. to lxxii. inclusive), the first eight are inscribed to (or for) the Sons of Korah, with the design, it is supposed, of their being performed by them.* These psalms were evidently written for music, but the Author is wholly uncertain. Psalm xlii-iii. has been ascribed to David, the allusions being understood of his banishment by the rebellion of his son; there are some expressions, however, which are scarcely reconcileable with this hypothesis. The xlvth must clearly be referred to a later date, as well as the xlviiith. The xlvth is supposed to have been composed on the occasion of Solomon's marriage, if not by that monarch himself. Psalm l. is one of Asaph's. The remaining twenty-two psalms in this book all bear the name of David, with the exception of the lxvith, lxviith, and lxxist, and the last of these is probably his. The third book, comprising Psalms lxxiii. to lxxxix. bear marks of a later era: one only is ascribed to David, eleven to Asaph, and four are inscribed for the sons of Korah, their author being doubtful. The fourth book (Psalms xc. to cvi.) begins with a psalm ascribed to Moses, but the 10th verse affords a presumption against the genuineness of the inscription. The Talmudical writers ascribe to their great lawgiver, Psalms xc. to xcix., although, in the last, mention is made of the prophet Samuel, who was not born till nearly three hundred years after the death of Moses. The cist and ciiird bear the name of David, and the xcvith is known to be his: all the rest are anonymous. The fifth and last book comprises forty-four psalms, of which fifteen are ascribed to the royal Psalmist, one to Solomon, and twenty-eight have no author's name. Some of these (e. g. the cxxvi. and cxxxvii.) were evidently written either during or subsequently to the captivity. This book was probably collected, therefore, at a later period. Fifteen of them are entitled Songs of Degrees, which Calmet explains as signifying 'Songs of ascent, i. e. of Israel from the 'captivity of Babylon.' Unfortunately, however, four of these, if the inscriptions are of any authority, were composed by David. Mr. Charles Taylor's suggestion is much more probable, that these 'songs of ascent' were intended to be sung or recited by the tribes who went up to Jerusalem to worship, on their way, or at their resting-places. Understood in this light, the cxxist will possess a new beauty, if we sup-

* The Chaldee, Ainsworth says, expounds the title thus: 'To laud with good understanding by the hands of the Sons of Korah.'

pose that the hills towards which the pilgrims raised their eyes, were those which surround Jerusalem, and that the dangers of the journey thither are alluded to in the following verses. The cxxxiiird Psalm also, would be most suitable to the circumstances of these companies of fellow-travellers. Psalms cxiii. to cxviii. are said to have been those sung at the conclusion of the passover: they are probably of very high antiquity, and, like those popular psalms sung on the road to Jerusalem, would be faithfully preserved by tradition, which rendered it less necessary to collect them at an earlier period; whereas the more private and personal compositions of David, contained in the books first collected, and more especially the prophetical psalms, would require to be carefully preserved in writing. The cxth is so remarkable a one, that it is more difficult to account for its occurring in the last book. Altogether, the above arrangement refers eighty-one psalms to David, or more than one half; and of the anonymous ones, many may possibly be his composition.

For all practical purposes, the order of the Psalms as they stand in the sacred text, is as good as any other; but, in proceeding to examine their specific character as poetical compositions, it would seem to be at least allowable, to attempt a different sort of classification, with reference to their date, author, subject, and style. The compositions of David require to be distinguished into, 1. Those which either their evident scope or the clear authority of the New Testament enables us to pronounce to be prophetic of the Messiah, or at least allusive to the sufferings or glory of Christ;—2. Those which are simply didactic or ethical, such as the psalms entitled prayers, and, if it be David's, Psalm cxix.; and 3. Hymns evidently composed for public worship, and designed to be accompanied with instruments, or sung by the congregation. Of these three classes, the first, it seems to us, are excluded by their very nature from any other use than that to which the other prophecies are applicable; nor does there appear to be much propriety in attempting to accommodate them to the purpose of psalmody. What in our Bibles is the second Psalm, is an instance in point. Dr. Watts has tried to versify it in three different measures, changing the language of the prediction into that of history; but he does not seem to have succeeded even to his own satisfaction, and what he has given us, is certainly not the psalm, nor is it, after all, fit for psalmody. We will take as our first extract from the volume before us, Bishop Mant's Version of the same inspired composition.

Mant's Version of the Psalms.

‘ PSALM II.—PART I.

‘ What thoughts the banded heathen fill?
 What madness prompts the people’s will?
 Behold, the earth’s proud sovereigns bring
 Their marshall’d hosts; in conclave dire
 The rulers ’gainst THE LORD conspire,
 And ’gainst THE LORD’S Anointed King.
 “ Break we their bonds; renounce their sway;
 And cast their twisted cords away.”

‘ But God, who sits above the sky,
 Shall laugh to scorn; THE LORD Most High
 Shall all their vain emprise deride:
 Then in His anger shall He speak,
 And on His foes His vengeance wreak,
 And crush them in their impious pride.
 “ Yet have I girt with royal might
 My King on Zion’s holy height.”

‘ PART II.

‘ Hear in my cause THE LORD’s decree,
 “ This day have I begotten thee;
 Thou art my heir, my first-born son.
 Ask and receive thy just domain:
 The heathen lands shall feel thy reign,
 Earth’s utmost bounds thy empire own.
 Thou with thine iron rod shalt bruise,
 And break them like an earthen cruise.”

‘ PART III.

‘ Now learn, ye rulers of mankind;
 Be wise, ye kings; with duteous mind
 And holy joy THE LORD obey:
 The Son with signs of worship hail,
 Lest by his anger whelmed, ye fail,
 And perish from the blissful way,
 If once His wrath be kindled: blest
 Are they who flee to Him for rest.’

We think that our readers will agree with us, that although this version adheres more closely to the language of the royal Psalmist, yet, the dignity of the composition is wholly sacrificed. The Bible Version is much fitter to be said, and this assuredly is not proper to be sung.

The seventeenth Psalm, entitled “ a Prayer of David,” is a specimen of the second class of poems. Bishop Mant correctly describes it as ‘ an earnest appeal to the justice, wisdom, ‘ and loving-kindness of Jehovah, from the malice of unjust ‘ persecutors,—probably Saul and his followers.’ One would have thought that, if such a poem was to be rendered into

metre at all, the gravest of our measures, that which is employed in epic, dramatic, or elegiac poetry, would alone be fit for the subject,—not one which turns this earnest appeal and prayer into a ditty like the following :

‘ The right, Jehovah, hear ;
Attend my cause to know ;
And to my loud complaints give ear,
From no feigned lips that flow.’

And again, in the last verse,

‘ Thou from thy hidden store
Their bellies, Lord, hast fill’d ;
Their sons are gorg’d, and what is o’er,
To their son’s sons they yield.
But I thy presence seek
In righteousness to see ;
And with thy likeness when I wake,
I satisfied shall be.’

This is assuredly a worse travestie of the original than any which we recollect to have been inflicted upon us by the ever venerable Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins. The psalm in the original we consider as unfit for public worship, for which it does not appear to have ever been designed ; but Dr. Watts’s version or paraphrase of it is one of his finest compositions. Our readers must be familiar with his noble and spirited rendering of the last two verses of the psalm, which the Bishop has so miserably disfigured :

‘ What sinners value, I resign :
Lord, ’tis enough that thou art mine.
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.’

Here, as a translator, he might have stopped ; and here a mere translator would have terminated the psalm ; but, kindling at the idea, with the genuine spirit of a Christian Psalmist, he goes on to expatiate on this glorious change, in language of simple beauty, which has warmed the heart and employed the tongue of thousands of devout readers. Though quite unfit for congregational use, it is one of Dr. Watts’s psalms which will always please and edify in the highest degree in private.

The nineteenth Psalm may be instanced as one of a mixed character, being partly a psalm of instruction, and yet, as addressed to the chief musician, it was evidently intended to be sung. Bishop Mant has done more justice to it, in his version, than in the former instances.

‘ PART I.

- ‘ The heav’ns the pow’r of God display,
His glory by th’ expanse is shown.
Day utters ceaseless speech to day,
And night to night makes wisdom known.
- ‘ No human words, no living speech,
No voice articulate they send :
Yet through the world their lessons reach,
Their signs to earth’s remotest end.
- ‘ In them he pitch’d, apart from earth,
A bright pavilion for the sun ;
Who goes in bridegroom splendour forth,
And joys his giant course to run.
- ‘ Forth issuing he from heav’n’s wide bound,
To heav’n’s wide bound revolving speeds :
And still throughout the ample round,
On all, his genial radiance sheds.

‘ PART II.

- ‘ Jehovah’s law is perfect, pure,
And bids the sickly frame be whole :
Jehovah’s covenant is sure,
And renders wise the simple soul.
- ‘ Jehovah’s statutes all are right,
And gladness to the heart supply :
Jehovah’s ordinance is bright,
And lightens the dim-sighted eye.
- ‘ Unsullied is Jehovah’s fear,
And doth from age to age remain :
Jehovah’s judgments are sincere,
On justice fram’d, and free from stain.
- ‘ More precious they than golden ore,
Or gold from the refiner’s flame :
And sweeter than the honey’d store,
Or from the comb the honey’d stream.

‘ PART III.

- ‘ By them thy servant, Lord, is taught :
How great the bliss to walk therein !
But who can tell each devious thought?
O cleanse me, Thou, from secret sin !
- ‘ And from presumption keep me clear,
That fain would sway each better sense :
So may I uncorrupt appear,
And guiltless of the great offence.

' O may each word my lips recite,
Each thought within my bosom stor'd,
Still find acceptance in thy sight,
My Rock, my Saviour, and my Lord !'

Addison's fine paraphrase of the first part of this admirable Psalm, beginning,

' The spacious firmament on high,'

must be familiar to all our readers. It is perhaps one of the most beautiful hymns in the language ; but it breaks off too soon. It may be thought a bold undertaking to enter the lists with such competitors, but we have been induced to venture on the attempt to give the entire psalm a metrical dress with as close an adherence as possible to the spirit of the text.

PSALM XIX.

The heavens declare His glory,
Their Maker's skill, the skies :
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard ;
The record of creation,
The page of Nature's word.

There, from his bright pavilion,
Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by Earth's thousand million,
The sun sets forth : right glad,
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems,
Through the vast round dispensing
His all-pervading beams.

So pure, so soul-restoring
Is Truth's diviner ray ;
A brighter radiance pouring,
Than all the pomp of day :
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise ;
And evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine,
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields, than this food divine.
How kind each wise monition !
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward !

Mant's Version of the Psalms.

But past transgressions pain me :
 Lord, cleanse my heart from sin,
 And evermore restrain me
 From all presumptuous sin.
 So let my whole behaviour,
 Thoughts, words, and motives be,
 O God, my Strength and Saviour,
 Acceptable to Thee !

As a companion to this morning hymn of the royal Psalmist's, we may take the eighth Psalm, which was evidently a moon-light meditation. Dr. Watts has turned it into a very good hymn of praise to the Redeemer, and with great propriety, considering the use made of the Psalm in the New Testament ; but this does not appear to have entered into the original design of the royal Poet. We shall here take the liberty of again giving, first, the Bishop's version, and then our own, premising that, for the purpose of psalmody, we think Dr. Watt's version decidedly the most appropriate.

‘ PSALM VIII.

‘ How great, Jehovah, sovereign Lord,
 Thy name, through all thy works ador'd !
 Thou who hast set thy glory high
 Above the vastness of the sky !

‘ The infant's mouth, the suckling's tongue,
 By Thee to notes of praise are strung ;
 Of force to bend the hostile will,
 And bid the vengeful heart be still.

‘ When yon blue vault of peerless light,
 Thy finger's work, employs my sight ;
 When that fair moon, ordain'd by Thee,
 Those orbs of radiant flame I see.

‘ Lord, what is man, that he should prove
 The object of thy watchful love ?
 Or son of man, that he should share
 The presence of thy fostering care ?

‘ Form'd by thy will, a little space
 Below thy hosts, thy angel race ;
 By Thee with might, with glory crown'd,
 Lord of creation's ample round.

‘ He hears Thee bid thy works obey,
 In him, thy delegated sway ;
 Controll'd by Thee, he sees them meet,
 And crouch submissive at his feet.

' Flocks, and all herds; the desert brood;
What wings the air; what cleaves the flood.
How great, Jehovah, sovereign Lord,
Thy name, through all thy works ador'd !'

PSALM VIII.

How excellent through all the earth thy name,
O Lord ! Above the heav'ns thy glories rise :
Yet, to confound and shame thine enemies,
Thou makest infant tongues thy praise proclaim.
When I survey the heav'ns, this goodly frame,
With moon and stars, each in its separate sphere,
Lord ! what is man, that thou should'st hold him dear,
Or stoop to this low world of sin and shame ?
Made only than the angels lower, o'er all
That roam the earth, or creep, or on fleet pinion
Soar, or that cleave the seas, he had dominion,—
Lord of this beauteous world till sin had birth.
Our Second Adam shall repair that fall.
How excellent, O Lord, thy name through all the earth !

It is by no means our wish to detract from the merit which we think fairly due to the learned Prelate for this new metrical version. We rejoice in being able to give our unqualified approbation to the direction which his labours have taken, and to the design of the present work ; and if we cannot compliment him very highly on his versification, the illustrations of the Psalms which are supplied in the notes, will render the volume both interesting and useful. We regret, indeed, that Bishops Lowth, Horne, and Horsley should have been the only writers whom he has thought it needful for a brother bishop to consult, except Sternhold and Hopkins, Merrick's Psalms, and the Lexicons. Bishop Horne would afford little critical assistance : the charm of his work is its piety. Bishop Horsley's translation is a still more unsafe guide. Bishop Mant's library must be very defective in works of Biblical criticism ; but it does him credit, that he makes no pretensions to a deeper acquaintance with Hebrew literature than these references bespeak. This, however, is not at all the reason that he has not better succeeded in a task, the varied difficulties of which render the mere attempt honourable, and failure respectable. We think that he has undertaken too much in proposing to give a new metrical version of the whole Book of Psalms. Such a work was less wanted, than a judicious selection of the best versions which exist, together with a new version of such as have been the most inadequately rendered. It will be gathered from the preceding observations, also, that we think a metrical translator of the Psalms not likely to suc-

ceed, who undertakes to adapt the originals to the purpose of Psalmody. If we would have a fair representation of the Psalms as poetry, this purpose must be quite discarded by the Translator; and he must confine himself, as he would in translating the Odes of Pindar or of Sophocles, to giving the spirit of the text in measures that may express, as far as the structure and genius of our language admit, the character of the original. Nor must he take up the Psalms as a uniform series of poems, admitting of the same sort of treatment, and go doggedly through with the versification of them in any metre that may chance to turn up in his mind. Their common title as Psalms has contributed to mislead the translator in this respect. Because they have the same appearance in the English Bible, it by no means follows, that, in the Hebrew original, their metrical structure was the same. Some are alphabetical acrostics, a sort of inversion of rhyme, and probably designed to answer a similar purpose, by aiding the memory. In some, the parallelisms are less marked and artificial than in others, and their construction is altogether different. Those Psalms that were intended for musical recitation, appear, from the titles, to have been adapted for several different modes or different accompaniments. These and other variations of character in these ancient compositions, besides many which it has no doubt become impossible to trace out, suggest the necessity of a careful and delicate discrimination in giving them an analogous poetical dress in a modern tongue. An approach to this can be made only by endeavouring to catch the precise spirit of the original. We cannot perceive that Dr. Mant has proceeded upon any such principle in the adoption of his metres. In some cases, the measure appears to us the least in unison with the character of the Psalm that could have been chosen. Thus, for instance, Psalm xxix, to which the solemn march of our blank verse would be, we are inclined to think, the only appropriate one,—the Bishop has selected the metre of Handel's noble tune, called the 104th: we applaud his musical taste, but not his choice of such words as these for the music.

‘ The voice of the Lord the darkness divides,
And deals forth his fire in arrowy flakes:
The voice of Jehovah the wilderness chides,
Jehovah of Kadesh the wilderness shakes.

‘ The voice of the Lord speeds the hind to her throes;
The voice of the Lord smites the oak to the ground:
The forest dismantled his majesty shews,
And all in his temple his praises resound.

' Jehovah is set o'er the water-flood high :
 Jehovah is King till existence shall cease.
 Jehovah his people with strength shall supply ;
 Jehovah shall visit his people with peace.'

The translation adopted in the fifth line is admitted, in the notes, to be an error in our version ; but the Bishop has strangely preferred giving ' both interpretations,' the right one and the wrong. The xciiird and the cxviiith Psalms are also instances of inappropriate metre. At other times, the Bishop is more happy. The 1th, lxviith, lxviiith, lxxiiird, lxxxth, lxxxist, lxxxviith, and xcist, strike us as the best in the volume. We shall make room for two of these. The lxviith Psalm has been very tolerably rendered in Tate and Brady's version. The following is pleasing and spirited, with the exception of the abrupt introduction of the name of Deity, which occurs elsewhere in the volume, and is, we think, highly objectionable.

' God, to us thy mercy shew,
 Shew the brightness of thy face,
 That the earth thy way may know,
 And mankind thy grace.
 Let their voice the nations raise ;
 Let the nations all unite,
 One and all, to chaunt thy praise,
 God of power and might.

' Let them sing with holy mirth:
 Thou in justice shalt preside
 O'er the nations of the earth,
 Comfort them and guide.
 Let their voice the nations raise :
 Let the nations all unite,
 One and all, to chaunt thy praise,
 God of power and might.

' Then the earth shall cast abroad
 Riches in abundant store ;
 And on us shall God, our God,
 Plenteous blessings pour.
 Plenteous blessings God shall send
 On his chosen Israel's race ;
 And where'er her bounds extend,
 Earth his fear embrace.'

We select the lxviiith as our last specimen, because it is one of the most difficult, and at the same time most poetical compositions of all the Psalms. The Bishop follows Dr. Chandler's division of the Psalm into five parts.

‘ PART I.

‘ Let God arise ; and speedy flight
 Wide o’er the earth his foes shall chase :
 Who hate his name, shall fear his might,
 And flee the terrours of his face.
 Behold, they fade with swift decay,
 As smoke that melts in air away :
 As wax that feels the searching fire,
 Before the sight of God th’ ungodly shall expire.

‘ Let God arise : with joyful voice
 The righteous shall salute their King ;
 In God with bounding heart rejoice,
 To God with songs of triumph sing.
 Shout, and your voices raise on high
 To Him, who rideth on the sky !
 Shout, and the majesty proclaim
 Of HIM who ever is : JEHOVAH is his name !

‘ The orphan with paternal love
 He rears, and pleads the widow’s case :
 Tho’ far he dwell in light above,
 Shrind in his high and holy place.
 He the lone outcast’s dwelling seeks ;
 The pining captive’s fetters breaks :
 Gives them to taste the joys of home,
 But leaves the rebel rout the weary wild to roam.

‘ PART II.

‘ When Thou, O God, from Egypt’s coast
 Didst lead thy Jacob’s rescued race,
 And march before the harness’d host
 Through the wild desert’s trackless space :
 Earth at the sight with terror thrill’d ;
 The heavens their wat’ry store distill’d ;
 And Sinai trembled with affright.
 Thy might, O God, to see ; the God of Israel’s might.

‘ What time declin’d thy people’s pow’r,
 Faint with fatigue, with famine spent ;
 O God, in many a copious show’r
 Thy heav’n’s refreshing comfort sent.
 The Lord their wants with food supplied :
 It girt the camp in circuit wide.
 The Lord for battle gave the word :
 From many a virgin lip triumphant strains were heard.

‘ Kings with their armies fled ; they fled :
 Their spoils the peaceful housewife shares.
 God sped their flight ; and round us shed
 Light such as snow-clad Salmon wears.
 Tho’ bondsmen in the dust ye lay,
 The dove’s bright hues ye now display ;

Whose wings a silver light illumines,
And gleams of verdant gold play o'er her burnish'd plumes.

‘ PART III.

‘ Tho’ high the hill of Bashan swell,
Is Bashan's hill the hill of God ?
Scowl not, proud mounts ! God loves to dwell
Ev’n here : ev’n here his fix’d abode.
Lo ! twenty thousand chariots throng,
Thousands of thousands sweep along ;
Amidst them God his state maintains,
And in his holy place, as erst in Sinai, reigns.

‘ PART IV.

‘ Thou hast ascended, Lord, on high :
Thou hast the captor captive led :
Thou dost mankind with gifts supply,
Yea, show’r them on the rebel head.
Jehovah God with us resides.
Blest be the Lord, whose presence guides
Our steps, and yields our daily breath !
God is the God of health, and his the gates of death.
‘ The head which long hath God defied ;
The hairy crown in guilt grown old ;—
The Lord shall bruise it in his pride.
Heard ye our God his will unfold ?
“ I’ll lead again from Bashan's steeps,
I’ll lead thee from the parted deeps ;
So shall thy foot be dipp’d in blood,
And dogs their tongues allay, in impious gore imbrued.”

‘ PART V.

‘ How bright the pomp, my God, that tends
Thy progress to thy holy fane !
In front the vocal choir ascends,
The minstrels close the tuneful train :
The damsels with the timbrels play
Betwixt, and thus they chaunt the lay,
“ Sing ye our God, Jehovah sing ;
Ye who from Jacob’s source, from Israel’s fountain spring.”
‘ Their ruler, Jacob’s last-born son,
And Judah’s chiefs, their bulwark, join ;
There are thy princes, Zabulon,
And there, O Naphtali, are thine.
God hath his people’s strength decreed :
Confirm, O God, complete the deed ;
Benign on Salem’s temple shine,
That kings may presents bring, and worship at thy shrine.

The tyrant of the reedy shore ;
 The mighty men, who, gathering round,
 The calves with votive rights adore,
 And to the silver sistrum bound ;—
 Rebuke them, Lord, and scatter far
 The nations that delight in war :
 Then chiefs shall come from Egypt's land,
 And Ethiopia stretch to God the suppliant hand.
 ' To God, ye earthly kingdoms, cry ;
 Sing to the Lord thro' all your bounds :
 To Him, whose chariot is the sky ;
 To Him, whose voice in thunder sounds.
 Supreme in earth, supreme in heaven,
 To Him be strength, be blessing given,
 Dread Sovereign on his holy throne !
 He gives his Israel strength, and he is God alone.'

This is by far the best version of this sublime psalm that we have yet seen ; but, as a somewhat various interpretation, in parts, and a different arrangement, have been adopted in the following version, our readers may not be displeased to have the opportunity of comparing the two. We must premise, that both this and the preceding specimens were written before Bishop Mant's version had been heard of by the Writer. The psalm is here considered as divided into nine parts, and the change in the measure is an attempt to mark the sometimes very abrupt transition. No one of these sacred compositions comes nearer to the idea we generally attach to the Ode.

PSALM LXVIII.

Let Israel's God arise !
 Then shall his enemies
 Be scattered at the terrors of his name.
 Then shall the wicked flee,
 And all their mightiest be
 As smoke before the wind, as wax before the flame.

 But with exultant voice
 His people shall rejoice
 Before his presence : loud their songs shall rise.
 Sing praises unto Him
 Who on swift cherubim
 Descending, makes his chariot the skies.

 Jehovah, God alone !
 And justice is his throne.
 The orphan's father, and the widow's God,
 He snaps the prisoner's chain,
 Brings home the captive train,
 Scatters the proud, and breaks th' oppressor's rod.

O God ! when erst at Israel's head
Thou wentest forth, and thro' the wilderness,
By thy mysterious banner led,
Thy chosen people moved, Earth quaked with dread,
As conscious of thy footsteps : nor did less
The solid firmament confess,
Dissolving into flood and flame,
The awful terrors of her Maker's name.
Then didst thou rain down angel's food
Upon the fainting multitude.
Like dew the daily wonder fell
Around the tents of Israel.
And still the poor thy goodness share;
Still Israel is Jehovah's care.

'Tis He hath given the song
Which virgin choirs prolong
In joyous strains, a many-voiced train :
" By Heaven discomfited,
They fled, the monarchs fled,
And Judah's daughters share the splendid gain.

Deck'd with the spoil of kings,
Bright as the silvery wings
Of golden-plumaged dove their rich array,
The victors come : for lo !
God has rebuked the foe,
And death-like gloom gives place to glorious day."

Lofty proud Bashan's oak-crown'd heights,
With pastures rich and fertilizing rills :
But O ye loftier hills,
Upon the mountain in which God delights,
Look not so proudly down,
As if with envious frown.
Know, he hath chosen Sion for his own :
There has Jehovah fixed his everlasting throne.

Attendant on his royal state,
Legions of happy angels wait ;
Thousands of myriads from on high,
Heaven's seraphic cavalry.
Such the pomp that Sinai saw,
When thunders spake the awful law :
Nor less their viewless hosts surround
Sion's consecrated ground.
By all their shining hosts attended,
Thou hast on high, O Lord, ascended !
The captors were led captive then ;
And largely e'en rebellious men
Shared of thy gifts divinely free,
The first fruits of thy victory ;

Mant's Version of the Psalms.

That God might with his people dwell,
Jehovah our Immanuel.

Blessed be God our king : his chosen nation
His arm has saved. Praise him from day to day.
Jehovah is the God of our salvation :
He saves from death, or calls the sword to slay.
The Lord hath smitten with a deadly wound
The head of those who hate him :—fell dismay
Shall strike the rebel host, and all their pride confound.
From Bashan I will bring them, said the Lord,
And from the western sea, to meet thy sword.
Yes, they shall come, ne'er to return again,
And dogs obscene shall feed upon their slain.

Men saw the goodly train,
When to thy holy fane,
O God, the glad procession moved along.
The choral voices lead,
The minstrels next succeed,
And virgins with their timbrels aid the song.
Band after band, they raise
A thousand tongues in praise,
As Israel's tribes in marshalled state march on.
First, youngest Benjamin
With royal Judah seen,
And Nephthali is there, and distant Zabulon.

O God, who hast for Israel fought,
Confirm the mercy thou hast wrought.
Hither let kings repair,
To Salem where thy temple stands,
Bearing the wealth of distant lands.
Chase from their reedy lair
On Jordan's marge the beasts of prey,
Drive Syria's lion far away ;
Th' assembly of the mighty over-awe ;
That haughty lords of nations, they who tread
On silver-paved floors, thy name may dread.
Scatter the people who delight in war.
Let Egypt's princes haste to bow the knee,
And Ethiopia stretch her swarthy hands to Thee.

Let every kingdom raise
To God its voice of praise,—
To him who makes the heaven of heavens his throne.
Awful his voice of might—
His strength is infinite :
He, Israel's God and king, is God alone.

The glories of his name
The spacious heavens proclaim :

How awful is the God whom we adore !
 Unto his people He
 Gives might and victory,—
 Blessed be God most high for evermore.

Our design in the preceding remarks and very imperfect specimens, has been simply to point out what remains to be done in the way of illustrating these sacred compositions, with a view to direct the future labours of Biblical scholars and Christian poets into the right channel. A correct translation of the entire Book of Psalms with a suitable commentary, is still a desideratum in our language. While, however, we have been led to speak of these portions of holy writ chiefly as poetical compositions, we wish neither ourselves to forget, nor to induce in our readers a forgetfulness of their higher character and purpose. He who would render into worthy language the inspired productions of the royal prophet, must himself be something more than a critic or a poet: he

‘ ———with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount.’

If a classical enthusiasm is requisite to qualify a scholar for imbibing and transfusing the beauties of Greek or Roman verse, there is a devotional enthusiasm which is not less indispensable in order to enter into the genuine spirit of the Psalms of David. And happily, such is their forceful simplicity, such their adaptation to the various circumstances of humanity, the grandeur, dignity, and interest of the ideas, the naturalness of the sentiment, and a certain divine energy which breathes through the whole, that, with all the faults and obscurities of our authorized Version, the Book of Psalms comes home to the understanding and heart of every real Christian. There is something in the very march and majesty of the diction, that affects the mind beyond, perhaps, the utmost power of verse. This may, indeed, partly arise from the power of association. But, independently of this, and where the taste is not awake to the perception of such extrinsic qualities, the Psalms are felt to be the mother tongue of devotion, the universal language of the church catholic; and the way-faring man, unskilled in Biblical criticism, and exempted from the critic's perplexities, finds no difficulty in making out and appropriating so much of this part of the word of God, as renders it “a lamp” to his feet and a “light” to his path, his “comfort in his affliction,” and his “song in the house of his pilgrimage.”

Art. II. *Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia, from the earliest Ages to the present Time.* By Hugh Murray, Esq. F. R. S. E. 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 1602. Price 2l. 2s. London.

ALL mere systems of geography have their interest greatly diminished by the necessary exclusion of details connected with personal adventure and individual character: they can give only abstracts and results. But, independently of this disadvantage attaching to works of dry analysis, their positive value is affected by the absence of that specific information which not only imparts vividness and attraction, but materially assists us in forming correct impressions. The information communicated by a traveller cannot be accurately estimated; without a precise knowledge of the circumstances in which he may have been placed, nor without taking into the account his qualifications,—his modes of thinking, feeling, and expression, as they may be ascertained from his narrative. If, for instance, the compiler of some grammar or compendium of geographical knowledge should choose to place implicit reliance on Sir William Gell's notorious octavo about Greece, he would convey an impression altogether erroneous, and one which would be effectually removed from the mind of an intelligent reader by the perusal of the book itself, with its bad temper, supercilious tone, and illiberal prejudice. Similar cases might be readily and abundantly produced, and some in which geographical compilers have been grievously misled by their authorities. But we have adverted to the defect common to such publications, simply for the purpose of illustrating the obvious utility of works like the present. Though deficient in systematic form and technical minuteness, they present to more advantage, the actual state as well as history of our geographical knowledge. They not only inform us what has been done, but they introduce us to the very individuals who have obtained for us the information we possess, and apprise us of the circumstances under which it was procured. We do not mean to represent them as superseding the primary authorities, but to recommend them as ready and accessible substitutes,—as filling up an important vacancy in general literature, and as supplying an interesting addition to that class of books which profess to combine instruction with entertainment.

The present series originated in a small volume on Africa, compiled by the late Dr. Leyden. That little work was, after a considerable interval, republished with large additions, by Mr. Murray, to whom high praise was deservedly awarded, for the very able manner in which he executed his task; nor has he displayed less skill and diligence in the completion of the

present section of his undertaking.* While Africa presents objects of inquiry, peculiarly stimulating to curiosity, from the hitherto insurmountable difficulties which lie in the way of direct investigation, the wonders of the more splendid East appeal with still greater power to the imagination, and the unchanged character of Asiatic manners, carries us back to periods of remote antiquity. The Arab Bedouin differs little from the immediate posterity of Ishmael; the Persian chivalry are the same that hovered round the legions of Julian; and the native of Hindostan preserves unaltered the moral and mental features which distinguished him in the days of Porus and Megasthenes. Asia, in fact, 'presents to us, man, not only as he now exists, but as he has been in many former ages: all has continued fixed as by enchantment.'

The marking distinction of this grand division of the globe, consists in the variety and the powerful contrasts which every where present themselves. The natives of the American continent seem, with the exception of its two extremities, to have been of the same family: the red Indian was found in possession of the central portions both of the northern and the southern regions. In Africa, the whole aboriginal population consisted of the Ethiopic tribes. But in Asia, the varieties are multiplied: the Tartar, the Hindoo, the Malay, the Arab, the Persian, are as distinct in feature and character from each other, as they are all from the European. Every thing throughout these countries is on a large and magnificent scale. The mountains are of unrivalled altitude, and while they overshadow, on one side, realms of high civilization, splendid cities, and a wide expanse of rich and cultivated territory, on the other, they frown upon arid deserts and interminable steppes tenanted by wild and wandering hordes, waiting only to be marshalled by some modern Jenghiz Khan, again to break forth like a torrent over the fairer tracts inhabited by wealthier and less warlike nations. All the natural features of this portion of the earth are of the same decided character: nothing is petty, nothing insignificant. Nor is the political aspect of the Asiatic kingdoms inferior in magnitude and splendour. Their cities, although too many of them exhibit the melancholy vestiges of violence and misrule, are extensive and enriched with lavish ornament. The seats of monarchy are resplendent 'with gold and gems;' and in no part of the world are the 'pomp, pride, and circumstance' of majesty displayed with so much magnificence. Add to all this, that our earliest associations connect

* See Eclectic Review, N.S. Vol. IX. p. 297.

with these realms, the romantic adventure, and the wild enchantment of the eastern tales ; and we shall have a sufficient explanation of the interest excited in the mind by all that professes to illustrate the history, the manners, and the geography of Asia.

The knowledge of this extended region possessed by the ancients, was limited, at least down to the time of Alexander's successors, by the Indus and the Scythian frontier. India, Serica (China), and Scythia (Tartary), were countries which excited at once the curiosity of men of science, and the cupidity of conquerors. Semiramis, at the head of an immense army, having achieved the conquest of Bactria, advanced upon the Indus. Having employed three years in preparations for the passage of that river, she defeated the flotilla of boats by which it was defended, and drew up her mighty army on the eastern bank, in face of a formidable host collected from all parts of Hindostan. Her Assyrians

' were particularly dismayed by the reports of the great bodies of elephants trained to war, which formed the strength of the Indian armies. To dissipate their alarm, a species of artificial elephant was constructed ; a mass of hide being formed into the shape of this huge animal, and moved internally by the force of camels and men. These machines, when brought into real battle, had the success which might have been anticipated. At the shock of the mighty war elephants, their pseudo-antagonists instantly resolved into their component parts, and the scattered fragments fled in dismay. The whole army followed, and the Queen, severely wounded, was saved only by the swiftness of her horse. She is said scarcely to have brought back a third part of her army to Bactria.'

Darius attempted the same enterprise with better fortune. He penetrated to Moulton and Lahore, and acquired the temporary sovereignty of the Punjab. But the most celebrated of the ancient invasions of India, was that of Alexander the Great, so well described by Arrian, and so ably illustrated by Dr. Vincent. The conquests of that daring monarch originated a more secure and permanent communication between Europe and the East, and tended both to extend and to correct the imperfect information which had hitherto been obtained respecting the natives and the productions of Hindostan.

' Although Alexander had not penetrated beyond the Punjab, his observations, with those of the intelligent officers who accompanied him, communicated to Europe a much more accurate idea than before, of the aspect of the Indian world. The first circumstance which seems to have struck them was the grandeur of the features of nature. The Indus appeared to them far to surpass, in the mass of its waters, the Nile and the Danube, the mightiest streams of the western world ;

while a series of tributaries, rivals to the Rhine and the Po, poured into it their collected streams. The Ganges was reported to be still larger than the Indus, and, in a great part of its course, to resemble a sea, the eye being unable to reach across it. The mountains of Imaus, or Emodus, and the vast snows with which they were covered, were also known, though not visited. They seem to have been peculiarly struck by the gigantic magnitude of the trees by which those regions are shaded. One is mentioned, the shadow of which extended for more than half a mile; and another, beneath whose leaves a whole army might find shelter. Vast, however, as are the dimensions of some natives of the Indian forest, these statements cannot be acquitted of some exaggeration. The cotton-tree also struck the Greeks as a very singular phenomenon. They remark with wonder, 'that trees clothe the Indians'—'that wool grows upon trees;' while another writer observes, that it cannot properly be called wool, being rather something finer and whiter than linen. Among animals, their particular attention was arrested by the elephant, unknown in Europe and Western Asia, while in India it forms so conspicuous an instrument, both of war and of regal pomp.'

The narratives of Alexander's annalists, while they give evidence of the existence of caste in its more essential characters, seem to shew that it was of old less mischievous and less exclusive in its effects than at present. Instead of four classes, the number now acknowledged, there were seven; and this single fact is sufficient to prove that the system bore less oppressively upon the lower orders, than in its actual form. In proportion as gradations are multiplied, transitions are less abrupt, and those on the higher levels are less conspicuous, and consequently less haughty, in their elevation. Another circumstance, mentioned by those historians, is of value as suggesting important inferences in connexion with certain much agitated questions relating to the government of India. The caste of husbandmen is affirmed to have ranked considerably higher in the general estimation, than it does under the existing modification of the system. It seems, indeed, to have been invested with a sort of consecrated character, since its members 'were held in such reverence, that they ploughed and sowed in the sight of hostile armies without dreading the slightest molestation.' From this to the Wulsa, is a tremendous fall; and it shews, most impressively, the deteriorating effects of foreign invasion, as well as of internal disunion and conflict. It may be taken, too, as affording a very reasonable ground of suspicion, that the institutions of the East have not always maintained that character of inflexibility which is conventionally assigned to them.

'Among all the sudden revolutions which have shaken the East, none ever produced a change at once so rapid and so lasting, as that

effected by the followers and successors of Mahommed. The united enthusiasm of religion and arms carried at once a new system of faith, government, and manners, into the remotest regions of Asia. The impression once given, has continued unaltered during thirteen centuries; and half the extent of Asia still continues Mahomedan. The first caliphs were altogether ignorant and bigoted; but their successors soon began to cultivate letters and every species of information: they were then the means of diffusing Arabic, and, in some degree, Grecian learning, through a great part of the continent. Geography appears to have been a favourite pursuit among the learned Arabians; and, indeed, its study would be both prompted and facilitated by that wandering and commercial character which the nation have always combined with their predatory habits. They soon, therefore, acquired a more extensive knowledge with respect to the eastern parts of the world, than had been possessed by Rome during her most flourishing era; and, even amid the boasted extension of modern travel, their accounts of some parts of the interior of Asia, as well as of Africa, are still the most recent and authentic to which we can appeal.'

These observations are peculiarly applicable to that immense tract which may be generally described as extending from the Himmulayan range northward to Siberia, and as bounded, on the west by the sea of Aral, on the east, by the mountainous frontier of Chinese Tartary. This region consists of vast and fertile plains, profusely watered by the Oxus, the Jaxartes, and innumerable minor streams. That blessing, unknown to the rest of Asia, a temperate climate, is here enjoyed in all its perfection, and crowns with health, vigour, and abundance, the inhabitants of this Eastern 'Paradise.'

'According to Ibn Haukal, there are three spots on the globe, which surpass all the rest in beauty and fertility. These are, the Ghutah of Damascus, the banks of the Aileh, and the plain of Samarcand; but while the two former are only small detached spots, the last is a large country, equally beautiful all over. Abulfeda enthusiastically calls it 'the most delightful of all places which God created.' The populousness is said to be such, that one of the kings had declared, that an army of three hundred thousand horse, and the same number of foot, could be drawn from it without the country suffering by their absence.'

The Arabian writers luxuriate in their description of the splendid cities which adorned this terrestrial Eden; but, of their accuracy in these dazzling pictures, we have but few and incidental means of forming a judgement, since these tracts have never been explored by modern travellers, so as to give us an opportunity of ascertaining how far these vivid representations are the test of cool and critical examination. Much, it would be found subject to abatement, if we may take asure of their correctness from the statements given by

the emissaries who were despatched by one of the caliphs in search of the castle of Gog and Magog, two gigantic potentates whose domicile was somewhere in the north of Asia. These veracious missionaries, after spending some moons in quest of this stupendous fortress, *actually found it*—as our readers will readily believe, when they learn the details with which these worthy pilgrims thought proper to gratify the curiosity of their master. The walls, formed of immense masses of iron soldered with brass, rose to mountain height, and seemed to touch the sky. The gates, fifty cubits high, were also of iron, and the bolts and bars were of prodigious size. It is hardly worth while to inquire whether these gentry were poets, poltroons, or liars; but their narrative is cited from Edrisi, and unless he accompanies it with a strong expression of incredulity, we should not be much disposed to put faith in his acumen where more important matters are concerned.

The earliest European attempts to explore northern Asia, seem to have been made by singular personages, and on an extraordinary occasion. The celebrated Tartar chief, Jenghiz Khan, after having established an extensive authority, by force of arms, among his countrymen, and ravaged, at the head of his Scythian cavalry, the rich and pacific realm of China, determined on invading Europe, and led his hordes across the whole Asiatic continent, until his personal career was arrested by death on the shores of the Caspian. His successors prosecuted his plans, and after devastating Russia, Poland, and Hungary, entered Silesia. The duke of that province encountered them with the most determined gallantry; and although the result was fatal to himself and his army, this first specimen of European warfare was so little to the Tartar taste, that the 'accursed crew immediately vanished.' Apprehensions were, however, felt of their return in greater force, and the Pope seems to have felt himself called upon, as the spiritual chief of Christendom, to take measures of prevention. The *esprit de corps* seems to have prevailed over the suggestions of a more energetic policy; and the most effective measure that presented itself to the statesmen of the Vatican, consisted in the despatch of a company of Franciscans, half ambassadors, half missionaries, who were to arrest the threatened invaders by adequate representations of the papal majesty and supremacy. Of the two parties in which this ecclesiastical embassy set forward, the first took the direct road to Persia, with orders to deliver a prohibitory message to the commander of the first Tartar camp that might fall in its way. After encountering many dangers, mainly through the unaccountable simplicity of the friars, who expected that

the Tartars would tremble like themselves at the menaces of Rome, the mandate of the Pope was delivered very ineffectually, and the legates succeeded in accomplishing their safe return. The second division appears to have consisted of more prudent and sagacious men, who obtained access to the great Khan, and conducted themselves with tolerable discretion. The first authentic accounts of this dreaded nation were brought to Europe by these adventurous friars. Carpini, one of the travellers, gives many particulars of this wild and predatory race, to which all subsequent information has added but little.

‘He paints first their outward appearance, in which, he says, ‘They are unlike to all other people. For they are broader between the eyes and the balls of their cheeks, than men of other nations be. They have flat and small noses, little eyes, and eye-lids standing straight upright; they are shaven on the crowns like priests.’ The dress is the same for both sexes, comprehending neither cloaks, hats, nor caps; but consists of ‘jackets framed after a strange manner, of buckram, scarlet, or baldakins.’ They have little grain or bread; on which point a little millet dissolved in water, and drunk in the morning, will satisfy them for the whole day. They have no cows, but he thinks more horses and mares than all the world beside. Their power of enduring hunger is said to be very wonderful; after having spent a day or two without a morsel, ‘they sing and are merry as if they had eaten their bellies full.’ But Carpini was most of all surprised to find among these fierce and savage warriors, manners much more polished and courteous than he had ever witnessed in his native country. He says, ‘they are more obedient unto their lords and masters, than any other clergy and lay-people in the whole world. They seldom or never fall out among themselves, and as for fightings and brawlings, they never happen among them. There be in a manner no contentions among them; and although they use commonly to be drunken, yet do they not quarrel in their drunkenness. One of them honoureth another exceedingly, and bestoweth banquets very familiarly and liberally. No one of them despiseth another, but helpeth and furthereth him as much as conveniently he can.’ They are so honest, that the doors of their tents and waggons are left constantly open, and the use of locks and bars is unknown. The rules of modesty are scarcely ever violated, even in words. Nothing, therefore, seems to be more praiseworthy than the conduct which they observe towards each other. ‘But towards other nations, the said Tartars be most insolent, and they scorn and set at nought all other noble and ignoble persons whatsoever.’

The arrangement and discipline of the army are stated to have been perfectly organized, with a regular subordination of rank, from the generalissimo down to the commander of ten. Carpini, however, though entirely trust-worthy to the extreme

limits of his own personal knowledge, has committed his reputation for shrewdness, by too implicitly crediting various 'marvellous adventures' related by the Tartars, and confirmed by the indubitable authority of 'certain clergymen of Russia.'

'These miracles appear, I think, to have been invented by the Tartars to cover the disgraces of certain overthrows which they had experienced. Thus, on approaching Caucasus, they found a mountain of adamant, which drew into it all the arrows and darts of iron which were discharged in its neighbourhood. Attempting to penetrate this mountain, they encountered a huge black cloud, which prevented all passage. The true state of the case probably is, that an army accustomed only to the dead level of their vast plains, were unfit to contend amid the rocks and defiles of this vast chain of mountains. Again, in a country lying on the ocean, they found monsters with men's heads, but dog's faces, who 'spake as it were two words like men, but at the third they barked like dogges.' The same story is repeated in another shape, of a country where the females were of the human form, and the males of the canine. These last rubbed themselves in the snow, till the ice formed a panoply, from which the weapons of the Tartars rebounded 'as if they had lighted upon stones.' This evidently carries us to the shores of the Eastern ocean, and the Kamtschadale dogs; and we may conjecture that the frozen barrier of nature had there proved too powerful for Tartar invasion. I cannot so readily solve the account of a nation met with in their march towards Armenia, each of whom had only one arm and one leg, so that to draw a bow required the efforts of two. These persons ran with incredible swiftness, sometimes hopping on their single foot, sometimes with hand and foot together. Another country was placed so near the sun's rising, that people 'could not endure the terrible noise, and were fain to stop their ears, lest they should hear that dreadful sound.' Many of the army, it is said, who had not taken the due precaution, perished in consequence, and the remainder judged it wisest to evacuate so perilous a region. In reporting this fiction, however, our friar may justify himself by the example of the philosophic pen of Tacitus. A more curious statement occurs with regard to the people of what he calls India Major, or the dominions of Presbyter John. They had, he says, images of copper, with fire in them, which they placed on horseback, while a man with a pair of bellows rode behind. When the horses were drawn up in battle array, the men, he says, 'laide I wote not what upon the fire within the images, and blew strongly with their bellows. Whereupon it came to passe, that the men and the horses were burnt with wilde fire, and the ayre was darkened with smoke.' From this passage it seems certain, that gunpowder had been invented, and was used in the east of Asia, at a time when it was yet unknown in Europe, or at least when the discovery was so much in its infancy as to leave no room to suspect, that it could have been transmitted from thence to the eastern regions.'

The embassy of Clavijo to the court of the famous Timour,

is ably abstracted from the original Spanish, and communicates much important and interesting information respecting the personal and official character of that powerful chief. The travels of Marco Polo are also distinctly described. The valuable details furnished by Oderic of Portenau, are pointed out as the probable text of Sir John Mandeville's portentous exaggerations; and the exquisite inventions of the illustrious knight himself are fairly exhibited. The earlier travellers in the East have, assuredly, been sufficiently lavish of questionable embellishment, although their extravagances appear, in the main, to have resulted from honest credulity, rather than from interested, humorous, or ostentatious knavery. But our dashing countryman hesitates at nothing; he appropriates to his own use the discoveries of others, and re-issues them in such a form as to render them the 'coinage of his own pure brain.' Thus, if previous adventurers had spoken vaguely, and from report, of a Christian monarch reigning in the central regions of Asia, Mandeville seizes at once upon Prester John, makes personal acquaintance with him, and actually sees him 'seated upon the throne of India, surpassing in splendour 'all other sovereigns, and entertaining at his table twelve 'archbishops, and two hundred and twenty bishops.' Not a few of his predecessors had heard of pigmy nations; but it was reserved for the fortunate knight of St. Albans, to travel through their country, and to be welcomed to those fairy confines by the dances and gambols of that light-beeled race. It was his peculiar hap, moreover, while others had only heard of such things, to verify from actual observation the fact, that there were in existence men whose stature reached the height of twenty-four feet.

'Equally fatal to our author's credit are his attempts to improve upon and enlarge the wonders related by others. Oderic mentions the 'sea of sand,'—no unsapt image of those deserts of moving sand which cover a great extent of the east of Persia. This is not enough for Mandeville, unless the sea of sand have a river of rocks, which, after traversing a great extent of country, discharges itself into it. He is not ashamed to add, that this sea contains fishes greater in number, and more exquisite in quality, than are found in any one composed of the watery element. It happened, unluckily too for Sir John, that the geographical notices in these early narratives are too vague and desultory to give any distinct idea of the relative positions of the different countries. It was inconsistent, however, with his high pretensions to learning and wisdom, not to treat the subject with greater precision; and, in attempting to do so, he has fallen into the most unheard-of blunders, such as could by no possibility have been committed by a real traveller. It needs only be mentioned, that he describes India as situated fifty days' journey to the east of Cambalu

(Pekin), and thereupon enters upon a long lamentation on its distance and difficulty of approach, compared with China. I say nothing of his long narrative, borrowed from the romances of chivalry, respecting the exploits of Duke Oger the Dane, nor of the account of them which he saw painted on the walls of the palace at Java.'

Of all those early adventurers whose enterprising spirit led them in quest of fame and fortune to the shores of Asia, the most celebrated is that 'liar of the first magnitude,' Ferdinand Mendes Pinto. From the imputed excess of falsehood and exaggeration, he has, however, been long since exculpated. Subsequent discoveries have confirmed his statements, and much of his narrative is of a kind which no man was likely to give gratuitously, since it places him in a very unenviable situation as an accomplice in unprincipled and ferocious transactions. The leading circumstances of his career are told with great spirit by Mr. Murray. The various 'general travels' and voyages made at different periods, both to the interior and to the coasts of Asia, are ably analysed and abridged throughout the remainder of the first volume; while the second and third are occupied with descriptions of 'the leading natural divisions of Asia, and the travels performed through each.'

As it would not be practicable to compress within our limits even an abstract of these three volumes of close analysis; we have preferred giving a more extended view of a particular portion of the general inquiry; and our readers will be fully competent, from the specimens we have cited, to form their own estimate of the Editor's style and abilities. Though the volumes have evidently been hastily written, and exhibit much carelessness in the composition, the materials are well selected, and the narrative is always interesting. Mr. Murray is never dull; he writes with ease and vivacity; and he possesses in perfection the art of unravelling a complicated detail, and of enlivening a heavy story, by the seasonable introduction of judicious criticism, or of shrewd and sarcastic comment.

Art. III. 1. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. A Tragedy. Translated from the Greek. By Hugh Stuart Boyd. 8vo. pp. x. 78. London. 1823.

2. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. Translated by John Symmons, Esq. A.M. 8vo. pp. xxviii. 156. Price 8s. London. 1824.

THE literature of a nation is intimately connected with its religion. This is particularly the case with poetry, of

which the example furnished in the ancient Jewish Scriptures will not fail to occur to our readers. Nor is that a solitary instance of the relation which we have assumed as an established one, though the proof of it is more obvious in this instance than in most other cases, the books of the Hebrews being the most ancient in existence: the finest productions of the Grecian poets exhibit the same connexion. From the Dithyrambic hymns which were sung in the religious festivals of the Athenians, proceeded some of the most finished compositions of antiquity, which have immortalised the names of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

To trace up to Homer the philosophy and the poetry of the times succeeding the age in which he is represented as having flourished, is one of those bold hypotheses with which sometimes men of genius amuse themselves and surprise others. One of these adventurous writers maintains, that there was no more left for Tragedy to do after Homer, than to erect a stage, and draw his dialogues and characters into scenes. But Tragedy, notwithstanding all this preparation of materials, was late in contriving her exhibitions; and instead of presenting her imitations in the completeness of forms finished from prepared designs, she associated her first conceptions with the rude customs of a people who delighted in religious celebrations, and produced a spectacle, in which the Dithyrambic hymns, sung by a chorus, were occasionally suspended, while a single actor addressed his threnodic narrative to the multitude. Previously to the improvements introduced by Æschylus, the inventions of Phrynichus had advanced the dignity of the tragic muse: he exhibited at Athens, the taking of Miletus; and we learn the excitement which it produced in the auditors, from the fine which was imposed upon the author, and the edict which forbade its repetition. This was, probably, an exhibition in which the actor described the disasters of a captured city, in diction and manner highly pathetic, and in which the odes sung by the chorus corresponded to the narrative. The same poet furnished other productions of a dramatic character, one of which was exhibited under the patronage of Themistocles, who was at the charge of providing the persons who engaged in the representation with all the requisite accompaniments; an office which was denoted by the appellation of Choragus, and which the highest personages of the state, and frequently the state itself, sustained.

But to Æschylus the honour of founding the kind of representation which was so important an object to the Athenians in the most flourishing state of their city, has been generally attributed; and he is accordingly distinguished as the 'Father

' of Tragedy.' He introduced the dialogue, and thus gave to the subjects which he represented, their true form and colour. After this invention, there remained but little to be done by succeeding poets as to the essential attributes of Tragedy. They might introduce more than two speakers into the dialogue; but, without the violation of nature, they must have continued to limit their interlocutors generally to that number; and the addition of a third speaker in some cases, was the only improvement which the dialogue could receive. In scenic decoration, the pomp and circumstance which gratify the senses might, in succeeding times, be increased in splendour, as Athens advanced in refinement; and the poets who flourished in a more polished age, might excel in the correctness and beauty of their diction; but Tragedy in the hands of Æschylus was nearly perfected. Selecting from the ancient fables which circulated in Greece, the most grave and interesting stories, he put forward the personages of the old mythology, and the heroes of antiquity, to awe and to instruct the spectators of the magnificent shows which he exhibited. Pity and terror, which Aristotle has assigned as the instruments of purifying the heart from the passions which disorder it, had ample scope for excitement in the awful subjects of his dramas. To a genius original and sublime, Æschylus has indisputable claim: he has the power of exciting and directing the strongest emotions of the heart. The exuberance of his imagination answered all the demands which the most varied delineation of character, and the most striking description of circumstances, could require to make them interesting and effective. Delighting in the highest regions of poetry, and familiar with all the elements of splendid and majestic imagery, he employs verse as the vehicle of sentiments intrinsically noble and exalted; and such are the energy and felicity of his thoughts, that sometimes, without the ornaments of diction, they produce an effect which the sublimest images could not surpass. He has great beauties as well as sublimities, and can please as well as surprise. Affording as he does so many points of contrast when compared with the other great tragedians, Sophocles and Euripides, the comparison is in favour of the superior loftiness of his genius and the originality of his inventive powers. If he awakens fewer of our sympathies by scenes of tender and melting pathos, it would be unjust to conclude from this circumstance, that he was incapable of painting the most pathetic sorrows. The versatility of his genius needs not to be proved; and in the few compositions which afford the only means of forming an estimate of his powers, he has shewn how nicely he could touch the tenderest passions and

direct the gentlest affections of the heart. He chose, however, subjects to which the daring spirit that controlled him, could give the characteristics of grandeur and the potency of the fiercer passions; and as a master of the sublime, he has obtained the admiration of all who are qualified to judge of poetic excellence.

The moral of Æschylus has been pronounced admirable by one of the most critical and accomplished of scholars. What point, he asks, of moral discipline have the Tragic writers of Greece left untouched, or unadorned? What duty of life, what principle of political economy, what motive or precept for the government of the passions, what commendation of virtue is there, which they have not treated of with fulness, variety, and learning? * If too much should seem to be attributed to the Greek Tragedians in these interrogatories of the learned prelate, it will be proper to remark, that the writers to whom he refers, are not to be estimated by the standard of Christian obligation. The inspirations of genius are not the illuminations of Divine wisdom. It is a question, however, which it would not be superfluous to consider, Whether the Tragedians of Athens were not, in the character of instructors, a benefit to the community; whether the moral condition of that extraordinary people would not have been more degraded if their Tragic poets had been interdicted. We apprehend that, how bad soever the state of any people, as to public morals, may have been, it might have been still worse; and we are inclined to rank among the preventive checks of deeper turpitude in Athens at least, the influence of the Tragedians. That they favoured virtue in many cases directly and strongly, cannot be doubted; and if, in other cases, the virtuous tendency of their productions is not so direct, they appear to have been solicitous to avoid offences *contra bonos mores*, against the decorums of life.

The Chorus, which was an inseparable part of the Greek Tragedy, as it was the original basis of it, to which the dialogue was subsequently added, and which primarily related to religious celebrations, constantly retained its moral character. '*Ille bonis faveatque.*' It took part with the virtuous, subdued and soothed the passions, bestowed its praises upon temperance, maintained the sanctity of the laws, was the encomiast of tranquillity and order, was inviolable in fidelity, and supplicated the gods to abase the proud oppressor, and to vindicate and raise the op-

* Vide Lowth, *De Sacra Poesi Heb.* præf. 1.

pressed. The chorus, therefore, was the monitor of the people, as it was the friend and counsellor of the unfortunate personages who figured in the drama, with whom, by means of the Coryphæus, or leader of the chorus, which consisted usually of fifteen persons, it sustained occasionally a part in the dialogue. The songs of the chorus, interposed between those parts of the tragedy which comprised the dialogue, were accompanied with dancing and music: they retained many of the forms of the old language of Greece, and have ever been admired as the finest of poetic compositions, though it is impossible for us to appreciate the full extent of their excellence. As Æschylus was the earliest of the regular Tragedians, he had less of dialogue, and the chorus is more employed in his productions, than in those of Sophocles and Euripides. In the *Agamemnon*, the chorus, which is composed of aged Argives, deliver many pious and benevolent sentiments in language of great elevation and beauty. They denounce irreverence and impiety, and praise the attributes and the retributions of Divine justice. They descant on the instability of fortune, and aim to fortify the mind against the seductions of prosperity. They recount the crimes of the guilty, and prepare the minds of their auditors for the catastrophe, whether it involve the ruin of the criminal, as denounced against Clytemnestra, or the overthrow of the brave and virtuous, as in the case of Agamemnon. On moral distinctions they wanted a clearer light; and, in the absence of better knowledge, their darkened minds bow to the doctrine of fate.

The fertility of genius which distinguished the Tragic poets of Athens, and the demands which were made upon their resources by the people, either for instruction, or amusement, or both, may be estimated from the number of their productions. Æschylus was the author of seventy-five tragedies. Of these, only seven have survived the barbarian ravages which have destroyed so many of the works of human genius. The *Agamemnon* is one of these, and would alone procure for its author the highest reputation. In its transmission to modern times, it has been less fortunate than its companions, and has sustained many serious injuries, which there can now be but little hope of seeing fully repaired. Conjectural emendations are considered as lawful in the pages of a classic author, and their felicity in many instances have given them authority; but a conjectural reading introduced into the text, has often served no better purpose than to afford a subsequent critic an opportunity of displaying his erudition, by substituting one corruption for another. In respect to the *Agamemnon*, it is to be regretted that the legitimate means of correction are so

scanty, few manuscripts of this tragedy being in existence. The recent edition of Dr. Blomfield has supplied a desideratum, and exhibits a text which is the result of great learning laboriously and tastefully applied, and which the admirers of Æschylus will gratefully receive. Nor would it be justice to another modern editor of this poet, to omit the name of Dr. Butler, who has done so much and so well for his author. But, with all the aids of critical emendation that have been employed, the Agamemnon is still in some places inexplicable. There are passages, the sense of which we conjecture rather than understand; and in some others, no penetration or skill is available to dissipate the obscurities of the text. Mr. Boyd considers it as the most difficult piece of Greek now extant. Be this as it may, the Agamemnon stands in need of all the elucidation which critics and commentators can impart. We are glad to notice Mr. Symmons's commendation of Schutz, to whom the readers of Æschylus are under great obligations, though his merits have not always been sufficiently appreciated by English scholars.

The Agamemnon, in Potter's opinion, excels any thing that remains to us of the Grecian drama. Mr. Boyd describes it as 'the noblest tragedy of the sublimest poet,'—'the most sublime production of the human intellect, the loftiest triumph of the genius of man.' An outline of a composition to which such praise has been awarded, may be gratifying to some of our readers, and we shall therefore copy so much of the Analysis of this Tragedy from Schlegel's Lectures, which Mr. Symmons has subjoined to his preface, as may be sufficient to shew the design. Mr. Boyd has prefixed no argument to his version of the tragedy, conceiving this method to be both useless and injudicious: his observations, however, at all events do not apply to us Reviewers.

'The piece commences with the speech of a watchman, who supplicates the gods for a release from his toils; as for ten long years he has been exposed to the cold dews of night, has witnessed the various changes of the stars, and looked in vain for the expected signal; the blazing fire which was to announce at Mycenæ the capture of Troy; at the same time he laments in secret the internal ruin of the royal house. At this moment he sees the blaze of the long-wished for fires, and hastens to announce it to his mistress, Clytemnestra. A chorus of aged persons appear, and in their songs they trace back the Trojan war, throughout all its eventful changes of fortune, from its first origin, and recount all the prophecies relating to it, and the sacrifice of Iphigenia, at the expense of which the voyage of the Greeks was purchased. Clytemnestra declares the joyful cause of the sacrifice which she orders, and the herald, Talthybius, immedi-

ately makes his appearance, who, as an eye-witness, announces the fate of the conquered and plundered city, consigned as a prey to the flames, the joy of the victors and the glory of their leader. He displays with reluctance, as if unwilling to shade the brilliancy of his picture, the subsequent misfortunes of the Greeks, their dispersion, and the shipwreck suffered by many of them—an immediate symptom of the wrath of the gods. Agamemnon now comes, borne in a sort of triumphal procession; and, seated in another car, laden with booty, follows Cassandra, his prisoner of war and mistress, according to the privilege of the heroes of those days. Clytemnestra greets him with hypocritical joy and veneration; she orders her slaves to cover the ground with the most costly embroideries of purple, that it might not be touched by the feet of the conqueror. Agamemnon, with sage moderation, refuses to receive an honour due only to the gods; at last yields to her invitations, and enters the house. The chorus then begins to utter dark forebodings. Clytemnestra returns to allure Cassandra to her destruction by the art of soft persuasion. The latter remains dumb and motionless; but the queen is hardly gone, when seized with a prophetic rage, she breaks out into the most perplexing lamentations; afterwards unveils her prophecies more distinctly to the chorus: she sees in her mind all the enormities which have been perpetrated in that house,—the repast of Thyestes which the sun refused to look on: the shadows of the disacerated children, appear to her on the battlements of the palace. She also sees the death prepared for her master; and, although horror-struck at the atrocious spectacle, as if seized with an overpowering fury, she rushes into the house to meet her inevitable death: we then hear behind the scenes the sighs of the dying Agamemnon. The palace opens: Clytemnestra stands beside the body of her king and husband—an undaunted criminal, who not only confesses the deed, but boasts of it as a just requital for Agamemnon's ambitious sacrifice of Iphigenia. The jealousy towards Cassandra, and the criminal union with the unworthy Ægisthus, which is first disclosed after the completion of the murder, towards the conclusion of the piece, are motives which she throws entirely into the back-ground, and hardly touches on: this was necessary to preserve the dignity of the subject.

From this outline it will be perceived, that the interest of the Agamemnon does not consist in the artful complexity of the fable. We have no series of incidents following and rising out of each other, to astonish and perplex us, and to sustain our fearful curiosity, till the development of the mysterious circumstances which have alternately awakened our hopes and fears, as in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, that perfect model of the construction of tragic fable. In the Agamemnon, the fall of the conqueror of Troy is the catastrophe of the drama; but the poet has not employed his genius to present us with an intricate combination of agents and instruments for

its accomplishment. He has skilfully contrived to prepare us for the event, by ambiguous indications and prophetic announcements, and trusts for the most powerful impressions which he intends to raise, to the strength which he puts forth in the delineation of his characters.

Of the two new versions of the *Agamemnon* now before us, one is in prose, and one in the garb of poetry. Mr. Boyd publishes his version in prose, because he is persuaded of the impracticability of accomplishing a poetical version.

‘If it should be asked,’ he says, ‘why I have translated in prose, I answer—that I am sure I could not, and I believe the cleverest man could not, make a good translation of it in verse. To produce a *literal poetic* version of any Latin or Greek poet, and at the same time to preserve its elegance and spirit, would, I imagine, be impossible in any case, but especially in the case of a Choral Ode.’

Preface, p. iv.

That a good translation of a Greek tragedy into English verse is not impracticable, is clearly the opinion of Mr. Symmons, since he has published this poetic version of the *Agamemnon*, professedly for the purpose of exhibiting the genuine sense of the poet. To Potter he concedes but little praise. In favour of Potter’s *Æschylus*, the public are described by Mr. Symmons as being inclined to make an exception from the condemnation which it has passed upon his versions of Sophocles and Euripides,—an exception which appears to him ‘as unfounded, or as arising rather out of the nature of the original, the beauties of which were of too transcendent a nature to be wholly obscured, than from any great merit in the translator.’ That Potter has merit, and great merit too, as a translator, we shall continue to believe, notwithstanding this decision. He was the first translator of *Æschylus*, and had fewer critical aids to direct and assist him in the study of his author, than his successors have had. But, independently of this consideration, his version is an honourable monument of his learning and his taste; it is elegant, and if it fails, as unquestionably it sometimes does, in point of correctness and fidelity, its faults are neither so numerous nor so considerable as to warrant a sentence so sweeping in its condemnation.

In support of his opinion, that a correct poetic version of the *Agamemnon* is impossible, Mr. Boyd selects three examples from Potter, in which, though he finds beautiful verses, he does not recognize *Æschylus*. The first of these is the following:—

‘Fair from the spangled dew-drops, that adorn
The breathing flowrets of the morn.’

Now all that this example proves, is, that Potter could sometimes mistake the sense of his author. He has followed Pauw in construing a word literally, instead of reading it metaphorically. Mr. Boyd, however, does not cite this and his other examples for the purpose of depreciating Potter, but only to shew how difficult it is for a man to adhere to the original when he is translating a Greek ode into English verse. The difficulty no scholar will dispute, but these instances are very insufficient proofs of the impracticability of rendering the poetry of Æschylus into English verse. The precise sense of the original may be conveyed with more exactness in a prose version, than in a poetical one; but it does not follow, that the former will give the English reader a clearer idea of the manner and the spirit of Æschylus, than could be afforded by the very best poetical version. Mr. Boyd has chosen his own mode of translation; and though we do not perceive the force of his arguments in recommendation of its exclusive propriety, we cannot but applaud the fidelity and the elegance of his version. He is skilled in the language of his Author, and manifests an intimate acquaintance with the powers of his own, from which his nice perception and correct taste have enabled him to select the most appropriate expressions. It would not be difficult to point out faults in his version; but, altogether, it is a translation of great merit.

Mr. Symmons's version is professedly an attempt to supersede Potter's: 'it is a more faithful transcript, and the numerous errors, totally subversive of the sense, to be met with in Potter, are avoided here.' It would not be difficult to select instances in which the sense of the Poet is not very correctly elicited by the present Translator, and in which the criticism by which he endeavours to establish his readings is not conclusive; but we admit that the version is, in respect to accuracy, an improvement on Potter's. For other qualifications, Mr. Symmons must take less credit, and our commendation must be given with more reserve. That he appreciates the excellencies of his author, and has felt the force of his powerful genius, the spirit which pervades his translation sufficiently attests. Our objections apply to errors of judgement and defects in taste, of which we discern too many proofs in the volume before us. Mr. Symmons appears to us to have studied brilliancy of effect in producing his version, rather than to have aimed at the transfusion of his author's meaning into adequate expressions or perspicuous and correct language. His great fault is, a want of simplicity. He is diffuse to excess, and expands the sentiments of his original, till they run into tautology. In the choruses, he is often vigorous and

sometimes poetical ; but we seldom find in them the nervous compression, and rich brevity of expression, which would remind us of *Æschylus*. In his translation of these odes, Mr. Symmons has released himself from the observance of all rule, and carelessly throws together lines of every description, except in a few instances, and in these we are seldom gratified by the structure of his verse, or the harmony of his numbers. Sometimes, in the dialogue, we have varied measures introduced. We would not say, in quoting the following passage, *ex uno disce omnes*, for we have better verses in the volume ; but we may venture to ask, what name Mr. Symmons would give to such lines as these.

‘ CASSANDRA.

‘ O rueful, sad wedding ! wedding black as midnight,
When Paris did wed for his kinsmen’s death-dole !
O Scamander ! Alas ! oh, my sweet native stream !
Ah, wretch that I am ! *then* I roved by thy stream !
On thy broad beach reclining while yet I was young,
And fresh in thy bosquets I carelessly sung :
But now I am like to wander soon
By the banks of Acheron, and sing my lays
‘To the dank sedges of Cocytus dim !’ p. 107.

In comparing the translations before us with each other, and with Potter’s version, we shall begin with the opening speech of the Watchman.

‘ For ever thus ? O keep me not, ye Gods,
For ever thus, fix’d in the lonely tower
Of Atreus’ palace, from whose height I gaze
O’erwatch’d and weary, like a night-dog still
Fix’d to my post : meanwhile the rolling year
Moves on, and I my wakeful vigils keep
By the cold star-light sheen of spangled skies.
The pole is studded o’er ; above the rest
Flame the bright rulers of the midnight hour ;
Who shed an influence on us mortal men,
And change our seasons as they roll along.’

Symmons.

The original of this passage is comprised in six lines ; it is rendered by Potter as follows :

‘ Ye sav’ring Gods, relieve me from this toil :
Fix’d as a dog, on Agamemnon’s roof
I watch the live-long year, observing hence
The host of stars, that in the spangled skies
Take their bright stations, and to mortals bring
Winter and summer ; radiant rulers—’

The prose version of Mr. Boyd may be applied as a measure to adjust the pretensions of these poetic translations.

‘Of the Gods I do intreat a deliverance from my toil; an escape from this yearly watching, at which, stationed as a dog on the roof of the Atridæ, I have beheld the choir of nightly stars, and those bright potentates, beauteous in the firmament, who bring winter and summer unto mortals.’

No reader of taste can, we think, hesitate to admit the superior merit of Potter’s version, compared with that of his competitor. It is much more in accordance with the simplicity of the original; the reading of which it also much more correctly represents. There is nothing in *Æschylus*, of ‘keeping vigils by the cold star-light sheen of spangled skies.’ ‘The pole is studded o’er,’ is not either a very close or a very happy rendering of ἀστράων—νυκτεριῶν οὐρανῶν. ‘Bright rulers, of the midnight hour,’ is not agreeable to the expression of the original passage; and ‘above the rest,’ which is also unwarranted by the Greek text, suggests the question, whether higher than the rest of the stars, or brighter than the rest of the stars, be intended by the Translator. If ‘the choir of nightly stars’ be different from the bright potentates, as we think the original imports, then both Potter and Symonds have erred in confounding them. Schutz understands the bright potentates as denoting the sun and moon, as Virgil’s ‘*Pos O clarissima mundi Lumina*.’ What is the influence which, separate from changing the seasons, is ascribed to the bright rulers? *Æschylus* is interpreted correctly by Potter and Boyd—who ‘bring winter and summer unto mortals.’

The passage which immediately follows the preceding extract, presents a difficulty which has exercised the ingenuity of the critics, whose several explanations may perhaps be entirely set aside by some future commentator.

‘Even now, I watch for the symbol of a torch, the shining flame that brings from Troy glad tidings, the announcement of its capture; for thus, I hope that the daring spirit of this woman will be restrained.’ Boyd.

‘Here now I watch, if haply I may see
The blazing torch, whose flame brings news from Troy,
The signal of its ruin: these high hopes,
My royal mistress, thinking on her Lord,
Feeds in her heart.’

Potter.

‘Now my eyes watch to see th’ appointed signal,
The fire in the horizon, whose red dawn
Will spread the downfall of proud Ilion’s towers,

Swifter than noisy fame or rumouring tongues :
 For so I do interpret the command,
 And read her thoughts who gave it, haughty soul,
 Our queen, a man in counsel.' *Symmons*?

Stanley's version of ἀνδρόβουλον, *viro insidiantem*, is clearly a mistaken one, and is very properly censured, as it is not to be supposed that the watchman was acquainted with the murderous designs of Clytemnestra. 'Thinking on her lord,' the version of Potter, seems to be equally remote from the true meaning of the original, which Symmons, after Blomfield, renders, '*Virilia ineiuns consilia*, a man in counsel, a manly-minded woman.' Mr. Boyd follows Schutz in reading,

ὣδε γὰρ κρατῖν
 Γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐπιζῶ κίερα.

which words they understand the watchman as using, to express his hope that the queen, so soon as she should be apprised by the kindled beacons of her lord's return, would be restrained from her licentious conduct. We doubt the propriety of so interpreting the words; ὣδε can refer only to the watchman's looking out for the signal; and merely his looking out for it, while no signal was yet perceived, could not be the restraining circumstance. Blomfield reads κρατῖ instead of κρατῖν, and substitutes ἐπιζῶν for ἐπιζῶ, and gives the meaning more agreeably to Symmons's reading, '*Sic enim jubet mulier corde virili prædito, expectans. sc. Trojæ capturam.*' Symmons retains ἐπιζῶ, which he expounds 'in the sense of I think, just as the Americans use the word I guess, though intending a greater degree of positiveness than the word would seem to imply.' We doubt the accuracy of this explanation, which is not supported by the example cited in its favour, and rather incline to read and interpret with Dr. Blomfield.

There is a noble passage in the first choral ode, introductory to the description which follows of the distress of Agamemnon at Aulis, when the sacrifice of Iphigenia was demanded and accomplished for the release of the Grecian armament, which we transcribe, in the prose of Mr. Boyd, and in the verse of Mr. Symmons.

'Jove, whoever that Being is, if this title be acceptable to him, by this I now address him. Deeply pondering in my mind, I am unable to discover, if there be any save Jove, through whom I may cast off this unprofitable weight of care. He who formerly was great, prevailing in unconquered hardiment, can now impart no counsel; and he who next arose, meeting with the threefold conqueror, passed away.—But the man who proclaimeth Jove, in the hour of his triumph, shall obtain the fulness of understanding: Jove, who leadeth

mortals on the road to knowledge, who enableth them, by suffering, to take hold of wisdom. In sleep, their unforgotten sorrows steal around the heart, and thus, even against their will, wisdom entereth. Such is the rigid dispensation of the Gods, on their hallowed thrones sublimely seated.' p. 6.

' Jove ! I invoke thee by the name of Jove,
If so that title thou dost love,
Whoe'er thou art, mysterious One above :
Reflecting much, nought can I find but thee,
Thou mighty Pow'r ! so let my soul be free,
Nor dread misnomer of thy deity ;
For he, thy predecessor great,
All arm'd with giant confidence elate,
Has been of yore
And is no more.
And he who second came,
Is but a name,
By champion victor in the fight
Vanquish'd and turn'd to flight :
But ready be the Pæan loud to ring,
And Jove's triumphal praises sing,
(Wise is the man who adores th' Eternal King,)
Jove, the great God,
Who shew'd us mortals wisdom's road,
And who, by sapient rule,
Has made adversity instruction's school.
Fear draws the curtain oft at night,
And makes the sleeper think of woe,
By coward conscience struck
In midnight's secret hour ;
And those who would not learn before,
Have learnt perforce great Virtue's power,
Gift of the Gods who sit enthroned above
On azure blazing thrones and seats of living might.'

Symmons, p. 18.

The obscurities of this passage in the original are very great.

' I think,' says Mr. Boyd, ' it is impossible to understand it, unless it refers to the ancient Theogony. Ouranos, or Cœlum (*Cœlus*) was considered as the most ancient deity. After reigning for a time, he was deposed by his son Saturn ; and Saturn was at length dethroned by Jupiter. It is most probable that Jupiter is here styled the threefold conqueror, because he had subdued the Titans ; vanquished his father Saturn ; and overcome the giants.'

So the scholiast and most of the commentators explain the passage. Potter considers it as containing a general reflection on the instability of human greatness. The indefiniteness of the expressions used by the Poet, affords some countenance to

this opinion. *ὅδ' ἔστις πάρος τε ἢ μέλας*, are words to which we should have some difficulty in assigning so specific a reference as is assumed in applying them to *Cœlus*. 'Fear drawing the curtain,' 'coward conscience striking the sleeper,' and, 'mid-night's secret hour,' are embellishments from the pen of Mr. Symmons. The diction of Æschylus in this passage is remarkably simple and unadorned. The latter part of the preceding quotation, is strikingly coincident with a passage in the book of Job, ch. xxxiii. 15—17., which is not noticed by either of the translators.

The answer of Clytemnestra to the Chorus, who ask, whether the rites which she was celebrating were performed in consequence of her having received gratifying intelligence, or only as the effect of the hopes which she was cherishing, appears to be erroneously given by both the translators. 'May the morning springing from the night its mother, prove a herald of good, according to the proverb,' is Mr. Boyd's rendering. But this appears strange from the lips of the queen, at the very moment when she was announcing to the Chorus the intelligence which she immediately relates:—'Thou shalt hear of a joy beyond thy hopes, for the Greeks have taken the city of Priam.' The preceding part of the speech should, therefore, be rendered: 'Morning springing from its Mother Night, may, according to the proverb, prove a herald of good.' The meaning of Mr. Symmons's version we do not understand.

' Bearing glad tidings, as the proverb runs,
Rise morning from its kindly mother night.'

The morning had already risen.

The description of the fire signals successively transmitting the news that Troy was taken by the Grecian chiefs, is very fine. The torches blaze as brightly, and the seas and mountains gilded by their splendours, are as beautiful in the lines of Æschylus, as they appeared to the watchers who hailed their light. Potter, misled by a corrupt reading, represents the herald flame as illuminating the Hellespont, after it had reached Mount Athos, which is a complete geographical inversion; he has also increased the number of stations by adopting *Erica* as a proper name, instead of translating it *heath*. We shall give the entire description in Mr. Symmons's version, which, if it be more correct than Potter's, is also more diffuse; it is, however, executed with spirit.

' CHORUS.

' But how? What messenger could come so fast?

‘CLYTEMNESTRA.

‘Twas Vulcan : sending forth the blazing light
 From Ida's grove, and thence along the way
 Hither the estafette of fire ran quick :
 Fire kindled fire, and beacon spoke to beacon,
 Ida to Lemnos and the Hermæan ridge :
 Next Athos, craggy mountain, Jove's own steep,
 Took the great torch held out by Vulcan's isle.
 Standing sublime, the seas to over-cast,
 Shone the great strength of the transmitted lamp ;
 And the bright heraldry of burning pines,
 Shone with a light all golden like the sun
 Rising at midnight on Macistus' watch-tower :
 Nor did Macistus not bestir him soon,
 Oppress'd with sleep, regardless of his watch ;
 But kindled fires, and sent the beacon-blaze
 To distance far beyond Euripus' flood,
 To watchmen mounted on Messapian hills ;
 They answer'd blazing, and pass'd on the news,
 The grey heath burning on the mountain top.
 And now the fiery, unobscured lamp,
 At distance far shot o'er Asopus' plain ;
 And up the steep soft rising, like the moon,
 Stood spangling bright upon Cithæron's hill.
 There rose, to give it conduct on the road,
 Another meeting fire ; nor did the watch
 Sleep at the coming of the stranger light,
 But burnt a greater blaze than those before :
 Thence o'er the lake Gorgopis stoop'd the light,
 And to the mount of Ægiplancton came,
 And bade the watch shine forth, nor scant the blaze.
 They burning high with might unquenchable,
 Send up the waving beard of fire aloft,
 Mighty and huge, so as to cast its blaze
 Beyond the glaring promontory steep,
 Athwart the gulf Saronic all on fire ;
 Thence stoop'd the light, and reach'd our neighbour watch-tow'r,
 Arachne's summit ; and from thence, derived
 Here to the Atridæ's palace, comes this light
 From the long lineage of the Idæan fire.
 Such is the course of the lamp-bearing games,
 When torches run in solemn festivals
 One from another, in succession fill'd,
 And the last runner and the first is victor.
 Such are my proofs, and such the signal news,
 Sent by my consort from the plains of Troy.' pp. 28—31.

The miseries of warfare, and, among these, the capture and devastation of a hostile city, afford too many images of terror to be overlooked by a poet who delights in harrowing up the soul.

Æschylus has described the horrors of a sacked city with most appalling effect in his *Septem contra Thebas*, and he has again introduced those dire calamities into his *Agamemnon*. The variety which distinguishes each of his descriptions, shews the richness of his genius, and the fidelity of his representations. We omit the passage in which the state of captured Troy is pictured, and only notice a part of Mr. Symmons's version of the concluding lines, which we are inclined to think erroneous, though he is very positive in asserting its correctness:

‘ But should they come, their forfeits on their heads,
With Heaven's high wrath benighted, then indeed
The curse of blood might follow at their heels,
And Troy's ensanguined sepulchres yield up
Their charnell'd dead to cry aloud for vengeance—
E'en should not fortune blow them other ills.’ pp. 33—4.

Mr. Boyd's translation of this passage is as follows.

‘ But even if the army should return without wandering from their path, the calamity of the multitudes that have perished, would be on the watch for revenge, although no fresh misfortune should arise.’

Boyd, p. 12.

Mr. Boyd reads with Blomfield, ἀναπλάκτος;—‘ *Quinetiam si nullis erroribus actus redierit exercitus, Diis tamen ira ob eos qui interierunt reviviscat, etiam si nihil novi acciderit.*’ To this reading and interpretation, Mr. Symmons objects, that it is contrary to the force and spirit of the text. We differ from him in this judgement, and think that the reading and version which he rejects, are most agreeable to the sense of the whole connected passage, and more forcible and spirited than his own. To us it seems very trite for the Poet to say, that if the Greeks should return obnoxious to the gods, punishment might overtake them. We understand him as saying, that if, in their treatment of the captured city, the Greeks should not duly reverence the gods, by exercising clemency and temperance, though they should escape the perils of their voyage homewards, and reach in safety their native country, even then they might not escape the vengeance which they had provoked. The herald who arrives at Mycenæ, to report the capture of Troy, describes the storm which, ‘not unattended by the Divine displeasure,’ scattered and destroyed many of the Greeks on their return; and in the passage before us, the Poet, we think, has used a word which alludes to a disaster of this kind; ἀναπλάκτος, *nullis erroribus actus*.

The preceding passage is a fair specimen of the licence which Mr. Symmons allows himself in translating his author.

He professes to be as literal as possible; but into what diffusive paraphrase has he gone in these lines! 'With Heaven's high wrath benighted'—'Troy's ensanguined sepulchres'—'Charnel'd dead,' will in vain be looked for in the Poet: out of these six lines, three are superfluous, the first, third, and last, expressing sufficiently the sense of the original. Mr. Symmons's offences of this description are of very frequent occurrence, and especially as proceeding from a translator who has not been sparing of severity in exposing the incorrectnesses of Potter, they cannot be permitted to pass without reprehension. From the numerous passages which we had marked in going through Mr. Symmons's version as examples of redundant expression, or of addition to the language of *Æschylus*, we shall make room only for the following.

οἱ δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆχος
θήλας Ἰλιάδος γὰρ 440
ἔνμορφοι κατέχουσιν ἰχ-
θῆρα δ' ἰχθυότας ἐκρύβαν. Ed. Blomf.

'Others they mourn whose monuments stand
By Ilium's walls on foreign strand;
Where they fell in beauty's bloom,
There they lie in hated tomb;
Sunk beneath the massy mound,
In eternal chambers bound.'—*Symmons*, p. 43.

How much of the beauty of the lines as they stand in *Æschylus*, is concealed from the reader by such versification as this! The impressive simplicity of the original passage is much more faithfully and effectively preserved in the prose of Mr. Boyd.

'Other warriors, once blooming in youth, now have their graves in the Trojan land: the soil of an enemy covers their remains,' p. 16.

Helen, says the Poet, leaving her richly ornamented chamber, sailed to Ilium, favoured by the breeze of earth-born Zephyr. For this, Mr. Symmons gives us the following exuberant description.

'From her curtain'd chamber fled,
And her golden bridal bed,
Where all hid the beauteous queen
Lay in damask bowers unseen;
And spread her flying sails,
Fann'd by Zephyr's buxom gales.'

Again—

'Out! how the screech-owls scream'd around my house!
Bad was the first who came at matin-tide;
Another follow'd e'er the sun was set.'

pp. 77.

There are no screech-owls screaming in the speech of Clytemnestra, as *Æschylus* has given it; and *matin-tide* is an expression which, though it may with propriety have place in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, or *Marmion*, we should not have expected in a translation of an ancient Athenian poet, even if there had been in this part of his text, any notes of time referring to morning. Both the *matin-tide* and the sunset of the Translator are wanting in the Greek of *Æschylus*. Mr. Symmons's note on this passage, in correction of Blomfield's reading, would not have appeared, if he had looked into the second edition of the *Agamemnon*, which was published previously to his own version, and in which the reading of the first is exchanged for that which, Mr. Symmons justly contends, is the right one. This remark applies to some other animadversions which occur in Mr. Symmons's notes.

Sound judgement and good taste are, in respect to no part of the *Agamemnon*, more indispensable to successful translation, than in the impassioned and abrupt passages in which Cassandra utters the oracular presages of the prophetic fury which impelled her to predict the murder of the king, and to declare the horrid crimes of the house of Atreus. The sublimity which is cast over the whole of those passages, can scarcely be preserved in a version which does not adhere to the order and the expressions of the text: amplification is more to be deprecated in these scenes, than the most rigid attention to literal rendering. That Mr. Symmons has failed in some instances in which he has been at evident pains to succeed in giving us to hear the Cassandra of *Æschylus*, an extract or two will shew. As a specimen of complete tautology; Help, says Cassandra, is far off, alluding probably to Orestes—*ἐλλὰ δ' ἱκὰς ἀποστατῆι*; for this we have, in Mr. Symmons,

'Where's Succour? fled far off! Where's Help? it stands at bay.'

ΚΑ. ἰὼ, ἰὼ, τάλαίνα, τόδε γὰρ τελεῖς,
τὸν ὁμοδύμιον πόσιν
λουτροῖσι φαιδρυνάσα—πῶς φρέσῃ τέλος;
τάχος γὰρ τόδ' ἔσται. προτείνει δὲ χεὶρ ἐκ
χειρὸς ὄρεγμάτα.

1080.

'CAS. O thou wretched woman! for thou wilt execute the deed, while refreshing thy consort with the bath. How shall I declare the end? It will speedily arrive. The hand follows up its strokes rapidly.' *Boyd*, p. 40.

'CASSANDRA.

'Alas! ah wretch! ah! what art thou about?
A man's in the bath—beside him there stands
One wrapping him round—the bathing clothes drop,

Like shrouds they appear to me, dabbled in blood!
O for to see what stands there at the end!
Yet 'twill be quick—'tis now upon the stroke!
A hand is stretch'd out—and another too!
As though it were a grasping—look, look, look!

Symmons, p. 102.

Again, in a subsequent passage, Mr. Symmons makes Cassandra speak as follows:

'The bull is enchafed and hood-wink'd, and roars;
His black branching horns have received the death stab!
He sprawls and falls headlong; he lies in the bath,
Beside the great smouldering caldron that burns!
The caldron burns,—it has a deadly blue!' pp. 104, 105.

These passages appear to us to be much more in character with an attempt to burlesque the original, than with a serious poetical version. The language of *Æschylus* is, in the last instance, highly metaphorical, approaching the utmost limits of poetic privilege; but, though strong, it is perfectly in agreement with the character of the speaker, and with the circumstances to which it is applied. Horns receiving a death-blow, roaring, sprawling, and then falling headlong, are expressions for which *Æschylus* is not answerable, nor has he furnished his translator with the smouldering caldron and its deadly blue.

In the speech of Clytemnestra, in which she exults in the destruction of her victims, the simple expression which describes the fall of Cassandra, ἡ δὲ τοι—κείται, is thus expanded in Mr. Symmons's version.

'Now on the earth she lies, stretched out in blood,
And her dishevell'd tresses sweep the ground:
Cold sweats of death sit on her marble face;' p. 135.

Of these three lines, the last two are gratuitously supplied by Mr. Symmons.

The character of Clytemnestra is admirably portrayed by *Æschylus*, and is managed in every scene in which she appears, with great effect. She is bold, daring, and fearless. Meditating the greatest of crimes, she is successful in concealing her guilty purposes; and is so artful, as to gratify her murderous feelings by the use of ambiguous expressions, which seem to pass her lips as the homage of her reverence and affection for her lord, but are in reality the exultations of her soul, confidently anticipating the execution of her base designs. On receiving the intelligence of Agamemnon's return, she declares her joy; and on his approach, receives him with an address, in

which she describes the sufferings which she endured from his long-continued absence, and gives utterance to those emotions of delight which she could so well feign, and which became the congratulations of the moment. There is much beauty and much conformity to truth and nature in such effusions as these. We should have been glad to avail ourselves of Mr. Symmons's version, in every case, with as much pleasure as we cite from it in this instance.

‘ Meantime,
The gushing fountains, whence so many tears
Chasing each other trickled on my cheeks,
Are quite run out, and left without a drop :
And these sad eyes, which so late took their rest,
Are stain’d with blemish by late watching hours,
Weeping for thee by the pale midnight lamp,
That burnt unheeded by me. In my dreams
I lay, my couch beset with visions sad,
And saw thee oft in melancholy woe !
More than the waking Time could show, I saw
A thousand dreary congregated shapes,
And started oft, the short-lived slumber fled,
Scared by the night-fly’s solitary buzz :
But now my soul, so late o’ercharged with woe,
Which had all this to bear, is now the soul
Of one who has not known what mourning is,
And now would fain address him thus, e’en thus :
This is the dog who guards the wattled fold ;
This is the mainsheet which the sails and yards
Of some tall ship bears bravely to the winds ;
This is the pillar whose long shaft from earth
Touches the architrave of some high house ;
A child who is the apple of the eye
To the fond father who has none but him ;
Ken of the speck of some fair lying land,
Seen by pale seamen well nigh lost to hope :
A fair day sweetest after tempest showers ;
A fountain fresh, with chrystal running clear,
To the parch’d traveller who thirsts for drink :
So in each shift of sad necessity
’Tis sweet to be deliver’d hard beset.
Thus my fond heart, with speeches such as these,
Pays to his worthiness what she thinks due.
Let no one grudge me the sweet pleasure now,
But think upon the sorrows I have borne.’

Symmons, pp. 81, 82.

Potter’s version is more concise.

‘ At thy return
The gushing fountains of my tears are dried,
Save that my eyes are weak with midnight watchings,

Straining, thro' tears, if haply they might see
 Thy signal fires, that claim'd my fix'd attention.
 If they were clos'd in sleep, a silly fly
 Wou'd, with its slightest murmurings, make me start,
 And wake me to more fears. For thy dear sake
 All this I suffer'd : but my jocund heart
 Forgets it all, whilst I behold my lord,
 My guardian, the strong anchor of my hope,
 The stately column that supports my house,
 Dear as an only child to a fond parent ;
 Welcome as land, which the tost mariner
 Beyond his hope describes ; welcome as day
 After a night of storms with fairer beams
 Returning ; welcome as the liquid lapse
 Of fountain to the thirsty traveller :
 So pleasant is it to escape the chain
 Of hard constraint. Such greeting I esteem
 Due to thy honour : let it not offend,
 For I have suffer'd much.'

The variation ' Weeping for thee,' and, ' Straining, thro' tears,' in the versions of Symmons and Potter, results from the different view which each of these translators takes of the original, and not from the error of either of them. Boyd reads with Potter and Heath, and this interpretation has the sanction of Dr. Blomfield in his note to the passage ; but, in his glossary, he seems to favour the other, which Mr. Symmons has adopted,

The fine choral ode, beginning τίττι μοι τὸδ' ἱμῶδες, (line 948, Blom. Ed.) will afford a fair specimen of Mr. Symmons's translation of the lyrical portions of the tragedy. Potter's version, though faulty in some particulars, will not be dishonoured by comparison with this rival translation ; and we shall therefore subjoin it. The difficulties of the original are well known to scholars.

CHORUS.

' Why do these portents flit before my eyes,
 Sights which the ancient soothsayer saw ?
 Why does the voice of prophecy arise,
 And fill my soul with awe ?
 Why sudden chants within my soul
 That song which ne'er is bought for gold,
 Unorder'd, uncontroll'd,
 And like a prophet speaks, so loud and clear within ?
 Nor will Assurance mount his throne,
 And make his sov'ran way,
 Like the morn's sun the dreams of night
 Scatters before his orient light,
 When mystery's shadows fade in empty air.

Why is it so ? long time is past
 Since on the sandy shore
 The armed ships their cables cast,
 Waiting to wait the soldiers o'er
 From hence to Ilion's strand.
 And now I see them safe at home,
 Mine own eyes witness they are come ;
 My ill-presaging soul,
 Of its own free accord,
 Not to the lyre or tuneful chord,
 But to the notes of an Erinnys, sings
 The dirge that round the dead man rings ;
 Nor will my lab'ring heart find rest
 In hope or sweet assurance blest.
 'Tis not for nought my bowels yearn,
 'Tis not for nought within me burn
 Thoughts whose bodings will not fail,
 Whilst my deep-eddying soul
 Goes in a giddy whirlpool round.
 For surely Health in the extreme
 Lies on a dangerous boundary ground,
 For her near neighbour stands Disease,
 And both the party-walls against each other lean.
 And many a time the gallant argosie,
 That bears man's destiny with outspread sails
 In full career before the prosp'rous gales,
 Strikes on a hidden rock,
 And founders with a hideous shock.
 The wealthy house on shipwreck's brim
 With measured sling may overboard
 Some of its precious burden fling,
 But sinks not down itself brimful of woe ;
 For then the gift of Jove two-handed fills
 The yearly furrows, and drives famine off ;
 Nature and Jove still walk the eternal round,
 And call new riches from the teeming ground.
 But O ! upon the earth when once is shed
 Black deadly blood of man,
 Who will call up the black blood from the ground
 With moving incantation's charm ?
 Check'd not Jove himself the man,
 The mighty leech, who knew so well the art
 To raise the silent dead.'

' I pause ! some Fate from heaven forbids
 The Fate within me utter more,
 Else had my heart outrun my tongue,
 And pour'd the torrent o'er.
 Silence and darkness close upon my soul,
 She roars within, immured,

And in the melancholy gloom
Of dying embers fades away.'

Symmons, pp. 91—5.

' CHORUS.

* STRO. 1. What may this mean? Along the skies
Why do these dreadful portents roll?
Visions of terror, spare my aching eyes,
Nor shake my sad presaging soul!
In accents dread, not tun'd in vain,
Why bursts the free, unbidden strain?
These are no phantoms of the night,
That vanish at the faithful light
Of steadfast confidence. Thou sober pow'r,
Whither, ah, whither art thou gone?
For since the long-pass'd hour,
When first for Troy the naval band
Unmoor'd their vessels from the strand,
Thou hast not in my bosom fix'd thy throne.

* ANTIS. 1. At length they come: these faithful eyes
See them returned to Greece again:
Yet, while the sullen lyre in silence lies,
Erinnys wakes the mournful strain:
Her dreadful pow'rs possess my soul,
And bid the untaught measures roll;
Swell in rude notes the dismal lay,
And fright enchanting Hope away;
Whilst, ominous of ill, grim-visag'd Care
Incessant whirls my tortur'd heart.
Vain be each anxious fear!
Return, fair Hope, thy seat resume,
Dispel this melancholy gloom,
And to my soul thy gladsome light impart!

STRO. 2. Ah me, what hope! This mortal state
Nothing but cruel change can know.
Shou'd cheerful Health our vig'rous steps await,
Enkindling all her roseate glow;
Disease creeps on with silent pace,
And withers every blooming grace.
Proud sails the bark; the fresh gales breathe,
And dash her on the rocks beneath.
In the rich house her treasure Plenty pours;
Comes Sloth, and from her well-pois'd sling
Scatters the piled up stores.
Yet Disease makes not all her prey:
Nor sinks the bark beneath the sea:
And Famine sees the heav'n-sent harvest spring.

ANTIS. 2. But when forth-welling from the wound
The purple-streaming blood shall fall,
And the warm tide distain the reeking ground,
Who shall the vanish'd life recal?

Nor verse, nor music's magic pow'r,
 Nor the fam'd leech's boasted lore;
 Not that his art restor'd the dead,
 Jove's thunder burst upon his head.—
 But that the Fates forbid, and chain my tongue,
 My heart, at Inspiration's call,
 Wou'd the rapt strain prolong:
 Now all is dark; it raves in vain,
 And, as it pants with trembling pain,
 Desponding feels its fiery transports fall.' *Potter.*

The length to which this article has extended, forbids our inserting any additional remarks on the criticisms which occur in the notes to these translations; and for the same reason, we must abstain from noticing the poetical versions which Mr. Boyd has appended to his publication of the *Agamemnon*. They comprise, a translation of the first choral ode of the *Œdipus Coloneus* in verse, executed with much taste and meritorious fidelity, *Meleager's Idyl* on the Spring, and translations from Gregory Nazianzen.

Art. IV. 1. *The Saxon Chronicle, with an English Translation, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By the Rev. J. Ingram, B.D. 4to. pp. 495. London. 1823.

2. *The History of the Kings of England, and the Modern History of William of Malmesbury.* Translated from the Latin, by the Rev. John Sharpe, B.A. 4to. pp. 643. London.

HOW are we to account for the peculiar charm which accompanies the perusal of our ancient chronicles,—of such among them, at least, as were written by men of fair ability? That there is such a charm, none will deny. It might almost seem that, so far from having attained to any improvement in this kind of composition, we have retrograded, and that the historians of modern times have sacrificed simplicity and effect to formal correctness and systematic arrangement. To a certain extent, this is perhaps true. The models of classical antiquity may have been too exclusively admired, and there may have prevailed too great an insensibility to the beauty and attractiveness of our domestic annalists. There is, however, another question that must be determined, before we can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on this point;—is this attractive quality any thing more than the simple effect of novelty? The mind sated with the elaborate periods, subtle disquisitions, and dishonest partialities of later narrators, turns delightedly to the men of antique times, with their undisguised attachments, their

plain, unvarnished tale, and their nearer view of the transactions they describe. Were we to attempt the solution of this inquiry, we should be inclined to take a middle course, and to say, in general, that while there is great beauty of a specific kind in the simpler narratives of the primary authorities of our national story, the plan on which later writers have proceeded, is at once the more comprehensive and the more instructive. To state simple facts in their due course and coherence,—to describe collateral circumstances, and to specify dates and localities,—comprise nearly the whole of the task of the chronicler; while the after-historian has to gather up the fragments, to sift discordant evidence, to weigh conflicting authorities, and to pierce through the mists and darkness which the reign of prejudice, defective knowledge, and the lapse of years, have thrown round the characters and occurrences of ancient days.

William of Malmesbury belongs, however, to a sort of intermediate class. He makes up his tale partly from the resources which he has found in older writers, and partly from report. He is an admirable story-teller, and we forgive him his occasional flourishes and affectations, in consideration of his richness, his variety, and the bold and expressive touches with which he brings out the marking features of individual character, as well as the peculiar force of critical circumstances. The charge of credulity seems to us to have been somewhat over-urged. He lived in times when to doubt on certain points was an approach to heresy; and he frequently insinuates his suspicions in a way that reflects much credit on his honesty and discrimination. If his vanity has occasionally led him to depreciate the claims of others, his delinquencies of this kind are neither numerous nor offensive; they are, in fact, nearly confined to the instance of Ethelwerd; and even in this case, although he may have been unjust to the substantial merits of that historian, he cannot be accused of having exaggerated the fantastic and injurious peculiarities of his composition. Malmesbury's diligence was unbounded. He

‘collected every thing within his reach. His materials, as he often feelingly laments, were scanty and confined, more especially in the earlier annals. The Chronicles of that era afforded him but little; yet, of that little he has made the most, through the diligence of his research and the soundness of his judgement. His discrimination in selecting, and his skill in arranging, are equally conspicuous. His inexhaustible patience, his learning, his desire to perpetuate every thing interesting or useful, are at all times evident. Sensibly alive to the deficiencies of the historians who preceded him, he constantly endeavours to give a clear and connected relation of every event. Indeed, nothing escaped his observation, which could tend to eluci-

date the manners of the times in which he wrote. History was the darling pursuit of Malmesbury, and more especially biographical history, as being, perhaps, the most pleasing mode of conveying information. He knew the prevailing passion of mankind for anecdote, and was a skilful master in blending amusement with instruction. Few historians ever possessed such power of keeping alive the reader's attention; few so ably managed their materials, or scattered so many flowers by the way. Of his apt delineation of character, and happy mode of seizing the most prominent features of his personages, it is difficult to speak in terms of adequate commendation. He does not weary with a tedious detail, 'line upon line,' nor does he complete his portrait at a sitting. On the contrary, the traits are scattered, the proportions disunited, the body dismembered, as it were; but in a moment some master-stroke is applied, some vivid flash of Promethean fire animates the canvas, and the perfect figure darts into life and expression: hence, we have the surly, ferocious snarl of the Conqueror, and the brutal horse-laugh of Rufus. Malmesbury's history, indeed, may be called a kind of biographical drama, where, by a skilful gradation of character, and variety of personage, the story is presented entire, though the tediousness of continued narrative is avoided. Again, by saying little on uninteresting topics, and dilating on such as are important, the tale, which might else disgust from the supineness or degeneracy of some principal actor, is artfully relieved by the force of contrast; and the mind, which perhaps recoils with indignation from the stupid indifference of an Ethelred, hangs with fond delight on the enterprising spirit and exertion of an Iron-side.' pp. xiii, xiv.

Of Malmesbury himself, but little is known; and the few imperfect sketches of his intellectual and moral character are only to be collected from the casual intimations supplied by his own writings. His descent was Anglo-Norman, and the date of his birth may be inferred to have been about 1195. In early life, he assumed the ecclesiastical profession in the monastery from which he derives his distinctive name; and gradually advanced through its various offices, until he ultimately refused the appointment of abbot. His death is, on very uncertain authority, supposed to have taken place about 1243. He distinguished himself by an unremitting pursuit of knowledge, and his multifarious reading is evident from the exuberance with which he pours out his classical stores.

The volume before us contains his great work, of which the first book contains the history 'of the English' until the union of the Saxon monarchies in the person of Egbert. His materials are arranged in the following order: the history of the kingdom of Kent comes first; then, the West Saxons, the Northumbrians, the Mercians, the East Angles, and the East Saxons, succeed, and occupy the whole of the first division.

The second book brings down his history to the Norman invasion; and the remaining three detail the various events of English history until the reign of Stephen, and the escape of the Empress Matilda from Oxford. Of its literary character, as well as of its value as an historical document, we have already given our own opinion, accompanying it with a portion of the critical estimate furnished by Mr. Sharpe, who has entitled himself to the highest credit by his admirable execution of a difficult task. We could not fully exemplify the manner of Malmesbury as an historian, without more copious extracts than would suit our convenience, or gratify our readers; but, as a specimen of the romantic decorations with which he has relieved the sobriety of authentic narrative, we shall venture on the following legend.

‘I shall relate what I recollect having heard, when I was a boy, from a certain monk of our house, a native of Aquitain, a man in years, and a physician by profession. “When I was seven years old,” said he, “despising the mean circumstances of my father, a poor citizen of Barcelona, I surmounted the snowy Alps, and went into Italy. There, as was to be expected in a boy of that age, seeking my daily bread in great distress, I paid more attention to the food of my mind, than of my body. As I grew up, I eagerly viewed many of the wonders of that country, and impressed them on my memory. Among others, I saw a perforated mountain, beyond which the inhabitants supposed the treasures of Octavian were hidden. Many persons were reported to have entered into these caverns for the purpose of exploring them, and to have there perished, being bewildered by the intricacy of the ways. But, as hardly any apprehension can restrain avaricious minds from their intent, I, with my companions, about twelve in number, meditated an expedition of this nature, either for the sake of plunder, or through curiosity. Imitating, therefore, the ingenuity of Dædalus, who brought Theseus out of the Labyrinth by a conducting clue, we, also, carrying a large ball of thread, fixed a small post at the entrance. Tying the end of the thread to it, and lighting lanthorns, least darkness as well as intricacy, should obstruct us, we unrolled the clue, and fixing a post at every mile, we proceeded on our journey along the caverns of the mountain, in the best manner we were able. Every thing was dark and big with horror; the bats flitting from holes, infested our eyes and faces: the path was narrow, and made dreadful on the left hand by a precipice, and a river flowing beneath it. We saw the way bestrewed with bare bones: we wept over the carcases of men yet in a state of putrefaction, who, induced by hopes similar to our own, had in vain attempted, after their entrance, to return. After some time, however, and many alarms, arriving at the further outlet, we beheld a lake of softly murmuring waters, where the waves came gently rolling to the shores. A bridge of brass united the opposite banks. Beyond the bridge were seen golden horses of great size, mounted by golden

riders, and all those other things which are related of Gerbert. The mid-day beam of Phœbus darting upon them with redoubled splendour, dazzled the eyes of the beholders. Seeing these things at a distance, we should have been delighted with a nearer view, meaning, if fate would permit, to carry off some portion of the precious metal. Animating each other in turn, we prepared to pass over the lake. All our efforts, however, were in vain: for, as soon as one of the company, more forward than the rest, had put his foot on the hither edge of the bridge, immediately, wonderful to hear, it became depressed, and the further edge was elevated, bringing forward a rustic of brass, with a brazen club, with which, dashing the waters, he so clouded the air, as completely to obscure both the day and the heavens. The moment the foot was withdrawn, peace was restored. The same was tried by many of us, with exactly the same result. Despairing, then, of getting over, we stood there some little time; and, as long as we could, at least glutting our eyes with the gold. Soon after, returning by the guidance of the thread, we found a silver dish, which being cut in pieces and distributed in morsels, only irritated the thirst of our avidity without allaying it. Consulting together, the next day, we went to a professor of that time, who was said to know the unutterable name of God. When questioned, he did not deny his knowledge, adding, that so great was the power of that name, that no magic, no witchcraft could resist it. Hiring him at a great price, fasting and confessed, he led us, prepared in the same manner, to a fountain. Taking up some water from it in a silver vessel, he silently traced the letters with his fingers, until we understood with our eyes, what was unutterable with our tongues. We then went confidently to the mountain, but we found the further outlet beset, as I believe, with devils, hating, forsooth the name of God, which was able to destroy their inventions. In the morning, a Jew-necromancer came to me, excited by the report of our attempt; and, having inquired into the matter, when he heard of our want of enterprise, 'You shall see,' said he, venting his spleen with loud laughter, 'how far the power of my art can prevail.' And immediately entering the mountain, he soon after came out again, bringing, as a proof of his having passed the lake, many things which I had noted beyond it; indeed, some of that most precious dust which turned every thing touched by it into gold: not that it was really so, but only retained this appearance until washed with water; for nothing effected by necromancy can, when put into water, deceive the sight of the beholders."

The Saxon Chronicle is a record of high and original authority, containing the 'testimony of contemporary writers to the 'most important transactions of our forefathers, both by sea and 'land, from their first arrival in this country to the year 1154.' It comprises, though in a scattered form, a great mass of invaluable information concerning the government, history, and habits of our ancestors; their agriculture, their architecture, their coinage, their traffic, their laws, liberties, and religion.

Mr. Ingram has, moreover, enriched the present edition with many previously unpublished specimens of Saxon poetry.

‘Philosophically considered,’ he observes, ‘this ancient record is the second great phenomenon in the history of mankind. For, if we except the sacred annals of the Jews, contained in the several books of the Old Testament, there is no other work extant, ancient or modern, which exhibits at one view, a regular and chronological panorama of a PEOPLE, described in rapid succession by different writers, through so many ages, in their own vernacular LANGUAGE. Hence it may safely be considered, not only as the primeval source from which all subsequent historians of English affairs have principally derived their materials, and consequently the criterion by which they are to be judged, but also as the faithful depository of our national idiom; affording at the same time, to the scientific investigator of the human mind, a very interesting and extraordinary example of the changes incident to a language, as well as to a nation, in its progress from rudeness to refinement.’

Every thing relating to the authors of this Chronicle lies in perfect obscurity, notwithstanding the ingenious attempts of the present Editor to elicit something like illustration from other sources. As a composition, its prevailing characteristic is simplicity: its facts are put forward in the most inartificial way possible. For instance:

‘A. D. 448. This year John the Baptist shewed his head to two monks, who came from the eastern country to Jerusalem for the sake of prayer, in the place that whilom was the palace of Herod.’

‘A. D. 455. This year Hengest and Horsa fought with Wurgern the king, on the spot that is called Aylesford. His brother Horsa being there slain, Hengest afterwards took to the kingdom with his son Esc.’

Occasionally, however, the annalist ventures on a somewhat more highly coloured language.

‘A. D. 473. This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Welsh, and took immense booty.’ *And the Welsh fled from the English like fire.*

And sometimes the fine English spirit breathes through the simple expression in ‘words that burn.’

‘A. D. 878. This year about mid-winter, after twelfth-night, the Danish army stole out to Chippenham, and rode over the land of the West-Saxons; where they settled and drove many of the people over sea; and of the rest, the greatest part they rode down, and subdued to their will—ALL BUT ALFRED THEIR KING. He, with a little band, uneasily sought out the woods and fastnesses of the moors.’

The following extract will afford a fair example of the general character of this venerable chronicle.

' A. D. 755. This year, Cynewulf, with the consent of the West-Saxon council, deprived Sebright, his relative, for unrighteous deeds, of his kingdom, except Hampshire; which he retained until he slew the alderman who remained the longest with him. Then Cynewulf drove him to the forest of Andred, where he remained, until a swain stabbed him at Privett, and revenged the alderman, Cumbra. The same Cynewulf fought many hard battles with the Welsh; and about one and thirty winters after he had the kingdom, he was desirous of expelling a prince called Cyneard, who was the brother of Sebright. But he having understood that the king was gone, thinly attended, on a visit to a lady at Merton, rode after him, and beset him therein; surrounding the town without, ere the attendants of the king were aware of him. When the king found this, he went out of doors, and defended himself with courage; till, having looked on the etheling, he rushed out upon him, and wounded him severely. Then were they all fighting against the king, until they had slain him. As soon as the king's thanes, in the lady's bower, heard the tumult, they ran to the spot, whoever was then ready. The etheling immediately offered them life and rewards, which none of them would accept, but continued fighting together against him, till they all lay dead, except one British hostage, and he was severely wounded. When the king's thanes that were behind, heard in the morning that the king was slain, they rode to the spot, Osric his alderman, and Wiverth histhane, and the men that he had left behind; and they met the etheling at the town, where the king lay slain. The gates, however, were locked against them, which they attempted to force; but he promised them their own choice of money and land, if they would grant him the kingdom; reminding them, that their relatives were already with him, who would never desert him. To which they answered, that no relative could be dearer to them than their lord, and that they would never follow his murderer. Then they besought their relatives to depart from him, safe and sound. They replied, that the same request was made to their comrades that were formerly with the king, "And we are as regardless of the result," they rejoined, "as our comrades who with the king were slain." Then they continued fighting at the gates, till they rushed in, and slew the etheling and all the men that were with him, except one, who was the godson of the alderman, and whose life he spared, though he was often wounded. This same Cynewulf reigned one and thirty winters. His body lies at Winchester, and that of the etheling at Axminster.'

Mr. Ingram has bestowed great labour on the present publication. To an enlarged and greatly amended original text, he has added, besides a well executed translation, valuable notes and a large collection of various readings. He deserves the thanks of his countrymen for undertaking the task, and we trust that he will find other opportunities of employing his knowledge and ability in the illustration of our Saxon antiquities.

Art. V. 1. *Bible Society in Ireland.* A full Account of the Proceedings at a Meeting held Nov. 9. 1824, at Carrick on Shannon, Ireland, between the Protestants and Catholics; for the Discussion of the important Question as to the Right of distributing the Scriptures among the Population of that Country. 12mo. Price 6d.

2. *The Speak-out of the Roman Catholic Priesthood: or Popery* unchangeably the same in its persecuting Spirit, and in its determined Hostility to the Circulation of the Scriptures: in a Report of the Proceedings at the Anniversary of the Carlow Bible Society, held 18th and 19th Nov. 1824. With a Preface, containing the Marks of Corruption in the Church of Rome, by the Admirable Skelton. 12mo. pp. 84. Price 1s.

WHAT is to be done with poor Ireland,—that most misgoverned, benighted, distracted, infatuated country? If the island could but be floated away into the Atlantic a few meridians further west, it would be for the peace and comfort of these realms to let her govern herself. Or if Ireland were as far off as Canada, she might be more manageable. As matters are, however, Ireland is, and must remain, a part of this United empire, governēd, ecclesiastically, by the United Church of England and Ireland; a state of things much like what Spain would present, if governed by the Church of Geneva. Hence arises the great difficulty. To preserve the Church Establishment, that is to say, its immense revenues inviolate, when not one fourteenth part of the Irish population belongs to that Church,—to perpetuate a most flagrant public robbery for the sake of vested rights and state patronage,—is the one simple object of all the penal laws, Orange Societies, university petitions, and other efforts, parliamentary and unparliamentary, that have been had recourse to for the purpose of quieting the Irish. This is the real difficulty with which the Administration have to contend. Lord Eldon knows it, and Mr. Canning knows it; but Mr. Hume first ventured to let out the secret to the public. Session after session, the Catholic Question, as it is termed, came on for grave debate, and the friends of Emancipation renewed their annual panegyrics on the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and tried their utmost to cajole the House into a good opinion of Popery; and Mr. Peel and his friends were heard maintaining, in reply, the expediency of adhering to the good old system—at least *for the present*. But all this while, not a hint was dropped on either side about the tithes and church estates. The one party, petitioning for a boon, said not a word about the real grievance; and the other party, in refusing that boon, gave every reason but the true one. But can any person doubt that ecclesiastical emancipation is what the Roman Catholics really seek? And what does such emancipation mean,

but the restoration of their fallen church to its pristine splendour? If there is a member of the House of Commons who dreams that the Papists will be satisfied with any thing short of this, he must be one of the simplest representatives of the national wisdom that ever obeyed the call of the division bell. Who are they in Ireland that chiefly excite the clamour for Emancipation, but the priests,—the class whom all the concessions would benefit as little as they would conciliate. The abrogation of all the penal disqualifications would leave the priest just where it found him, still exposed to the mortification of seeing his flock fleeced by the heretics, while he, the true shepherd, is obliged to live on potatoes and sour milk. But will the laity be satisfied with Emancipation? Will five millions of emancipated Catholics be more willing to have their money taken from them to build churches with for half a million of Protestants? Will the Church appear to them less in the character of an oppressor, than it did before? If not, it is a delusion to represent the peace and safety of Ireland as hinging merely on the Catholic Question. The evil lies much deeper.

We by no means intend to urge these considerations as making altogether against the Catholic claims. For, in the first place, the substantial justice of those claims is not affected by the sinister views or ulterior expectations of the Irish Catholics themselves. It forms no reason for not performing an act of national justice, that the parties may possibly not be satisfied with the award. Ireland claims the fulfilment of the conditions of the Union, to which the national honour is pledged: it is a very poor excuse for a flagrant breach of faith, to turn round and say; You are a set of rascally Papists, and we cannot trust you, now we have taken you into our political embrace. The character of Popery and that of the Irish Papists, were surely as well known in 1801, as they are in 1825. And yet, we believe that many persons once warmly in favour of the Catholic claims, have of late become adverse to any concessions to the Irish, because they have only just now made the discovery, that Popery is the same that all history attests it to be, a monstrous system of fraud, superstition and cruelty. The late proceedings in Ireland, the menacing attitude taken by certain Irish demagogues, and the determined hostility manifested by the priesthood against the progress of education and the circulation of the Scriptures—have, we have reason to think, converted a vast number of emancipation-men to Mr. Peel's way of thinking; have, as they would say, opened their eyes, which, assuredly, must have been spell-bound before. They shudder at trusting such men with power. We rejoice that their eyes are opened to the evils and dangers of Popery; and it will be a

most happy result of the proceedings alluded to, should Protestants in general be roused from their criminal apathy and supineness. The English Government have been instrumental in setting up Popery in every part of the continent of Europe. Lords Liverpool and Eldon have assisted in putting power into the hands of the French Papists, the Sardinian Papists, the Neapolitan Papists, and the Spanish Papists, and the Pope himself, with the entire acquiescence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and every other primate and prelate of the United Kingdom except one; and now do we affect to be afraid of Popery at home? Truly, Popery is not a worse thing in Ireland, than it is in Spain; nor could it ever have become dangerous to us as existing so near home, had we not, as a nation, assisted in restoring its political ascendancy abroad. The danger of Popery has always been considered as arising principally from the ecclesiastical subjection of Roman Catholics to a foreign jurisdiction,—from the political relations of the Romish clergy. Now, if ever Popery should become formidable in Ireland, through the operation of foreign support or foreign influence, whom shall we have to thank but the statesmen who have raised up for Papal Ireland, powerful allies in the Pope, the Jesuits, and the Bourbons?

But the question before the nation is, not whether we should set up Popery in Ireland, as we have in other countries, and put power into the hands of the Irish priesthood, as we have into those of the Spanish monks,—but whether Parliament should persist in withholding from five millions of our fellow subjects,—from five sevenths of the Irish nation, the common rights of citizens;—whether there is either wisdom, equity, or sound policy in perpetuating injurious restrictions and disqualifications, which afford no real security to the Protestant interest, but which strengthen the hands of the Romish priesthood, and under which Popery has flourished and increased in Ireland to a portentous extent. That these disqualifications have powerfully contributed to that increase, is the opinion of the best informed Irish Protestants. There can be no doubt that they are one main source of the odium attaching to the Irish Establishment, and they furnish the disaffected with not merely a specious topic, but a substantial ground of complaint. Those disqualifications, in fact, tie the hands of Government more than they do those of the Papists. The question is not, whether the Roman Catholics of Ireland are to be trusted with office, but whether Lord Eldon and the rest of his Majesty's privy council can be trusted with the liberty of employing them. The original design of the Test Act, it is well known, was to impose fetters on the royal prerogative, to curb the exe-

cutive. To represent the disqualifying statutes as any barrier against the progress of Popery, is idle in the extreme. They have not stopped the progress of Dissent in England, nor is it in the nature of things possible that they should check the growth of Popery in Ireland. What earthly purpose then have they answered, but that of perpetuating the most impolitic party distinctions between Papists and Protestants, and super-adding a sense of injury to religious animosity in the minds of the great body of the nation?

Were this immense barrier to conciliation removed, the Irish priesthood, as we have already remarked, would remain in precisely the same predicament as before: they would not be benefited in any respect, but they would be deprived of the advantage attaching to the ministers of a persecuted faith. They would not be satisfied, but they would be, at least on one point of just complaint, silenced. There are the best reasons in the world for not giving the Church of Rome, as a Church, the least portion of political power. It always has been, it always will be, an intolerant and, where it has the power, a persecuting church. Power is what, no doubt, the priests sigh for—ecclesiastical power; and that is just the one thing which no wise Government would ever concede to them in any form or measure whatsoever. They long to see their Church again lifting her mitred head in the high places of the State,—to recover their alienated cathedrals, and benefices, and endowments; and that hope, they ought to be unequivocally and energetically told, they shall never see realized. Every sincere Irish Catholic must wish to see his religion re-established in that country; and, according to Paley's doctrine, his expectation is most reasonable. 'If,' says that Writer, 'the dissenters from the establishment become a majority of the people, the establishment itself ought to be qualified or altered.' The Roman Catholic Dissenters are not a majority of the united kingdom; but, in Ireland, they are an immense majority. But for the Union then, it would seem, upon Paley's principle, that the Roman Catholic ought to be the established religion of Ireland, as it is that of Canada. Leaving the advocates of ecclesiastical establishments to dispose of that difficulty, we would say to the Irish and to the English Catholics: As men and as subjects, we recognise your claim to all civil immunities in common with ourselves, but your Church, equally with that of Constantinople, or that of Mecca, is incapable of alliance with a Protestant government;—an establishment within these islands you never shall have. Think not that political intrigue shall ever compass such a measure. Should half His Majesty's privy council turn Papists, and a

British House of Commons prove recreant to the Constitution, there is a voice in the English people, which would even then make itself respected and feared. The English Dissenters, the Scotch nation, will never allow it.

All this might be said, however, with far better grace and tenfold effect, if the Government had higher ground to stand upon in their present treatment of the Irish. The reasons for not giving the Papists ecclesiastical power, is as strong as ever it was ; but we are deprived of the strength of that reasoning, when the question relates to the continuance of penal restrictions, the original pretence for which has ceased. The existence of a Pretender to the Throne of England, rendered such extraordinary precautions necessary for the protection of the State, since every Papist was presumed to be in heart a Jacobite. And even while Napoleon was our neighbour, with several disposable brothers of the imperial family, there might be some lurking apprehension in the mind of Lord Eldon, that the Irish Papists would prefer a monarch of that dynasty. But since his fall, and the previous death of Cardinal York, if the crown of Great Britain and Ireland were placed at the absolute disposal of our good friend of the Vatican to-morrow, we think that his Holiness would be not a little puzzled on whom to confer it. The whole foreign policy of England proves, however, that no danger is apprehended from any such quarter. The perpetuation of the Glorious Memory and the Orange interest in Ireland, therefore, is to be ascribed to any thing rather than to the influence of constitutional Whig principles. Such associations have ceased to have any rational object ; their language has become worse than unmeaning ; nor has the Protestant religion more formidable enemies in Ireland, than the Orange faction.

If the Catholic claims can be granted without compromising the security of the Protestant interest in these realms, no one but an Orangeman would wish to see them any longer withheld. In determining this question, however, we are not to look merely at the contingent danger of conceding them, but at the positive danger of refusing them. We have, on the one hand, to contemplate the political mischiefs which might in possibility arise from having some few hundreds of Roman Catholic laity distributed over the kingdom, and intermixed with Protestants, in the possession of civil offices at the disposal of the State ; and to set against this, on the other hand, we have the actual danger of excluding five millions of Roman Catholic subjects from eligibility to office, and of cutting them off, by this means, from all communication with the Crown as the fountain of honour,—severing, by this means, a bond of union

between the sovereign and the people, the strength of which is by all our politicians well understood,—and intercepting altogether, as regards the majority of the Irish nation, that secret but potent influence which, in this country, is found more than sufficient to counteract and overpower the democratic elements of our constitution. Whatever advantage Protestantism might derive from being the religion of the State, is lost in Ireland, because the whole Catholic population are placed out of the reach of the influence of the Crown, and are totally and absolutely under that of a democratic priesthood. Those whom the prospect of secular advantage is sufficient to convert to the state religion, are, happily, but few: the direct influence which the Protestant Church has been able to exert in this way in Ireland, is next to nothing. But the indirect influence of the Crown, acting upon the feelings and expectations of all to whom the career of honourable advancement is thrown open, is immeasurably greater than that of any specific bribes or bounties by which only the dishonest can be tempted. To withdraw the Catholic laity, then, in some measure, from the unchecked influence of the priesthood, to counteract the identifying effect of a common cause between the priesthood and the people,—a hostile combination most fearful,—we could wish to see the barriers of party broken down, and every remnant of the penal laws of Ireland swept away.

We say, that the Romish Church is not to be trusted with the slightest measure of ecclesiastical power. Ecclesiastical power of all kinds, indeed, and in all hands, is an engine of mischief. Protestants are to be trusted with it, scarcely more than Papists. That which constitutes the broad distinction between the Romish Church and the English Establishment, is, that, strictly speaking, the Church in this country has no substantive power. The English Constitution does not recognize that monstrous anomaly, power ecclesiastical. That which bears the name is, in fact, a mere modification of the civil law; and even in the forms of ecclesiastical proceedings, there is a striking opposition to the character and spirit of our other institutions, which bespeaks them to have had a different origin from the trial by jury and the practice of the other courts. But Popery is but another name for ecclesiastical tyranny of the most odious description. It founds its claims on the denial of the right of private judgment, and seeks to destroy human freedom in its first principles, by stripping man of the character of a free agent. The civil power itself is viewed as its subordinate agent and instrument, and the State, as but the handmaid of the Church. Popery is not less a traitor to the rights of the throne, than a conspirator against the liberties of

the people. Still, it is saying too much, that every Roman Catholic must be an abettor of the claims of his Church. The reverse is notoriously the fact. Among the members of the Church of Rome, have ranked some of the most distinguished patriots and champions of the rights of mankind. All experience is against the principle of our penal laws, that a Papist, as such, is not to be trusted with any measure of civil power. Irish Catholics are found trust-worthy in all the departments and relations of private society. As servants, they are confidentially employed by Protestants without distrust; as merchants and tradesmen, they are found honourable; as subjects, they are of unimpeached loyalty: is it not, then, monstrous to stigmatise them as incapable of exercising with integrity, the functions of a justice of the peace or a constable?

Among the members of the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland, there are many most exemplary and estimable individuals,—men whose characters are untainted by the spirit of their own institutions, who shew themselves friends to education, and who are most conscientious in promoting the religious instruction of their flocks. Such men are personally entitled to our warmest admiration. But, were it proposed to extend to the Irish priesthood any measure of political power, these individual instances of enlightened zeal and liberality, would not weigh a feather against the mass of overwhelming evidence which establishes the opposite tendency of the Papal system. The greater part of the Irish priesthood, there is too much reason to believe to be men of an opposite description—ignorant, intolerant, seditious, malignant. The scenes to which we shall presently advert, exhibit these ministers of Popery in their true light. But here is the strange error of our policy! Against these men, the disqualifying statutes arm us with no securities; nor would their repeal emancipate the priest from any one restraint that is now laid upon him. The punitive operation, too, of these statutes—for they are unquestionably of a penal character—falls exclusively on the laity. Thus we visit the sins of the teacher on his disciples, punishing, not the criminal, but the dupe; and, under the pretence of discouraging Popery, pronounce a sentence of political exclusion against a nation. But what is the very worst feature of our absurdly inconsistent policy, while taking all these precautions against the intrusion of Popery into places of power and trust, the State has adopted no steps, but that of building useless churches, to reclaim the people from their errors; as if Popery were an evil to be deprecated only so far as it endangered the Church!

At length, we suspect, that crisis so often prognosticated, has arrived, or is near at hand: the Church is in danger—we

mean the Church of Ireland,—in danger as to her immense revenues and disgraceful wealth. The old subject of Emancipation has grown stale, and things are taking a new turn, which will probably accelerate some decisive measures—either concessions to the Irish, or an increase of our military force in Ireland, for the Papists are assuredly beginning to ‘speak out.’ It is probable, that the violence of the Catholic leaders will defeat their own cause. A British House of Commons may not choose to be bullied even into an act of justice. We could have wished that the boon had not been withheld, till it will no longer be received with gratitude.

The only sort of Catholic Emancipation, however, which would deserve the name, is, we readily admit, emancipation from superstition and ecclesiastical bondage. Whatever may be the grievances of the Irish, and never was a nation more aggrieved, the grand calamity of the country, ‘the quintessence of all the evils under which it has groaned for ages,’ is **POPERY**. ‘It is this,’ says the Editor of “The Speak-out,” ‘which has taken from the people the capacity of improvement, and rendered them totally unfit to receive the precious boon of liberty. Emancipation cannot set the Catholics of Ireland free: the mind is chained, the whole thinking faculty of the land is benumbed, perverted, and debased by this religion of priests and their domination.’ The proceedings at Carlow form, indeed, a worthy sequel to the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe. The fanaticism and the ferocity are alike worthy of the dark ages. The circumstances alluded to, are thus briefly stated.

‘The Anniversary of the Carlow Bible Society was appointed to be held at the Presbyterian Meeting House, in that town, on Nov. 18, 1824. On the morning of that day, the place of meeting was crowded to excess; and Colonel Rochfort was voted into the Chair. A conversation then took place on account of some of the police being in the assembly, but it appearing that they attended only as auditors, in common with others, the subject was dropped. The Rev. Mr. Nowlan then inquired whether any persons were to be permitted to speak, besides the members of the Society, and contended for the right of the Roman Catholic Priests to be heard. This assumed right, Mr. Daly contended against; but said, that as they appeared anxious for discussion, he would concede that to them as a favour, which he refused as a right, and moved an adjournment of the business of the Society, until the proposed discussion should have terminated. This having been acquiesced in, an animated discussion took place, which is detailed at length in the following pages. The discussion was adjourned, at a late hour in the evening, to the next day. After an attempt made on Friday morning by the Priests again to interrupt even the discussion induced by themselves, the Rev. Mr. Pope, a Protes-

tant Clergyman, resumed his argument, taking it up where he had been interrupted on the preceding evening. This gentleman, by his voice, his manner, his eloquence, and his erudition, arrested the attention of the savages by whom he was surrounded, for three hours and twenty-five minutes, the period which he occupied in speaking. When he had finished, the Priests declared that no one member of their body was competent to the task of answering Mr. Pope, and required permission for three of their party to speak in reply. This requisition was opposed by Mr. Daly, as in that case the proceedings would be interminable : but he declared his own readiness, as well as that of his Reverend Brethren, to hear any one of their opponents for the space of time occupied by Mr. Pope. Opposition, however, was just what the Priests wanted. Mr. M'Sweney, one of the *Professors*, then insisted upon propounding a question to Mr. Pope, which the latter gentleman immediately consented to answer ; but the answer, of course, was not satisfactory either to the Priests or to their party. From the subsequent transactions, it appears evident that the object was, to consume the time until darkness, the better to enable those conspirators to achieve, by brutal violence, that which they were unable to effect by argument or reason. Tickets had been issued the preceding evening, as will be seen by our report, to two Gentlemen—one on behalf of each of the opposing parties ; and while the Rev. Mr. Morgan distributed the greater proportion of his to Ladies, who exclusively occupied the gallery, the Rev. *Father O'Connell*, the Priest of the town, placed his in the hands of much more efficient supporters, where the affair was to be terminated by bludgeon *versus* Bible. Mr. Nowlan, a Priest, having addressed the Meeting, the Rev. Mr. Shaw rose to reply ; and this appeared to be the signal for violence and outrage. The yells and vociferations proceeding from the mob, which almost exclusively occupied the body of the Meeting-house, were of a most terrific description ; and the calls to have the *Priest's "question"* answered, were most astounding. At length the violence of voice having nearly expended itself, the ruffians proceeded to more unequivocal manifestations of what their ultimate intentions were. A rush was made over the partitions by which the pews were divided—the barriers were forced which excluded the Meeting from the speakers and members of the Committee—and the whole fury of the body appeared to be directed towards the platform erected on the right of the Chair for the Protestant Clergymen who took a part in the discussion. The lights were nearly all extinguished, and the appearance presented at this moment was appalling and terrific. By a special intervention of Divine Providence, the lives of the Protestant Clergy were preserved. Capt. Battersby, commanding the police at Carlow, reached the platform by a private door communicating with the vestry-room a few seconds before the mob had attained it, for the purpose of communicating to Mr. Daly and Mr. Pope, (not at all aware of what was going on within doors,) that he would not be answerable for the safety of their lives if they ventured into the street. Perceiving the state of fury displayed by those within, this Gentleman promptly prevailed on the Clergymen not to lose a moment in effecting

their escape, which he fortunately afforded them the means of accomplishing, by assisting them over a wall eight feet high into an adjoining garden, in the house belonging to which they were concealed, until the departure of the Priests drew the greater portion of the mob from the scene of action. When the rioters reached the platform, and found that their intended victims had escaped, no description can give an adequate idea of their fury. Father O'Connell mounted the pulpit, and having declared the Bible to be a most pernicious book, gave God thanks for the triumph obtained by him and his party. Thanks were voted to Col. Rochfort by acclamation.'

pp. 1—3.

The proceedings at Carrick on Shannon were unattended with any disturbance, but it had been deemed necessary to have a party of the police in readiness, owing to the disgraceful outrage which had previously taken place at Loughrea on Oct. 19.

Two ways of proceeding, it seems to us, now present themselves: the one is, to attack Popery by all the means which education, the press, the pulpit, and the Bible Society afford us, calling in the civil police, only when necessary to prevent or suppress tumults excited by the Priests; the other is, to prohibit all public discussions, discountenance the Bible Society, hang some half dozen priests and orators, and trust to a standing army for the peace and security of His Majesty's Irish dominions,—in other words, to leave Popery alone, and content ourselves with keeping down the Papists. The alarmists will be for the latter, as the more summary and established method; and the Church and State men, whose abhorrence of the Bible Society is to the full as strong and sensitive as their hatred of Popery, will be glad of any pretext to put an extinguisher on the proceedings of the Bible men in Ireland. The Chancellor in this country, and Sir Harcourt Lees in the Sister Island, will be the great patrons of this line of policy. The more manly, humane, and Christian method might, nevertheless, prove eventually the safest. It is that which we are happy to see advocated in the publications before us.

'It is fortunate,' it is remarked, 'for the Protestants of Ireland, and for the interests of the country at large, that this recent proof of the real disposition of the Catholic Priesthood has thus been given. Nothing will satisfy them but the revenues and stations which their predecessors forfeited by their unrelenting persecutions. As they inherit the spirit of their ancestors, and distinctly tell us that the Scriptures shall not be circulated, let us also have the spirit of the Reformers, and resolve that this light shall blaze amid the darkness which it must at last disperse. And now we distinctly know that the Popish Priests only seek for power that they may employ it against our principles and our persons, our

lives and our fortunes, let it be our endeavour to arm the whole country against them,—not by political or military associations, but by the diffusion of knowledge. The Bible conquered Popery at the Reformation—the progress of the Reformation was the downfall of Priestcraft, and the emancipation of the People. Let every Protestant in the Sister Country understand his Bible, imbibe its principles, and evince in his own conduct its purity, justice, and benevolence; with this, let him also make himself thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of Popery, as they are the corruptions of the true religion;—let him, at the same time, be zealous in propagating the unadulterated Gospel of the Saviour—and the worst evil of his country will at length vanish before him. When Popery dies in Ireland, liberty, wealth, prosperity, and happiness will revive. Remove the MORAL curse, and you at once achieve the civil freedom of your country.' p. iv.

We have not thought it necessary to give any extracts from the admirable speeches of the Protestant Clergymen who nobly stood forward on these occasions, because we hope that every one of our readers will put himself in possession of these most interesting publications.

Art. VI. *Horæ Romanæ*: or an Attempt to elucidate St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by an original Translation, explanatory Notes, and new Divisions. By Robert Cox, M.A. small 8vo, pp. 88. Price 3s. London, 1823.

WRITERS who propose to explain or to remove the difficulties of an author, seldom satisfy themselves with the simple statement of them: they not only enumerate, but they also exaggerate them. Hence the prolixity of many commentators, and the perplexity which the readers of their expositions so often find in them. Wishing to succeed where others have failed, they are not willing that their skill and labour should be lightly estimated, and are therefore careful to describe the impediments which may have checked their progress in attempting to clear the text of their author, and delayed them in proceeding with their illustrations of its meaning. Translators and Expositors of the Bible partake of this feeling in common with other literary labourers. The Epistles of the Apostle Paul, particularly the Epistle to the Romans, have furnished Commentators with the occasion of displaying much of this kind of acumen, and of exercising their critical faculties in explication of the difficulties which they have exposed. The peculiarities of the Apostle as a writer, the involutions of his style, the disposition of his arguments, the abruptness of his transitions, and other causes of obscurity, have been largely in-

nisted upon, as rendering the study of his writings a work of labour. *Ne quid nimis* would not, however, be an inappropriate motto for an Expositor ; and we have often thought, that if, instead of prolix commentaries on the Scriptures, a well executed translation were made use of, as the means of understanding them, many of the difficulties which perplex a reader of the Bible, would vanish, and his acquaintance with its import would be more correct and more extensive.

Many of our readers, we apprehend, will be of this opinion after perusing the work before us, which has afforded us very great pleasure, and has impressed us so strongly in favour of the Author, that we should be much gratified in receiving from his pen, other portions of the epistolary writings of the New Testament similarly treated. While possessing merit of a high order, it is entirely free from display. The simplicity of the Author's plan, and the extremely judicious manner in which he has executed it, entitle him, indeed, to a measure of our praise which we have not often an occasion of awarding. The following paragraphs from the Author's preface will sufficiently explain his design.

'The Writer of the present work has endeavoured, by a serious collation of the different parts of the Epistle, and an unbiassed reference to the writings of the most eminent commentators, to ascertain the state of the persons to whom the Epistle was originally addressed, and the main design of the Apostle in composing it. Having, as he trusts, in some measure, ascertained these preliminary circumstances, he has next endeavoured, in his translation, to present to his readers, a fair, unambiguous, and accurate representation of its inspired Author. When this could be done by a literal version, it has always been more agreeable to his feelings ; but where the idiom of the two languages, or the peculiar mode of the Apostle's expression, if literally rendered, would give an indistinct meaning, or an uncouth phraseology, he has adopted a somewhat paraphrastic translation ; but he is not conscious of ever deviating from the sense of the Apostle's argument. Explanatory words are occasionally introduced, which are distinguished from the text by being enclosed in brackets.

'In order to convey to the reader a general idea of the Apostle's design and mode of argument, a brief analysis of the Epistle is prefixed to the work ; and for the same purpose, the whole Epistle is divided into parts, and these again into sections, at the head of which such portions of the analysis are placed, as are severally contained in them. The notes which are annexed, it is hoped, will be found to cast considerable light upon the Epistle. Their number is not great ; as it was not so much the intention of the Writer to make practical observations and improvements on the various parts of this Epistle, as to give such illustrations and information as might present to the reader a distinct and forcible view of the object and feelings of the great Apostle.'

As a specimen of the Translation and Notes, we shall give the section entitled,

‘CAVILS OF THE JEWS ANSWERED.

‘III. “What then [it may be enquired] is the pre-eminence of the Jew? Or what is the advantage of circumcision?” 1—Much in every respect: but principally, indeed, that they have been intrusted with the oracles of God. 2

“But what if some of them have been unfaithful? Shall their unfaithfulness render God unfaithful [to his covenant with Abraham]?” 3—By no means: rather let God be acknowledged to be true, though every man be false; as it is written,

‘Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in thy sight;’

“So that Thou wouldst be just in passing sentence,
And clearly right in executing judgment.” 4—Psa. li. 4.

“But if our unrighteousness render the righteousness of God more illustrious, what shall we say?”—I speak as if I were discussing a matter between man and man.—“Is God unrighteous in inflicting punishment?” 5—By no means: otherwise how shall God judge the world! 6

“But if the veracity of God is rendered abundantly more glorious

‘Chap. III.—Verse 1.—*What then is the pre-eminence of the Jew?*] The Apostle having shewn that the Jews were more wicked than the Gentiles, and that consequently their boasted profession of relationship to God was no evidence of their acceptance with Him, introduces a sort of dialogue between himself and a Jew, in which the objections they might make to what he had advanced are fully stated and satisfactorily answered.

‘Verse 2.—*The oracles of God*] This expression is important, as being the apostle’s testimony to the inspiration of the Old Testament.

‘Verse 3, 4.—*But what if some of them have been unfaithful*] *Τὸ γὰρ*, when introduced in a dialogue after the Socratic manner, intimates that a new query or objection is advanced. The objector here refers to the promise which God had made to Abraham, that He would be a God to him and to his seed after him, and give them the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession; (Gen. xvii. 7, 8.) and hence intimates that if, from any cause whatever, God should fail to fulfil this engagement, He would Himself be chargeable with unfaithfulness. To this the apostle replies, that it was blasphemy to attribute unfaithfulness to God: and then shews, by a most appropriate quotation from the penitent Psalmist, that God’s promises to the Jews at large are to be considered as *conditional*, and therefore might justly be retracted on account of their infidelity and wickedness, even as David acknowledged they might have been in his own case.

in consequence of my unfaithfulness, why am I notwithstanding arraigned as a sinner?" 7 —And why do you not add, what we are slanderously reported [to practise], and what some affirm we maintain, "that we may do evil that good may come?" The condemnation of such is just: 8 [their horrible folly needs no refutation, or God's veracity any argument in its favour.']

The comment on the former part of the Thirteenth Chapter, is so excellent, that we shall lay it before our readers in proof of the sound judgement which the Author manifests as an Expositor.

'Chapter XIII ... Verse 1, 2.—*Let every soul be in subjection to the powers in authority*] The Jews, on the plea of their being the peculiar people of God, and the special subjects of his kingdom, submitted with extreme reluctance to heathen rulers. And even many believing Gentiles, from the consideration of the Gospel's having freed them from the law of Moses, and also afforded them a sufficient rule of conduct, were hastily led to infer that they were under no obligation to render obedience to idolatrous governments, or to pay taxes in support of them. Nothing therefore could be more appropriate than for the apostle to represent civil government in general as a Divine institution, graciously designed for the protection and welfare of mankind; and hence to inculcate upon Christians the duty of their yielding reverence and obedience, in all lawful things, to those who were invested with authority.

'Verse 3—7.—*For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to such as are evil.*] Nothing can exceed the address of the apostle in handling the delicate topic of the duty of rulers to their people. Had he treated this subject in a direct manner, disgust, if not violent opposition, would have been the probable result; whereas by unfolding the foundation, nature, and end, of civil authority, in connection with the responsibility of the magistrate, he has, while professedly pleading his cause, expressed himself in so forcible and unexceptionable a manner, that even Nero himself, had this epistle fallen into his hands, could not fail of seeing his duty clearly stated, without finding any thing servile on the one hand, or offensive on the other.

'It may not be irrelevant to observe that the apostle speaks of civil government in general, and not of any particular modification of it, whether monarchical, aristocratical, democratical, or mixed, as of Divine appointment; and that while he condemns in the strongest terms that restless spirit which engenders discord, and propagates

'Verse 8.—*That we may do evil that good may come*] This impious sentiment, which had been unjustly attributed to the apostles, St. Paul does not condescend to refute. He merely declares that the condemnation of all who maintained it was evidently deserved, and thereby plainly points out that things which are in themselves evil are never to be done on the pretence of promoting what is good.'

rebellion, he says nothing to countenance that servile deference to the sentiments of the supreme ruler, which would at once prevent the subject from offering any resistance to the grossest infringement on the laws and liberties of his country, and at the same time oblige him to vary his religion according to the caprice or impiety of the ruling magistrate.'

We are so well satisfied with the manner in which the Author has performed 'the pacific duties of a commentator,' that, though we might object to some of his interpretations, we shall advert to the 'long disputed subject' on which he has felt it to be his duty to express his sentiments, only to state, that he includes himself among the 'non-Calvinistic brethren,' and to applaud the meekness of his wisdom. 'Catechumens, or persons who were candidates for baptism,' (p. 84.) were, we believe, unknown in the Apostolic Churches.

Art. VII. *The Literary Souvenir*; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 18mo. pp. 394. Plates. Price 12s. London, 1825.

THIS is one of the most elegant and attractive little volumes that have yet appeared in this age of literary luxury, and does equal credit to the Editor's taste and the spirit of the Publishers. Upwards of five years ago, Mr. Watts states, the idea of such a work was suggested to him by a literary friend; but it was not till after the appearance of a publication in direct and acknowledged imitation of the German literary Almanacks, that he determined to put his intention in execution. The work, as our readers may conclude, is intended to be continued annually; and if the future volumes should correspond, in the merit of the original compositions and the style of the embellishments, to this specimen, there can be no doubt that its annual appearance will be hailed with the most unequivocal marks of public favour.

Among the names of the contributors to the present volume, occur those of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Montgomery, the Author of "May you like it," the Rev. T. Dale, Mrs. Hemans, Allan Cunningham, the late Rev. C. R. Maturin, Mr. Wiffen, Archdeacon Wrangham, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, and James Hogg. Campbell's "Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria," are inserted from a friend's Album, and will be highly acceptable: we have never been able to understand why this exquisite poem is suffered to remain a fugitive. Not the least pleasing and interesting poems are those furnished by the Editor, who has shewn at the same time his modesty and good taste in the proportion

which they bear to the contributions of his friends. We shall reward him and gratify ourselves, by selecting from these the touching and beautiful lines on

‘ The DEATH of the FIRST-BORN.

‘ My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes,
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble cries;—
For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss !

‘ I turned to many a withered hope,—to years of grief and pain,—
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o’er my boding brain;—
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of persecuting foes,—
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these *must* mar thy youth’s repose !

‘ I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my tears—
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my fears,—
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone ’mid the clouds of gloom that
 bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are
 ’round them,

‘ My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life’s brief hour is o’er,
And a father’s anxious fears for thee can fever me no more ;
And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—that blossomed at thy
 birth,—
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of earth !

‘ ’Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though brief thy span
 below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed ere my hopes were
 wrapt in shade.

‘ Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou
 wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sickness and in pain :
And thus ’twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul—for all that thou hadst cost !

‘ Cradled in thy fair mother’s arms, we watched thee, day by day,
Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away :
And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared not breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief to wait death’s coming cloud.

‘ It came at length ;—o’er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering
 fast,—
And an awful shade passed o’er thy brow, the deepest and the last :—
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy drooping head,—
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead !

' Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,
And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attained by thee ;—
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine !

' We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace now,—
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers—not more fair and
sweet—

Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

' Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of the brow,—
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nursed,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not—like thee—the first !

' THE FIRST ! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can
bring,
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's delightful
spring ;—
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unscared by such a world as this !

' My sweet one, my sweet one, my Fairest and my First !
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart is like to
burst ;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance
dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what
thou art !

' Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my Fairest and my First !'

pp. 74—78.

The lines by the Rev. W. L. Bowles at p. 83, please us better than any thing we have seen from that gentleman's pen : the motto to them should be, ' And said I that my blood was cold ?' ' Fidelity, from the Spanish,' is marred by a right English vulgarity in the last verse, which is a foul spot on a fair page. The Poet's Bridal-day Song is by Allan in his happiest mood : it is a beautiful poem. The tales which make up the greater part of the Cabinet, are professedly '*romance*,' and we shall not be expected to say much about them ; but those by the Rev. C. T. and Mr. Maturin may serve to illustrate the difference between the horrible and the terrible. We shall take another poem out of the cabinet, and it cannot be necessary to affix to it the name of Montgomery.

‘ FRIENDS.

- ‘ Friend after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end;
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.
- ‘ Beyond the flight of time,—
 Beyond the reign of death,—
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life’s affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!
- ‘ There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love
 Formed for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere!
- ‘ Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are past away;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day:
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in Heaven’s own light.’

The views of Lyons, Paris from Père la Chaise, Saguntum, and the Bay of Naples, are exquisitely engraved. There are several other plates, and some interesting autographs.

Art VIII. 1. *The Perennial Calendar, and Companion to the Almanack*; illustrating the Events of every Day in the Year, as connected with History, Chronology, Botany, Natural History, Astronomy, Popular Customs and Antiquities, with useful Rules of Health, Observations on the Weather, Explanations of the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, and other miscellaneous Information. Compiled from Scientific Authorities as well as from the Manuscripts of several distinguished Persons, and revised and edited by T. Forster, M. B. F. L. S. M. A. S. M. M. R. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 832. Price 18s. London. 1824.

2. *Time’s Telescope for 1825*; or complete Guide to the Almanack: to which is prefixed, a Brief History of English Sacred Poetry, &c. By Richard Ryan. 12mo. Price 9s. London. 1825.

PERENNIAL is a term so seldom applied, excepting to the duration of plants, that we were not prepared for the univer-

sality of Mr. Forster's Calendar, until we had fully examined its contents. Great credit is due to the author, or rather editor, for the mass of useful information he has compiled, and for the judicious manner in which he has contrived to relieve the dryness of scientific details, by the introduction of amusing anecdotes and occasional remarks. The origin and object of the publication will best be stated in the Editor's own words.

' An Album in the form of a Journal, divided into separate spaces for each day in the year, and lying open in the library of a then student of one of the Universities, wherein he and some of his college friends were in the habit of recording something every night as a memorandum of the foregoing day, was the nucleus on which the present Calendar has been formed. Trifling as this mode of composing a work may appear, yet it was found to be of great use and advantage to the compiler, as a means of fixing in the memory a vast number of historical facts and their respective dates, which would otherwise have been forgotten among the miscellaneous objects of classical and professional study. The arrangement of the work is entirely new, and as it suggested itself as it were accidentally, and was not projected by the foresight of any individual, the Editor may be allowed to say without vanity, that he believes this mode of recording facts to be attended with unparalleled utility, both as strengthening and chronologically systematizing the memory, and as furnishing daily and seasonable hints for reflection, and for the perfecting of innumerable branches of knowledge on the part of many ingenious readers, who may catch ideas from the observations herein recorded, while year after year they read the account of each day in the morning at breakfast, or while reclining in their elbow chairs at night.'

A work thus concocted, must inevitably contain many redundancies and discrepancies. We had noted some errors of this description, but they are neither so numerous nor so important as materially to detract from the general accuracy of the performance. For example, in the pleasing account given of the Nightingale at page 183, Milton's sentiment as to the melancholy character of its note, is successfully combated by some beautiful lines from a living poet; and at page 196, where the subject is resumed, the opposite opinion is maintained on the authority of that eminent statesman and accomplished scholar Mr. Fox, confirmed by reference to Theocritus and Chaucer; but, at page 235, where the article is concluded, we find it affirmed that, 'from the time of Homer to the present day, the poets have ever considered the Nightingale as a 'melancholy fowl.' At page 406, Bishop Law is referred to as the author of the noted work entitled "A Call to a Devout and Holy Life." The Bishop wrote a book entitled "Considerations on the Theory of Religion;" but the "Call," the

perusal of which Dr. Johnson said, first occasioned him to think earnestly of religion, was the production of William Law, a more profound and voluminous writer, though he finally fell into the extravagant notions of Jacob Behmen, whose inexplicable writings he collected and published in four large quarto volumes. Trivial errors in the Chronology occur. Boerhaave died Sep. 23, 1738. and Cornwallis and Nelson in 1805, not in 1806. As a specimen, we shall extract at length one of the days. We take at random, April 24. *St. Fidelis. St. Mellitus. S. S. Bona and Doda.*

‘ *St. Fidelis* was born at Sigmarrengen, in Germany, in 1577, Butler describes him as being rather an angel than a man, and assigns among other reasons, that he passed Advent, Lent, and Vigils on bread, dried fruits, and water. “He was martyred by that infernal faction the Calvinists, in his fortieth year.”—*Butler’s Lives of the Saints*, Vol. II p. 261

‘ *Ilii destructio*.—(Rom. Cal.) One of the Roman Calendars records to day the destruction of Illium, the capitol of the city of that name, which was the capital of Troia. The history of the Trojan war has been too well illustrated by Homer, Virgil, and other writers, to need any further comment.

‘ *Flora*.—The face of nature constantly changing, now begins to assume one of the loveliest forms. The Vernal Flora is now beginning to prevail, and by degrees to succeed to the Primæval, which still remains in profusion. Primrose banks and Violet-embroidered vales, with meadows prim with Daisies and Cowslips, still beautify every rural walk. The Bulbous Crowfoot also begins to blow; but the yellow spangling of the fields is still composed chiefly of the golden flowers of the Dandelion, which is the earliest of our plants that produces this pleasing effect of yellow meadows. In some places now the fields are beginning to be beautifully blue with the flowers of the Harebell (*Hyacinthus non Scriptus*), and the stars of the Field-wort (*Ficaria verna*) are still to be seen on shady banks and under coverts and bushy dingles. In gardens, beds of the early or Clerimond Tulips, and of Hyacinths and Narcissi, now make a splendid appearance. As the time is approaching when Tulips become common, we shall conclude with a short account of this plant from *Beckmann’s Erfindungen*.

‘ *On the Origin of and Partiality for Tulips*. Most countries have a predilection for some particular plants, while all the rest are disregarded. In Turkey, for instance, the flowers which, after the Rose, are principally esteemed, are the Ranunculus and the Tulip, the latter of which grows wild in the Levant, but through accident, weakness, or disease, few plants acquire so many tints, variegations, and figures, as the Tulip. This gaudy flower was first cultivated in Italy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, under the name of Tulipa, obviously derived from Tuliband, which in the Turkish language signifies a turban.

It is well known, that, in Holland, the Tulip became, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the object of a trade unparalleled in the history of commercial speculation. From 1634 to 1637 inclusive, all classes in all the great cities of Holland became infected with the Tulipomania. A single root of a particular species called the Viceroy, was exchanged, in the true Dutch taste, for the following articles—2 lasts of wheat, 4 of rye, 4 fat oxen, 3 fat swine, 12 fat sheep, 2 hogsheads of wine, 4 tons of beer, 2 tons of butter, 1000 pounds of cheese, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, and a silver beaker—value of the whole, 2500 florins.

These Tulips afterwards were sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits, something less than a grain, of Admiral Leifken, cost 4400 florins; 446 ditto of Admiral Vonder Eyk 1620 florins; 106 perits Schilder cost 1615 florins; 200 ditto Semper Augustus 5500 florins; 410 ditto Viceroy 3000 florins, &c.

The species Semper Augustus has been often sold for 2000 florins, and it once happened that there were only two roots of it to be had, the one at Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem. For a root of this species one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete set of harness. Another agreed to give for a root twelve acres of land; for those who had not ready money, promised their moveable and immoveable goods, houses and lands, cattle and clothes. The trade was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweeps, footmen, maid-servants, old clothes-women, &c. At first every one won, and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained, in a few months, houses, coaches and horses, and figured away, like the first characters in the land. In every town, some tavern was selected which served as a change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had their notaries and clerks. These dealers in flowers were by no means desirous to get possession of them; no one thought of sending, much less going himself to Constantinople, to procure scarce roots, as many Europeans travel to Golconda and Visipour to obtain rare and precious stones. It was in fact a complete stock-jobbing transaction. Tulips of all prices were in the market, and their roots were divided into small portions, known by the name of Perits, in order that the poor as well as the rich might be admitted into the speculation. The Tulip root itself was at length put out of the question—it was a non-entity; but it furnished, like our funds, the subject of a bargain for time. During the time of the Tulipomania, a speculator often offered and paid large sums for a root which he never received and never wished to receive. Another sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Often did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep Tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sell them at the same time to a farmer, and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, nor farmer, had roots in his possession, or wished to possess them. Before the Tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke

and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had, which happened twice, no species was perhaps oftener purchased and sold. In the space of three years, as Munting tells us, more than ten millions were expended in this trade, in only one town of Holland.

'The evil rose to such a pitch, that the States of Holland were under the necessity of interfering; the buyers took the alarm; the bubble, like the South Sea scheme, suddenly burst; and as, in the outset, all were winners, in the winding up very few escaped without loss.

'Some persons are so fond of odoriferous plants and flowers as to have them in their bed-chamber. This, however, is a dangerous practice, many of them being so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants that are not in flower, and have no smell, yet injure the air during the night and in the absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas; although in the day-light they rather improve the atmosphere, by yielding oxygen gas.

'A melancholy proof of this, recorded by Dr. Curry, occurred in October, 1814, at Leighton Buzzard in Bedfordshire. Mr. Sherbrook having frequently had his Pinery robbed, the gardener determined to sit up and watch. He accordingly posted himself with a loaded fowling-piece in the green-house, where it is supposed he fell asleep, and in the morning was found dead upon the ground, with all the appearances of suffocation, evidently occasioned by the discharge of mephitic gas from the plants during the night.' p. 188.

The Astronomical and Atmospheric papers form by far the most important feature in this bulky volume: they supply a vast fund of philosophical disquisition, while the lighter subjects, such as Natural History, Rural Sports, Pastimes, Customs, and Superstitions, extracts from curious obsolete writers, and from modern poets, supply an amusing variety. The papers on the migration of birds are particularly interesting. Some of the articles would admit of retrenchment, however, without any disadvantage to the work; especially some of the articles on Mythology, Phrenology, and the Lives of Saints, the metaphysical discussions, and some of the quotations from Shelley and Lord Byron. Translations should also be given of the Greek, Latin, and German quotations. These alterations will deserve the attention of the Editor, in the event of a future edition.

The second of these works is not a perennial, but, as our readers are well aware, an annual, which blows regularly in the month of November, yet never two years quite alike. The leading novelty in the present volume, is 'a brief history of English Sacred Poetry, by Richard Ryan.' This gentleman

has here ventured on a very delicate task, to which, within the prescribed limits, it was impossible to do justice, and the selection is of necessity liable to the appearance of capriciousness. Quarles ought not to have been passed over so slightly among the elder poets; and Norris deserved to have been noticed. Watts's *Lyric Poems* should have been referred to, as well as his *Psalms and Hymns*. But a more material omission is that of all mention of *Charles Wesley*, the author of some of the finest devotional poems in the language. This portion of the volume will nevertheless, we doubt not, be extensively acceptable. Several pleasing original poems are scattered through the *Calendar*, and, prefixed to it, is one written for the volume by Mr. J. H. Wiffen, the translator of Tasso. We observe among the 'remarkable days,' the birth-days of some living personages. We should recommend the Editor, for obvious reasons, to confine himself in future to necrological notices, and to make these very select. An autograph letter of Lord Byron's is given, with the article on his death. We need not reiterate our commendation of the work, as we have no doubt that the greater part of our readers have found the preceding volumes useful and amusing 'guides to the almanacks' of former years.

Art IX. *The Green-House Companion*; comprising a general Course of Green-House and Conservatory Practice throughout the Year; a Natural Arrangement of all the Green-House Plants in Cultivation; with a descriptive Catalogue of the most desirable to form a Collection, their proper Soils, Modes of Propagation, Management, and References to Botanical Works in which they are figured. Also, the proper Treatment of Flowers in Rooms, and Bulbs in Water-Glasses. 8vo. pp. 472. Price 12s. London. 1824.

THIS work treats of what may be termed the *luxury* of Horticulture,—the cultivation of rare and exotic plants, such as cannot be brought to perfection in this country without the fostering aid of the Green-House. Fifty years have scarcely elapsed since a Green-House was an absolute curiosity. They have now not only become an indispensable appendage to the country mansions of the great, but are likewise found attached to their town residences wherever circumstances will admit of it; and seldom do we now see the villa of the citizen without its 'winter garden.' But it may be doubted whether the knowledge requisite for a skilful management of this delicate branch of horticultural science, has kept pace with the diffusion of

this botanical taste. The only accessible information has hitherto been such as might be obtained from a common-place chapter in our general gardening books; works which have been compiled from time to time, with few improvements, by operative gardeners, who, though possessing sufficient industry and talent to conduct the ordinary operations of a garden, are generally ill qualified to write upon the higher branches of the subject. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we see, in the work before us, the cultivation of the *Camellia*, the *Geranium*, and the *Erica*, emancipated from its connexion with the propagation of cabbages and turnips, which, though certainly very good things in their way, do not enter much into the pursuits of those to whom this volume will be most acceptable.

It is the design of "*The Green-House Companion*," first, to supply all requisite information as to the construction of Green-Houses; then, to give full directions for stocking and arranging them in the most economical and tasteful manner, with ample instructions as to the cultivation and preservation of the plants in the highest state of health and beauty; and lastly, to subjoin a catalogue of all the Green-House and Frame Plants hitherto known, with copious descriptive remarks on the character and habits of each. The work is published anonymously, but it is evidently written by a person possessed of a thorough scientific knowledge; and we think that gardeners as well as their employers, may derive assistance from the perusal.

It is difficult to select from a work of this nature any extract of much general interest; but, as an important feature of the Catalogue is the novelty of the arrangement, we shall give the reasons assigned for it.

In arranging this Catalogue, we have adopted the natural method of Jussieu, for two reasons that will at once appear obvious to the botanical cultivator, though they may require some explanations to the general reader. In the artificial system of Linnæus, plants are brought together in orders according to the number or position of the stamens and pistils of the flower, without regard to any thing else: and as plants which are alike as to stamens and pistils, are often exceedingly unlike in every thing else, there is no sort of harmony or resemblance in the general appearance of any Linnæan order. But in the system of Jussieu, plants are brought together into orders and groupes, not from their agreeing in stamens or in any other particular part of the plant, but from their agreeing in the greatest number of particulars; and hence a general harmony and resemblance pervade the whole order, and any person who knows or can recollect the appearance of any one plant in that order, will have a tolerably correct idea of the whole groupe. The names of these orders are generally taken from some genus contained in it, which is reckoned a prototype of the whole; and thus, to those who recollect any species

of that genus a very useful practical idea of the order will be formed. Thus, whoever knows any species of the genus *Myrtus*, Myrtle, will be able to form a pretty good idea of the order *Myrtaceae*, and so on. This is our first reason for arranging our Catalogue according to the natural method, rather than according to that of Linnæus, or of any other mode whatever.

A second reason is, that plants of the same natural order very often agree as to their modes of artificial propagation and culture; many even agree in their natural modes of propagation; and with some orders, as the *Amaryllideæ*, *Rhodoracææ*, *Geraniacææ*, &c. it is thought that mulcs may be formed between any two species belonging to any one of these orders, though of different genera. Hence, by treating of the genera of these orders together, much repetition is avoided, and the reader is enabled to have a much clearer idea of what he is reading, by always bearing in mind the leading features of the plants of the order. Thus, the order of *Iridææ*, which contains a considerable number of genera, almost all bulbs, growing in the same soil, and propagated by off-sets, if arranged alphabetically, would afford a genus for most letters of the alphabet, and thus be scattered throughout the whole catalogue. Then to each genus, the soil, mode of propagation, and the statement that it was a bulb, &c. &c. must have to be added; whereas by keeping them together, the title of the order at once gives the idea of the plants contained in it: their ensate leaves, brilliant flowers, and bulbous roots. These ideas the reader will carry along with him in perusing the names and descriptive traits of each genus and species, and thus have a more definite notion of what he is reading about than could be otherwise obtained.

An arrangement according to the natural resemblances of plants is also far more suitable for such as wish to choose a general collection; for to a person who does not know plants, what guide will the mere names afford? or their alphabetical or Linnean arrangement? None whatever. But a person wholly unacquainted with plants, if he chooses a species or one or two species from each of the natural orders, even at random, would be certain of having a collection exhibiting a prototype of the whole list of green-house plants. If, instead of this, he were to select two or three plants from each of the Linnean orders, he might omit many of the natural orders altogether; might omit some of the finest kinds of vegetable beauty, and of course could not have any thing like a complete collection. In short, the advantages of the natural arrangement of plants are more numerous than we can here afford room to explain; not only to such as already know plants, but even to those who are ignorant of botany. Some bigoted and interested admirers of the Linnean system have long tried hard to prevent the spread of that of Jussieu in this country; but it has finally prevailed; and after the long-continued exertions in its favour by Mr. Brown and Mr. R. A. Salisbury, we at last observe that even Sir J. E. Smith, the possessor of the "Linnean Herbarium," has annexed the names of the natural orders of Jussieu and Brown to his translation of *Flora Britannica*.

‘ We are far from insinuating by these observations, that the natural method will supersede that of Linnæus; it is neither desirable nor probable that it ever should do so. The method of Linnæus is by far the best for a beginner; it facilitates the knowledge of plants as individual objects, while the natural mode enlarges the understanding by generalizing facts. Plants arranged according to the natural method, it has been observed, may be compared to words arranged according to their roots or derivations:—arranged according to the Linnæan method, they may be compared to words in a dictionary.

‘ The alphabetical mode of arrangement is that which is commonly resorted to in catalogues or lists of this kind; but this is the worst of all modes, since the mere circumstance of agreeing in the initial letter of the name, can never be any philosophical or scientific ground of union; and as to the convenience of turning to any genus when they are so arranged, that is much more completely and effectually obtained by a general alphabetical index to the whole work, which, under the name of any one genus, refers not only to the catalogue, but to all the different parts of the book where that genus is mentioned.

‘ Such are the reasons for the arrangement we have adopted; which being rather new in works of culture, we deemed it necessary thus to explain its uses and advantages.’ Part II. p. 3.

It is difficult to overcome established prejudices; but the propriety of grouping plants according to their natural affinities, is so obvious, that we anticipate, if not a hasty, a gradual adoption of the method. Dr. Hooker is said to be employed upon a complete system of plants according to this mode of arrangement, which will occupy eight large octavo volumes. Sweet's Catalogue and Mr. Loudon's Botanical Works have already in some degree prepared the way for the change.

Art. X. *A Voyage to Cochín China*. By John White, Lieutenant in the United States Navy. 8vo. pp. 372. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1824.

THE Americans are beginning to rival the merchants of Great Britain in commercial enterprise, and the stars and stripes are now displayed in every quarter of the globe. For ages, the only competitors with the English in mercantile adventure, were the Portuguese and the Dutch; the one a Roman Catholic, the other a Protestant people;—the former, like ourselves, the subjects of a monarchy, the latter, sturdy republicans. But of the two, the more free and enlightened people have done, by far, the least towards extending, by means of commercial enterprise, the benefits of civilization and the reign of Christianity. The Portuguese made all their colonial conquests subservient to the extension of their religion,—a cor-

ruption of the true one, but still available to a certain extent as an instrument of civilization. The Dutch have rendered the Christian name a detestation wherever they succeeded in establishing their dominion. The colonial history of no people, perhaps, reflects so deep disgrace upon them; and the annihilation of their republic, we are almost justified in considering as one of those retributive dispensations of Divine Providence which it is 'hard to read amiss.' During their brief empire in the western hemisphere, Count Maurice, one of the most illustrious of their generals, displayed a more enlightened policy as governor of Bahia; but he was ill supported in every respect, and there is no reason to think that the final expulsion of the Dutch from Brazil has been detrimental to the prosperity and improvement of that vast country. In the East, their policy has been uniformly illiberal, their conduct faithless, cruel, and oppressive. In every instance in which colonies have been restored to them, the transfer has been resented by the natives as both a calamity and an injury. 'The English,' says the present Writer, 'with an eye to future advantages, while in possession of the Dutch colonies, had observed a most humane and liberal policy towards the natives, which formed a strong contrast to the rigorous treatment which they had received from the Dutch, and produced a spirit of insubordination and resistance on the re-establishment of the government of the latter.' The sultan of Palamban took up arms to expel these hated neighbours; and every where in the eastern seas, their empire may be considered as equally inauspicious and precarious. The Portuguese lie under the guilt and disgrace of transplanting the Inquisition to their Asiatic possessions; but it is remarkable, that in Brazil, that infernal tribunal was never established. And while in the East, the sun of their power and glory has long set, in the western hemisphere alone, their language, institutions, and religion seem to have become naturalized.

In attempting to interpret the language of past events considered as integral parts of a Divine scheme of administration conducted by the Supreme Governor, the utmost caution, as well as reverence, is incumbent on us. But we are too apt to read at least modern history in the temper of atheism, and to exclude from our thoughts all reference to the moral government of God, under the idea that the designs of Providence must needs be inscrutable. Thus we show our reverence for the volume of the Divine dispensations, in much the same manner as the Papists do their reverence for the written volume, making its obscurity a plea for our criminal inattention. But to how little purpose must we have read the the prophecies

of the Old Testament, if they have not inspired the firm belief, that the fate of nations is uniformly determined by the fixed laws of God's righteous government; that in their rise and fall, they are alike subservient to his final purposes, and yet, that it strictly depends upon the conduct of a nation, in what character it shall be made the instrument of accomplishing them. Commerce has always been one of the most efficient instruments of extending civilization; and by means of commerce, the fairest opportunities are opened for gaining access for Christianity into the most remote and central regions. Ought we not then to consider a commercial nation as specifically charged and intrusted with this commission? If so, it cannot but affect the permanence of its prosperity, how far it fulfils or neglects this primary national obligation.

To her merchants, England owes the origin of her greatness: to her missionaries, it is our firm persuasion, she will be indebted for its permanence. What, as a nation, we have hitherto done for the civilization of the world, is trifling, indeed, compared with what might have been accomplished; and the early history of our colonial policy redounds little to the national honour. But vast, indeed, is the sphere which now opens alike to commercial and missionary enterprise in both hemispheres; and that maritime power which is at this time rising up into rivalry with us, is for every moral purpose an auxiliary. It is the British nation, under another name, which is sending out her traders from Boston and New York, to open new channels of civilizing intercourse; and it is the English language and the English creed which are thus spreading themselves over the world.

The present volume contains a very interesting account of the first attempt to establish a commercial intercourse with Cochín China, on the part of the Americans. The experiment had repeatedly been made by several of the European nations; in particular by two English vessels sent from Bengal in the year 1778; but had in every case failed in consequence of the rapacity and perfidy of the natives. In the present instance, the vessels succeeded in obtaining cargoes of sugar; but the various impositions to which the traders found themselves compelled to submit, amounted to nearly half the value of the net invoice, and the trouble, vexation, and peril, attendant on the adventure, were such as to indispose the Author to repeat his visit to Don-nai. The only Europeans that have any chance in the country, he says, are the French, in consequence of former services rendered by them to the reigning dynasty, and from there being some of that nation still at the court of Onam. 'They have, however,' it is added, 'lately succeeded

‘ but miserably, though on a very small scale, and will not
‘ probably pursue the trade much longer ; as all the French
‘ but M. Vannier have quitted the country, and he was very
‘ anxious to follow them.

The country of Onam, or Cochin China, includes in its present limits, a tract extending in length from lat. $8^{\circ} 40'$ to $17^{\circ} 1' N.$, and from Cape Avarella, the eastern-most land of Cochin China, in long. $109^{\circ} 24' E.$ about 150 miles westward. Its average breadth, however, is about one hundred miles from east to west. The kingdom is comprised in three divisions : Don-nai, which is the southernmost, and comprehends all Cambodia, extending to about lat. $12^{\circ} N.$; Chang, the central division, lying between lat. 12° and $15^{\circ} N.$: and Huè, extending from the central division northward to the Gulf of Tonquin. The country is said to be indebted

‘ for its present population to an unsuccessful rebellion of a Tonquinese prince against his sovereign, somewhat less than two centuries ago ; the prince being totally routed, and pursued by the victorious troops of the king of Tonquin, made his escape with his adherents into Cochin China, which was then inhabited by the Lois, or Laos, an ignorant and timid people, who, totally unacquainted with the art of war, fled with precipitation on the approach of these intruders to the mountains of Tsiompa, and left the Tonquinese fugitives in quiet possession of their country. The fertility of the soil, the great number of animals, fowls, and fish, with which the woods, marshes, rivers, lakes, and the neighbouring sea abounded, furnished them most bounteously with the necessaries and comforts of life ; and their population increased in a ratio proportionate to these means, and in a short time they had spread themselves over all the northern section of the country ; nor in fact was it many years ere they had penetrated south as far as the borders of Cambodia, where they built the city of Saigon, and subsequently that of Don-nai, about thirty miles to the northward of the former ; and in somewhat less than forty years from the ingress of the invaders, we find them in quiet possession of the whole Onam country, or Cochin China Proper ; and many successful inroads had been made by them into Cambodia. This latter country, however, was inhabited by a more courageous and warlike people than the Lois, or aboriginal occupants of Onam, and they for a long time successfully resisted the yoke of their new and troublesome neighbours ; and in their opposition they were greatly facilitated by the nature of their country, which being very low, covered with almost impenetrable forests, and abounding with thick underwood or jungle, and intersected with innumerable rivers and creeks, afforded them sufficient opportunities for displaying their skill in the art of laying ambuscades ; and in various other desultory modes of warfare in use among barbarous nations, and by which their invaders were greatly annoyed ; nor were the Cambodians finally subdued by the hostile arms of the Onamese until the reign of the present

sovereign, by which Cambodia has become an integral part of Cochin China.

The division of Huè takes its name from the royal city, the constant residence of the monarch, who, for twenty years, had made it the object of his greatest solicitude to fortify this capital.

‘ During this period, he has lavished immense sums, and sacrificed the lives of thousands of his subjects by keeping them at labour without intermission upon its ramparts. It is certainly a stupendous object, and would be esteemed so even in Europe. It is situated upon a barred river, accessible to large vessels at high water only. It is surrounded by a ditch nine miles in circumference, and about one hundred feet broad; its walls are of brick, laid in a cement of which sugar is the principal ingredient, and are sixty feet high. The pillars of the gates, which are of stone, are seventy feet high: over the arches, which are of the same materials, are towers from ninety to one hundred feet high, to which access is had by a handsome flight of stairs, on each side of the gateway, inside the walls. The fortress is of a quadrilateral form, and built on the plan of Strasbourg in Germany. It has twenty-four bastions, each mounting thirty-six guns. The whole number of guns to be mounted when the works are completed is twelve hundred. One hundred thousand men are constantly employed upon the works, and it will require, when finished, forty thousand troops to garrison it. It is now nearly completed.’

This was in the year 1819. In the following year the builder of this mighty Babel was numbered with the dead. His reign was marked by schemes of ambition and conquest. Every year he found a fresh pretext for quarrelling with the Tonquinese, from whom he had wrested large portions of territory; and having reduced them to the condition of tributary vassals, he was turning his attention towards Siam. The scale of his works, as well as his taste for the royal amusements of war and architecture, reminds us of the mighty tyrants of ancient days. A canal had recently been completed, when our Author was at Saigon, the chief city of the southern division, extending from the western part of that city, a distance of twenty-three miles, to a branch of the Cambodia river.

‘ This canal is twelve feet deep throughout, about eighty feet wide, and was cut through immense forests and morasses in the short space of six weeks. Twenty-six thousand men were employed, night and day, by turns, in this stupendous undertaking; and seven thousand lives were sacrificed by fatigue and consequent disease. The banks of this canal are already planted with the palmaria tree, which is a great favourite with the Onamese.’ p. 237.

The king had a fleet of galleys at Huè, and was building, in

1819, two hundred more ; about fifty of them were schooner-rigged, with European sterns.

' These people,' says Lieut. White, ' have great quickness of perception, and a disposition to acquire a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and, with the exception of their coasting craft, which are decidedly primitive, they have, under the instruction of the French, made considerable advances in naval architecture, according to European ideas ; nor have they been inattentive to fortification, the art of war in general, and the manufactures connected with it. These facts prove, beyond a doubt, that there is no physical defect in them ; and the annals of the country, with the testimony of travellers, show, in respect to moral characteristics, that while they were under a mild and equitable government, they were a kind, hospitable, polite, vivacious, honest, and industrious people.

' Cochîn China is, perhaps, of all the powers in Asia, the best adapted to maritime adventure ; from her local situation in respect to other powers ; from her facilities towards the production of a powerful navy to protect her commerce ; from the excellency of her harbours, and from the *aquatic* nature of her population on the seaboard, the Onamese rivalling even the Chinese as sailors.' p. 265.

If the testimony of former travellers be correct, however, relative to the character of the Onamese, their deterioration in every respect has been almost unprecedented ; and although our Author may be pardoned, as a republican, for seeing in the tyrannical nature of the government, a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon, we must confess that we are not satisfied with the explanation. ' The king,' he says, ' a military despot, ' jealous, avaricious, and ambitious, swaying a sceptre which ' invests him with power the most absolute and unrestrained, ' causes a nobility venal, faithless, and oppressive, and consequently, a people ignorant, dissolute, and without loyalty ' or industry.' Whether this will account for all the features in the national portrait, our readers will judge. Our Author describes them as, in many respects, but little removed from a state of deplorable barbarism.

' In person the Cochîn Chinese are perhaps somewhat smaller than their neighbours the Malays, and of the same colour, though generally not so well formed ; their constant habit of chewing areka imparts to their mouths a most disgusting appearance ; and, what is very remarkable, they never wash their faces and hands, or bodies ; for in all other parts of the East, frequent ablutions have been thought so indispensable to health and purity, that it is enjoined by their priests as a religious rite, and most scrupulously adhered to, both from duty and inclination.

' The habit of the higher classes, in permitting their nails to grow to an enormous length, cannot be supposed to conduce to cleanliness or comfort ; and it is remarkable with what unwearied pains they cul-

tivate them, as a person bearing this badge is supposed not to be obliged to perform any manual labour, and the longer the nails, the more respectability do they confer on the wearer. Their garments are seldom taken off by night or by day, after having been first assumed, excepting in cases of ceremony, when they are temporarily superseded by other dresses, till rotten by time and filth, when they are permitted to fall off of themselves. These dirty habits engender vast swarms of vermin, and render their bodies highly offensive to more than one sense; and the epithet *frowzy*, which has been applied to the Chinese, is exemplified in these people in the most emphatic sense.' pp. 37—38.

'On our approach to the shore, our olfactory nerves were saluted with "the rankest compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril;" and the natives of the place, consisting *principally* of men, women, children, swine, and mangy dogs, equally filthy and miserable in appearance, lined the muddy banks of this Stygian stream to welcome our landing. With this escort, we proceeded immediately to the house of the chief, through several defiles, strewn with rotten fish, old bones, and various other nauseous objects, among the fortuitous assemblage of huts, fish-pots, old boats, pig-styes, &c. which surrounded us in every direction; and, in order that no circumstance of ceremony should be omitted, to honour their new guests, a most harmonious concert was immediately struck up by the swarm of little filthy children in a state of perfect nudity, in which they were joined by their parents, and the swine and dogs.' p. 43.

The city of Saigon, to which the vessels at length obtained permission to proceed, is stated to contain 180,000 souls, of which 10,000 are Chinese. It is situated on a point formed by a confluence of two branches of the Don-nai river, about sixty miles from Cape St. James by the course of the river. The houses are chiefly of wood; thatched with palm leaves or rice straw: but some few are built of brick, and are covered with tiles. The streets are regularly laid out, generally intersecting each other at right angles, and some of them are quite spacious. Lieut. White seems to express great surprise and pity, that the houses had not the indispensable comfort of glazed windows. In the western part of the city are two Chinese pagodas, and the Onamese have a great number of these temples in various parts of the city. In a central situation is a Christian church, where two Italian missionaries preside, who have several disciples and many converts. The number of Christians in Cochin China is 70,000, of which number the division of Don-nai contains 16,000. Our Author adds the unnecessary particular, that they are all Roman Catholics; but we look in vain for any further information with regard to these Onamese Christians. The Chinese scattered over the kingdom are the butchers, the tailors, the confectioners, and the pedlars of

Cochin China : ' they are met with in every bazar and in every street, with their elastic pole carried across their shoulders, at each end of which is suspended a basket filled with their various commodities.' They are also the bankers and money-changers, and a great part of the circulating medium of the country passes through their hands. Many of the cooking utensils, and a principal part of the clothing of the Onamese, their porcelain also, tea, drugs, cabinet-work, gilt paper, and ' in short, almost every article of convenience,' are brought from China. The Onamese manufacture a few coarse silk stuffs, and cultivate sugar and rice; but both the agricultural and manufacturing operations are performed by the women: they are the husbandmen, the mariners, and the merchants. ' In Cochin China, every man is a soldier.' Lieut. White and his companions were excessively annoyed by be vies of women merchants or merchandize brokers, who, after asking for a glass of brandy each, would offer their sugar, silk, and cotton for sale, but without producing any samples. During the stay of the American traders, sugar rose from 80 to 100 per cent! In shuffling, chicanery, and rapacity, these female merchants seem to have excelled either Jews, Franks, or Armenians. Boats of light and airy construction, each composed of a single trunk of a tree, were seen plying on the river, each navigated in most cases by one woman. Several of these, which came along-side the Franklin, were laden with the choicest tropical fruits.

' The young females are frequently handsome, and some even beautiful, before their teeth, tongues, gums, and lips become stained with their detestable masticatory: the children of both sexes, however, begin this practice at a very early age. They are by nature finely formed, their symmetrical proportions are, however, distorted and disguised by their dirty habits; and a woman at thirty is an object of disgust, at forty, absolutely hideous.'

The religion of Onam appears to be Buddhism. In the woods at Banga and other suburbs, are frequently seen, ' miniature houses, erected on four posts, with an idol seated in the interior; and offerings of fruit and cooked dishes placed before it.' Polygamy and concubinage are universal. Adultery is punished by tying the parties back to back and throwing them into the river. All other capital crimes are punished by decollation. Theft, though a capital offence, is stated to be universal, and murders, especially by poison, are frequent. The population is conjectured to amount to eight millions, as the Mandarins stated it at ten, and the missionaries at six millions. The country enjoys as fine a climate as any within the torrid zone, being refreshed by periodical winds, and the

winters are unusually cool for the latitude. The numerous streams and springs with which it abounds, present great facilities for both agriculture and internal commerce; it abounds with fine bays and harbours; and in respect to its natural productions, vies with any country in the East. The mountains abound with the precious metals, the forests with odoriferous woods; the mulberry-tree is indigenous; and the soil is adapted to the growth of sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco, cinnamon, and pepper. Its commerce, chiefly with the Japanese, and the Portuguese of Macao, was at one time considerable: it is now reduced almost to nothing. We earnestly hope that this country will not be abandoned altogether to either American adventurers or French missionaries. The heir-apparent in 1819, was believed to be a sworn enemy to all Christians and foreigners: and notwithstanding that Monsieur Vannier held the post of lord high admiral, all the French were anxious to escape from the country. So little permanent good had been the result of the *Dubois* system of conversion acted upon by the priests, and the benevolent military tuition of French officers. Bishop Adran, the Apostolic Vicar and Bishop of Cochin China, and ambassador extraordinary from Louis XVI. to the father of his late Onamese majesty, appears to have been a man of superior abilities. He was for many years the oracle and guide of the king.

‘ Under his auspices the country was greatly improved; and during a short peace, previous to the final termination of the war, he established a manufactory of saltpetre, opened roads, cut canals, held out rewards for the propagation of the silk-worm, caused large tracts of land to be cleared for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, established manufactories for the preparation of pitch, tar, rosin, &c.; opened mines of iron, constructed smelting furnaces, and foundries for cannon. Adran translated into the Onam language a system of European military tactics, for the use of the army. Naval arsenals were established, and a large navy consisting of gun-boats, galleys, &c. was built and equipped. Under his direction, a reformation was effected in the system of jurisprudence; he abolished several species of punishments that were disproportionate to the crimes to which they were annexed: he established public schools, and compelled parents to send their children to them at the age of four years: he drew up commercial regulations, built bridges, caused buoys and sea-marks to be laid down in all the dangerous parts of the coast, and surveys to be made of the principal bays and harbours. The officers of the navy were instructed in naval tactics by Frenchmen; his army was divided into regular regiments; military schools were established, and the officers taught the science of gunnery. Unfortunately for the country, the death of Adran occurred shortly after this; and with him expired many of the wholesome laws, institutions, and regulations established by him.’

ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, edited by the Rev. Thomas Young, of Margate, a Collection of Texts of Scripture, with short notes, and some other observations against the principal Popish Errors. Written by a Divine of the Church of England, A.D. 1688.

In the press, On the Advancement of Society in Science, Civilization, and Religion. By James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers. 1 vol. 8vo.

In a few days will be published, a volume of Plain Sermons, chiefly for the Use of Seamen. By the Rev. S. Maddock, Vicar of Bishop's Sutton and Ropley, Hants.

Mr. Maund, of Bromsgrove, well known as a practical disciple of Flora, will commence on the 1st of January 1825, a Monthly Publication, to be entitled, The Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flowers, intended as a Manual for Botanists and Florists.

Preparing for the press, in 8vo., A Treatise on Gout, Pathological, Therapeutical, and Practical, in which an attempt is made to elucidate and establish the nature and causes of that disorder, and to deduce definite and correct principles of treatment for its prevention and cure, consonant with just pathological views, and confirmed by observations and experience. By A. Rennie, Esq. Surgeon.

In the press, a new edition of the Elements of Pathology, and an Experimental Inquiry into the Arteries. By Caleb Hillier Parry, M.D. &c. &c. Also an extensive collection of the unpublished Medical Writings of the same Author; together with a Preface and several Introductory Disquisitions, by the Editor.

In the press, A Discourse on the Prophecies concerning Antichrist, delivered December 9, 1824. By Joseph Fletcher, A.M.

The Discourses delivered at the settlement of the Rev. William Orme, at Camberwell, October 7. By the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, Greville Ewing, and Robert Winter, D.D., will appear early in January.

In the course of January will be published, Memoirs of Moses Meudelsohn, the Jewish philosopher, including the celebrated correspondence between him and J. C. Lavater on the Christian Religion.

The second volume of Mr. Wiffen's Translation of Tasso, which was destroyed in the late fire at Mr. Moyes's, Greville-street, is again at press, and will make its appearance in the course of April or May ensuing.

Early in January will be published, Part I. of a New Topographical Work, entitled, Delineations of Gloucestershire, being views of the principal seats of nobility and gentry, and other objects of prominent interest in that county, with historical and descriptive notices. The drawings to be made, and the plates engraved by Messrs. Storer. The historical notices by J. N. Brewer, Esq.; and dedicated, by permission, to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lieutenant of the County. It is intended that this work shall consist of 100 engraved views, quarto size, each to be accompanied upon an average with four pages of letter-press. The publication will comprise 25 parts, forming two handsome volumes.

In the press, Christian Letters to a Physician at L. Also, an Expostulation against Ashdod-phraseology; and some Thoughts on the inaptness of the Christian believer's costume. By Epsilon.

In the press, Thoughts on Antinomianism. By Agnostos, Author of Thoughts on Baptism.

ART. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Decision. A Tale. By Mrs. Hofland, Author of Son of a Genius, &c. 1 vol. 12mo. 6s.

A View of the Present State of the Salmon and Channel Fisheries, and of

the Statute Laws by which they are regulated: shewing, that it is to the Defects of the latter that the present Scarcity of the Fish is to be attributed. Comprehending also the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon. By J. Cornish, Esq. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

POETRY.

Theodric. A Domestic Tale. And other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. fustcap 8vo. 8s.

Miscellaneous Poems. By Robert Power. 2 vols. post 8vo. 14s.

The Museum: a Poem. By John Bull. 8vo.

The Literary Souvenir; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 18mo. Plates. 12s.

THEOLOGY.

The Protestant Reformation vindicated, a Discourse. By Joseph Fletcher, A.M. Second Edit. 8d. or 6s. per doz.

Manual of Family Prayers. By the R. Rev. C. J. Blomfield, D.D. Bishop of Chester. 24mo. 1s. 6d.; large paper, 3s.

Bible Society in Ireland: a full Account of the Proceedings at a meeting held, Nov. 9, 1824, at Carrick on Shannon, between the Protestants and the Catholics. 12mo. 6d.

The Speak-out, of the Roman Catholic Priesthood of Ireland: or Popery unchangeably the same in its persecuting spirit, and in its determined hostility to the circulation of the Scriptures: is a Report of the Proceedings at the Anniversary of the Carlow Bible Society, held the 18th and 19th of November 1824. With a preface, containing the marks of corruption in the Church of

Rome. By the admirable Shalton. 12mo. 1s.

Popery in 1824; a Circular Letter of Pope Leo the Twelfth, to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church; and the Bull of Jubilee, for the Year 1825. Translated from the Original Latin, with an Introduction and Notes. 8vo. 6d.

The Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures asserted, and the Principles of their Composition investigated, with a View to the Refutation of all objections to their divinity. In Six Lectures. By the Rev. S. Noble. 8vo. 13s.

The Mystery of Godliness, or directions for the attainment of holiness, founded on Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification. By a Layman of the Church of England. 12mo.

Three Essays: on Regeneration, the Antideluvian Patriarcha, and the Journeys of the Israelites. By Sarah Bralley. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Interesting Narratives from the Sacred Volume, illustrated and improved: shewing the excellence of Divine Revelation, and the practical nature of true religion. By Joseph Belcher. 12mo. 3s.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer: with two Discourses on interesting and important subjects. By the Rev. Lolo Booker, LL. D. F. R. S. A., &c. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1825.

- Art. I. 1. *An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark.* By Robert Dale Owen. 8vo. pp. 104. Glasgow, 1824.
2. *Observations on the Anti-Christian Tendency of Modern Education, and on the Practicability and Means of its Improvement.* By John Campbell, of Carbrook, F.R.S.E. 12mo. pp. 142. Edinburgh, 1823.
3. *A Plea on Behalf of a Christian Nation, for the Christian Education of its Youth.* Addressed to various Classes of Society. Abridged from the larger Work of the Rev. George Monro, M.A. Vicar of Letterkenny, Ireland, in 1711. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1823.
4. *A Practical Essay on the Manner of Studying and Teaching in Scotland: or a Guide to Students at the University, to Parish Schoolmasters, and Family Tutors.* 12mo. pp. 302. Price 5s. Edinburgh, 1823.
5. *The Church of England Catechism.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esq. A new Edition. 18mo. pp. 96. Price 2s. 6d. London, 1824.

ALL these publications, though of widely different character, bear upon one common topic, the grand subject of National Education. We mean to say something about each of them, but our chief reason for bringing them now before the attention of our readers is, that they will afford us a fair opportunity of offering a few remarks on the present state of the controversy.

Happily, it is no longer a question among us in Great Britain, whether the people ought to have education, or not. This is a great point gained; and we may forgive the National Society the assumption and fallacy implied in its designation, for the sake of the pledge thus afforded, that the nation at large shall have the means of education provided for

them. Whether they shall be taught to read and write in national schools, or in 'schools for all,' is, in our view, a matter of little importance, provided that they be well taught,—provided that no deception be practised on the public, and that that do not ensue, which too often happened in our old Charity schools and free schools, that the only party benefited by the school was the master. No system can preclude the possibility of abuses; but that must obviously be the most effective, or the most likely to continue so, which affords the fewest facilities to abuses, by rendering it necessary that the public should be a party to them.

It is agreed on all hands, that popular ignorance is an evil. The converse of the proposition is not, perhaps, so generally assented to, that knowledge is a good. Indeed, the poetical axiom, that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' appears to have gained so firm a hold on the minds of some persons, that it goes far to neutralize the first concession. For, if this be absolutely true, seeing that a little knowledge is all that the lower classes can ever have the means of attaining to, there must be danger in their being taught at all. And this is the very conclusion, truly a most logical one, which a large class of persons have been led to adopt. The apprehension which formerly prevailed, was, lest the people should know too much: that which is now more generally expressed, is, lest they should be taught too little. But when this latter fear, instead of operating simply as a stimulant to benevolent exertion, is converted into an objection to plans of education, both come to much the same thing. The fear that they should be taught too much, or that they should be taught too little, springs alike from a jealousy of the effects of knowledge, as if its value wholly depended on certain conditions,—on the measure in which, or the channel by which it is conveyed. Now, in opposition to this notion, we are prepared to contend, on the one hand, that the measure of knowledge proper for the people to be put in possession of, cannot be defined, and ought not, were it possible, to be limited. And it is one of the most valuable properties of all knowledge, that it provides for its own increase, by constantly producing a desire to know more. But, on the other hand, we do not shrink from avowing our conviction, that no danger or possible evil attendant on any measure or degree of knowledge, how partial or limited soever, can render that one remove from ignorance more dangerous, or in any respect less desirable, than absolute ignorance. In other words, we cannot admit that a poor man without the knowledge of religion, is likely to be the better member of society for being kept without any other species of

knowledge; that infidelity and impiety ought to be punished with ignorance; or that it would be for the benefit of society, that none but the religiously instructed should be provided with the means of maintaining themselves by any labour which requires the knowledge of reading, writing, or arithmetic. That the knowing should forge, we cannot regard as a more likely or a worse consequence, than that the ignorant should thieve or utter forgeries. Indeed, it almost always happens, that the ignorant are the tools of the knowing in the commission of crime; nor can any power of mischief conferred by knowledge on the vicious and the depraved, be so great as that which they derive from the ignorance of the untaught. For all the evils of knowledge, then, we maintain that knowledge is the only antidote.

We are quite aware that these positions may appear to many of our readers in the light of mere truisms. They certainly approximate very closely to the nature of self-evident propositions, but they are very far from being admitted truths. And if the vague opinions of many of the half-friends of Education were analysed, they would be found to involve nothing short of a denial of the truisms we have set down. Nay, we have heard it boldly stated, that Education is an evil, if it be not a religious education; a phrase so indefinite, that either it may mean a course of religious discipline and instruction such as no system can provide, or it may mean simply learning the Church Catechism and going to church. But, waiving this, while we will yield to no one in attachment to the Sunday School System, one great recommendation of which is, that it secures, to a certain extent, the formation of religious habits;—while we are deeply persuaded of the danger arising from an irreligious population, and are ready to admit that the education which stops short of conveying religious instruction and promoting religious habits, is essentially defective,—we altogether deny that Education can ever assume the character of a positive evil. As far as it goes, its tendency is all in favour of religion, as well as of subordination and good order.

It was a convenient way of distinguishing opinions in former days, with all its disadvantages, to give them the name of their originator. Were it not that these stenographic symbols are liable to become terms of obloquy, it saved much circumlocution, to be able to distinguish the abettors of certain opinions as Platonists or Aristotelians, Scotists or Thomists, Jansenists or Molinists, Lutherans or Calvinists. As regards the various opinions which are at present maintained on the subject of Education, we feel the want of some such convenient mode of classification. First, there is the old Papistical School, at

the head of which we may place his present Holiness, Leo XII., who calls upon God to arise and 'suppress, destroy, and reduce to nothing, the unbridled licentiousness of speaking, writing, and publishing'—those who denounce as the three great plagues of the Church, Education, the Press, and the Bible Society. Next, there are our Semi-Papists, who would let the Bible have its liberty, if bailed by the Prayer Book, and have no great objection to schools as a measure of self-defence. Thirdly, there is the Infidel school, consisting of those who agree with Pope Leo and other opponents of the Bible Society, Catholic and Protestant, that the Word of God is unfit for the vulgar, but who differ from them *in toto* as to the inexpediency of education. Jeremy Bentham and Robert Owen may be considered as standing at the head of this class. Lastly, there are the class stigmatized as Bible-men, who, perceiving that the "people are destroyed for lack of knowledge," would, by every possible means, teach their neighbour, and put into every man's hand the volume from which he may learn to "know the Lord." Three of these classes may be regarded as friends to education, but to very different sorts of education, and with widely differing ideas on the general subject. Nor, let us be beguiled by the mere name into a notion so mistaken, as that the parties mean by that name the same thing, that they agree either as to the means or the end.

The avowed principle of the Bible-men is, that they would have every peasant and every peasant's child taught to read his New Testament. This principle, says the Papist, is subversive of all religion: the reading of the Scriptures will drown them in heresy and perdition. The Bible only, says the Venerable of Bartlett's Buildings, will endanger the Church. The doctrines of the Bible, says the Lanark Reformer, tend to discourage all attempts to promote the virtue or happiness of the world. It is surely time, in the nineteenth century, that this question were fairly determined; for we must frankly profess, that were we of Mr. Owen's opinion, or of Mr. Bentham's opinion, or of Pope Leo's opinion, or of Mr. O'Callaghan's opinion, respecting the dangerous character of the Bible, we should begin to have doubts whether reading were not a perilous acquirement, knowledge an element of danger, and schools, even New Lanark schools, most pernicious institutions. If men are once taught to read, they may begin to think; and to keep the Bible from them then, will be next to impossible. If you accompany the Bible with a Prayer-book or with Roman Catholic notes, you have no security that the Prayer-book or the notes will be read,—that the poison may not have had time to work before the corrective can operate. There is

something startling in this new confederacy that have taken the field against the Bible—the Pope and the Sultan—the Beast and the False Prophet—Captain Rock's clergy and Jeremy Bentham. To meet with new arguments old objections, is, in the present case, next to impossible, nor is it necessary; but it becomes desirable to bring forward and furbish up our old weapons of proof on such an occasion.

Mr. Owen stands first on our list. 'The founder of the schools at New Lanark,' says his Son, 'has been accused of bringing up the children without religion.' We understood that he wished to do it, rather than he had actually succeeded in accomplishing this part of his system; and in fact, we are afterwards informed, that the Scriptures are, and have always been, statedly read, and the Catechism regularly taught at New Lanark. 'This has been done,' it is stated, '*not as being considered the proper method of conveying religious instruction to the minds of young children*, but because the parents were believed to wish it.' We are to understand, therefore, that Mr. Owen's opinion is against the reading of the Bible and the Catechism. We must be permitted, however, to dismiss the Catechism in the present instance, as we cannot allow it to stand on the same ground as the Scriptures. Mr. Owen's system would exclude both; and yet, its tendency, his Son contends, is the very reverse of irreligious, because 'an acquaintance with the works of the Deity, such as these children acquire, must lay the basis of true religion.' The children of Lanark are initiated, it seems, into the rudiments of astronomy, natural history, geography, and other sciences; and by this means, Mr. Owen conceives that he lays a basis for *true* religion. What he means by a basis, may perhaps be gathered from the subsequent remark, that religious doctrines are deductions '*perhaps* founded on facts.' Teach a child facts, therefore, and he will be sure to deduce from those facts religious doctrines. Teach him astronomy and geography, and he will believe there is a God! This, if we do not misunderstand Mr. Robert Dale Owen, is the plain English of his statement. But we should imagine that even the New Lanark system in its most perfected state, would admit of our teaching even very young children, that the earth did not make itself, and that he who made the earth and sky and all living beings, is God. We hope that it would not be insisted on, that a child must learn geography before he is taught thus much of religious doctrine. And even should the teacher go so far as to represent the Deity as wise, and powerful, and good, and holy in perfection, instead of leaving the child to derive these doctrines from 'an acquaintance with the works of the Deity,' we

presume that Mr. Owen would not think that any great harm was done. Unhappily, neither children nor their parents are generally inclined to draw religious inferences from the works of God. If it be a part of Mr. Owen's system to teach them to do this, we commend him for it; we will allow this to be religious instruction. If it be his endeavour to inculcate not only a belief in the Creator, but a religious sense of his perfections, a religious habit of mind in viewing and studying the wonders of Creation, we will at once admit that this is laying the basis of true religion. But this is neither stated nor implied, and we are left to infer, that what Mr. Owen calls laying the basis of religion, is simply bringing up children in the knowledge of every thing but religion—that is, in irreligion.

But he has no objection to their becoming acquainted with facts: it is against their being instructed in abstruse doctrinal points, that he protests. This may supply a reason for not teaching very young children the Assembly's Catechism—a practice we by no means commend; but can it apply to the perusal of the New Testament? Mr. Owen, however, deceives himself: his quarrel is with facts. What he would conceal from children, is matter of fact. What he calls abstruse doctrines, are facts.

'We are told,' says Mr. Dale Owen, 'that the heart of man "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." And it is undeniable, that the present character of mankind is neither a sincere nor a virtuous one. Indeed, perfect sincerity would expose its possessor either to ridicule, to hatred, or to the imputation of insanity. And any general character approaching to real virtue could not exist under the chilling influence of the existing arrangements of society. This we must acknowledge, with however much regret. But we must be careful in regard to the conclusions we deduce from the fact. We must weigh the matter well, before we admit, that human nature is necessarily thus corrupt under every system—or utterly abandon the idea, that the most noble and superior sentiments, good faith, sincerity, generosity, independence and fortitude, kind and social, and charitable feelings, are its inherent qualities, which require only the influence of a mild and genial climate to draw them forth—and adopt in its place the gloomy picture, loaded with disgusting defects, and sordid qualities, which is held up to us as a true representation of our nature, and over which we may brood, till fancy herself either discovers, or creates the resemblance. If it be correct, then may we give up all hope of any great or permanent improvement in this world, for the prospect before us is dismal and bleak, and discouraging indeed. It matters not that the intelligence and beneficence of the Creator is conspicuous alike in the instinct, which directs the smallest insect in the way he should go, and in the principle, which regulates and upholds thousands of worlds in empty space. It matters not

that every inferior being seems fitted for the condition assigned to it, for man himself, it seems, is not. In his formation, an all-wise and omnipotent Creator has failed. Man's prospects of happiness are indeed fair and promising, but his heart has been made inherently depraved, and must always remain so—and that mars and blasts them all. To attempt its improvement would be in fact to oppose the fiat of his Creator, which has stamped deceit and depravity even on the earliest consciousness of infancy.

'In inculcating that religion teaches such a doctrine, let us at least confess to ourselves, that it is one, whose direct tendency is, to discourage all attempts to promote the virtue or the happiness of the world; and to fill our mind with vague and painful apprehensions for the future; on the ground, that an all-good and all-powerful Being has formed, or (which is the same thing) has permitted to be formed in the heart of man, a principle, which must render all such attempts abortive, and all such apprehensions but too well founded.'

Owen, pp. 59—62.

Here the Lanark Reformer and the Scriptures are fairly at issue. If the Bible be true, his system is false. If man is a fallen being, if men are prone to evil rather than to good, if they are in a condition to need a Redeemer,—then Mr. Owen stands branded with the character at once of a blasphemer and a visionary. For not only does he rest the whole success of his system on the presumption that the Scriptural representation is false; but he more than insinuates, that if these doctrines be true, then the Creator is the Author of sin,—a being 'any thoughts' of whom it would be wise to banish from the mind.

That men are depraved, however, is a fact, and he admits it. If the world did not stand in need of Jesus Christ, it does of Robert Owen. He must admit, too, that the Creator, if he be the governor of the world he has made, has permitted men to become thus depraved—to whatever cause the general insincerity and want of virtue be attributed; that millions are continually passing out of the world, who have *not* appeared to answer the design of their formation. Now, whatever hope Mr. Owen may entertain that, by means of the Lanark system of education, men might become different from what they are,—the fact still remains in all its difficulty. The cause of deceit and wickedness, he tells us, lies not in human nature, for 'that' is neither so deceitful nor so wicked as the present arrangements of society would seem calculated to make it.' But whence spring those arrangements but from human nature—from the wickedness of that nature? And where lies the difference (as regards the sceptical difficulty) between permitting an evil principle to be formed in the heart of man, and permitting society, that is, mankind in the aggregate, to become so depraved,

as that its arrangements necessarily produce wickedness and deceit in innocent, unsophisticated beings.

It is not our present object, however, to shew the fallacy and impiety of these views, so much as to develop the true character of Mr. Owen's educational system, and to shew why he objects to the Scriptures as a method of conveying religious instruction.

Mr. Bentham, like Mr. Owen, masks his attack on the Bible under the semblance of a criticism on the Catechism,—not, indeed the same Catechism, but that of the Church of England. Had he confined his sneers, and jokes, and grave impertinence to that formulary, we might possibly have left 'St. Southey' and 'St. Quarterly Review' to put him down. But it is grievous to see this old man, whose name, had he died twenty years ago, would have gone down to posterity with the fair fame of an acute jurist and an enlightened philanthropist, employing the last sands of life in impotent attacks on Divine Revelation. Mr. Bentham, it seems, has adopted the Mahomedan scandal, that the Apostle Paul corrupted the religion of Jesus; and in a work of which he is the reputed author, he has pretended to argue this point in a manner that even his Socinian friends reprobate. Mr. Belsham blushes for Mr. Bentham. In the present tract, he has, among other hallucinations, taken up the Antinomian tenet, that the law of the Decalogue is 'a Jewish code,' not binding on Christians. He attempts to shew, that the Second Commandment must be understood to prohibit the graphic art in all its branches, and thereby to condemn and prohibit the science of natural history;—that Moses, whether inspired or uninspired, must have foreseen that this signification would be put upon his words, if he had any foresight at all, or understood the use of words; and that this is the plain and only natural meaning of the words. To urge that the Jews did not understand them in this sense; that the directions given by their great Legislator with regard to the furniture and ornaments of the Tabernacle, as well as the conduct of Solomon, prove that this could not be the meaning of the prohibition; that it never misled any one but Mr. Bentham into such an absurdity;—to urge all this would have no effect upon him. He is by far too oracular and infallible a personage to be argued with. "His heart is as firm as a stone, yea, as a nether mill-stone. The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold; the arrow cannot make him flee; sling-stones are turned with him into stubble. He is a king over all the children of pride." We have no wish to enter into a contest with this unwieldy Leviathan; we have no hook to draw him out

with. But we must give a few more samples of his uncouth might.

Having set aside the Ten Commandments, which, he says, it is truly deplorable that any Christian should be forced to declare his resolution to keep, our Philosopher next quarrels with our Lord's exposition of them; and in a series of questions, he insinuates the folly of teaching children that it is their duty to believe in God, to fear him, and to love him with all the heart, to put trust in him, and to serve him truly all the days of our life. These questions we shall insert as a curious specimen of the miserable shallowness which can ape Socratic wisdom. A Sunday School child might supply the answers, if he could be made to understand the affected phraseology in which the interrogatories are put.

'1. Belief in God? what is it that is here meant by it? belief that God *exists*, or any thing, and what else?

'2. Belief—an act of the understanding—ought it to be, or can it be made subject to the determination of the will?

'3. If, in the mind in question, the existence of God is *already* the subject matter of *belief*, what need can there be to take it for a subject of *obligation*?—to rank it among *duties*?

'4. If it be not, where can be the *effective ground*—the cause of fulfilment—in the case of the *obligation* thus supposed? Of what sort of matter can any such ground be composed?

'5. In regard to *love*, on the supposition that, to the person in question, the object in question is not only an object of *fear*, but of a fear which is altogether boundless, in this case, of any such affection as is expressed by the word *love*, is the real existence, or any thing but the name and profession, compatible with such fear?

'6. In particular, any such sentiment or affection as *love*, is it, in such a place as the human breast, producible by, or so much as compatible with, all this *straining*.

'7. Wherein, except in words, consists on this occasion the difference between *heart* and *mind*, and *soul* and *strength*?

'8. By this accumulation of words, thus heaped one upon another, is any other idea conveyed than that of the extreme difficulty of the task thus endeavoured to be imposed, *viz.* the task of *loving*?

'9. Any such affection as that called love, where it really has place, does it ever happen to it to have for its accompaniment any such idea as that of *difficulty*?

'10. Be the object what it may, be to whom the idea of *loving* it presents any such idea as that of difficulty, can he with truth be said to *love* it?

'11. In the case of a young child—not to speak of maturer age—does it seem likely that, by all these words, any such *straining* should frequently be produced?

'12. Supposing it produced, does it seem likely that any real good effects, with relation either to his own happiness, or to the happiness

of those whose lot may have placed them within the field of his influence, will result from it?

' 13. Be the person who he may, a determination on his part to put his *whole* trust in God, is it, if carried into effect, compatible with the practice of putting any *part* of his trust in the known and perpetually experienced and unquestionable operation and efficiency, of *second* causes?

' 14. A *total*, or even considerable, though it were but *partial*, disregard to the operation of such *second* causes, would it be in any degree compatible with personal safety—with the preservation of health, of life, or of any thing that is worth preserving, whether to the individual himself, or to any other person or persons whose lot it may be to stand in need of his assistance?

' 15. The exertions thus required, and per force undertaken to be employed, in the endeavour to serve that *Being*, to whom all human service is "*unprofitable*," might they not with more profit be directed to the service of those weak creatures, whose need, of all the service that can be rendered to them, is at all times so urgent and so abundant?' pp. 50—52.

Mr. Bentham's exposition of the Creed would have excited high mirth among the French Encyclopedists. We hope that not many infidels in this country are capable of relishing its flippancy and ribaldry, which would be disgusting if proceeding from the levity of youth; but the hoary-headed scorner is an affecting, an awful spectacle.

The ostensible objection which the enemies of Bible-reading and Catechisms make to that mode of instruction, is, that it is not adapted to children,—that they cannot understand, or are not fit to receive what is thus communicated. But the *real* objection, our readers will by this time have perceived, is to the truths themselves. If Mr. Owen believed in the doctrines he impugns, he would have no objection to their being inculcated on the children of New Lanark. If Mr. Bentham had no quarrel with the Creed and the Commandments, if he did not think it a thing quite impossible for human beings to love, and serve, and put confidence in God, his objections to the Church Catechism would fall to the ground. He would never have thought it worth while to exhaust his analytical ingenuity upon the mere phraseology of such a composition, had he not deemed this an advantageous vehicle for insinuating his disbelief of both Law and Gospel. We cannot therefore allow these sage persons to be competent judges in the present question; for possibly, did they believe in the Scriptures, they might not object to Scriptural education. If they wished that *men* should thus believe, they would no longer discover this sensitive alarm lest children should be initiated in the same truths.

Now this is the case, we verily believe, with their allies the Papists, although their plans of education are at variance. They pretend that the Bible is unfit to be put into the hands of children and peasants. Why? Because they themselves both hate and fear the Scriptures. That a large proportion of the Roman Catholic clergy are infidels at heart, is not a mere surmise, but an ascertained fact; and sometimes the truth comes out. One of the Carlow priesthood, who is supposed to have had a chief hand in exciting the infuriated mob to raise the cry of No Bibles, called upon the Rev. Mr. Pope to reconcile with the divinity of Christ the words of our Lord, "My Father is greater than I." Mr. Pope immediately gave an explanation with which any pious Catholic would have been satisfied. But no, says M'Sweney, 'you have not explained 'this text so as to satisfy a Socinian.' And how would this priest attempt to satisfy a Socinian? By denying the right of private judgement; that is to say, by forbidding him to exercise his common sense in the interpretation of the Scriptures. This assuredly *would* satisfy a Socinian: in such a concession he would have reason to triumph. But can there be a doubt as to this M'Sweney's creed?

Another priest said, 'It is not infidelity, but Protestantism that we dread; and infidelity would most assuredly follow the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures, were the people deprived of the fostering aid of their pastors, whose duty it is to expound the sacred volume for them.' Could we be brought to believe that there were any Roman Catholic priests who were honestly less afraid of Protestantism than of infidelity, we should entertain some hopes of them. But in that case, it is not possible that they could oppose the circulation of the Scriptures, believing in them. The proofs of the danger of this indiscriminate reading, adduced by this priest and others, were, however, most unfortunately selected. 'Did not Arius,' he says, 'appeal to Sacred Writ to impugn the divinity of Christ, and Macedonius to disprove the Godship of the Holy Spirit, and the Ebionites, &c.? Did not even Satan himself quote Scripture in the very presence of the Son of God?' Who, then, were Arius, and Macedonius, and Eutychius, and Pelagius? Were they poor persons, illiterate peasants? No: they were *priests*—the very class with whom almost every heresy that has infested the Church has originated. What can hinder their appealing to Sacred Writ in proof of their false doctrines, or their appealing with success, but this very indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures which is complained of? How can the devil himself be answered when quoting Scripture, but out of Scripture? Again, the same Speaker said:

‘ There never yet was an instance where the people were allowed the indiscriminate use of the Scriptures, that revolution and disorder did not ensue. No sooner did the people of England take the word of God into their hands, and read it indiscriminately, than they dethroned their king. Next came Cromwell’s bloody revolution. *The riots of Lord George Gordon followed*, and several other instances might be adduced, with which we are familiar. I will ask, can that be a system from God which leads to such dreadful consequences? Can it be, I will ask, the will of God, that this book, the indiscriminate reading of which has caused such misfortunes in the earth; can it, I say, be his Divine will, that it should be sent forward without note or comment, and placed in the hands of the untutored peasantry of this country—that peasantry whom you will not allow to be the judges of human writings, you foolishly imagine, can be capable of understanding inspired works which are filled with so many difficulties.’

O’Callaghan, Norris, and other *soi-disant* Protestant opponents of the Bible Society, have held similar language. But here, again, it is not on the indiscriminate reading of the Bible, but the Bible itself, that the blame of the dreadful consequences referred to must fall. Did the English Parliament of 1640 consist of untutored peasants? Was Cromwell a peasant, or Lord George Gordon a peasant? Another priest, who discovers a similar accurate acquaintance with English history, asks: ‘ Was it not the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures that caused the Scots to be guilty of selling the very blood of their kings?’ We suppose that this gentleman had been reading “*Tales of my Landlord*,” but was it prudent for an *Irishman* to refer to Scotland in proof of the dangerous consequences of an indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures? Ireland and Scotland! Aye, compare them, their history and their present state, and let the question be determined by the issue, whether the Baal of priestcraft or the God of the Bible shall be worshipped. But, as Scotland has been referred to, we must be allowed to remark, that the leading actors in her revolutions have not been peasants, have not always been Protestants, nor laymen, but sometimes Catholic noblemen; and that the last rebellion which took place in that country, so far from being caused by the indiscriminate reading of the Bible, was almost confined to a part of the population which were unable to read,—to the Roman Catholic highlanders. A Papist should be careful how he refers to history: he will find it almost as dangerous an enemy as the Bible. This argument of the Priests was ably taken up by one of the Protestant clergymen who attended the meeting at Carrick on Shannon.

‘ God has given us the Bible. In it are recorded the public dis-

courses of our Saviour which were addressed to the common people, and were founded on an argument that stands unanswered, namely, that they read and were made acquainted with the Scriptures of the Old Testament. These people did nothing wrong in listening to our Lord. And yet, when these discourses are committed to writing by the inspired Apostles, the Rev. Gentlemen opposite assert, that it is a crime against the authority of the Church, to read them without their permission. They have told us, that such permission is necessary, because fanaticism and infidelity are produced by reading the Scriptures. Were the atrocities of *the French Revolution perpetrated by Bible readers*? It is well known that the restrictions on the circulation of the Scriptures for which the Rev. Gentlemen contend, were strictly imposed in that country. All that can be said of the perversion of Scripture, and the instances of fanaticism which have disgraced Protestant countries, from the days of Munster down to those of Joanna Southcote, can be paralleled in countries where the Bible stood foremost in the list of heretical books, and where the authority of the Church of Rome was predominant. Witness the voluntary crucifixions of females, so minutely detailed by Baron Grimm, who was an eye-witness of them during his residence in Paris; and which were put a stop to, not by the interference of the clergy, but by the orders of the Lieutenant of Police. Witness also, the monstrous absurdities printed and circulated in the *Lives of the Saints* by Dr. Butler, the *Visions of St. Theresa*, and the infliction of the five stigmata of St. Francis. Fanaticism is to be found in all communities, but the difference is this; that, in the Protestant Church, these things are uniformly discouraged and renounced, whereas in the Church of Rome they are sanctioned and gloried in.*

Thus, then, both the Papist and the Infidel agree in deprecating and resisting the indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures; the one, that he may substitute the dogmas of his Church, the other, that he may introduce the dogmas of an atheistic philosophy. Both parties wish to get the education of the people into their own hands, that they may respectively carry their point, by the exclusion of Scriptural instruction. And "the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light." If they can but wrest this weapon, the Sword of the Spirit, out of our hands, they know they will obtain an easy victory.

But before we conclude this article, we wish to notice a few other objections that are sometimes made to what is termed Bible Education, and to education itself. The first we give in the words of Father M'Sweney. 'If every person has a right 'to read and to interpret the Scriptures according to his own

* Proceedings at Carrick on Shannon, pp. 45, 6.

'view, of what use are the clergy? Tithe-payers, listen to this: they have no claim to your hard earnings.' Perhaps this argument might be sufficiently disposed of by asking another question. If every person has a right to read Buchan's *Medicine*, and to doctor himself, of what use are the surgeons and apothecaries? Fee-payers, listen to this: they have no claim to your hard earnings. The physician knows that Buchan's *Medicine* and all such books tend to multiply patients in the end. The man who begins to doctor himself, will be sure to end by calling in a regular practitioner to repair the mischief he has done. And, if we may be allowed to pursue the parallel, the man who takes to reading his Bible, will not be long before he repairs to church or chapel, or calls in the aid of the minister. It is an undeniable fact, that the attendance at places of worship has been indefinitely increased in this country by the distribution of the Scriptures. The circulation of the Prayer Book and of all other subsidiary means of religious instruction, has been extended to an astonishing degree by the same means. By what class, indeed, it might be asked, are the services of the pulpit more highly appreciated? By whom are tithes or voluntary offerings for the support of the ministry most cheerfully paid? We answer, without fear of contradiction, Bible-readers.

No misrepresentation can be more gross and scandalous, than that which attributes to the friends of Bible Education, a wish to supersede or to depreciate human teaching and a standing ministry. Who does not know that catechetical instruction forms an invariable part of Sunday School teaching? The objection made against putting the Bible into the hands of the young and the illiterate is, that it requires explanation; and Philosopher Bentham thinks, or argues as if he thought, that children should be taught nothing that requires to be explained to them. We have the honour to differ from him, and we contend, that the Bible is, in this respect, subject to no other disadvantage than attaches to every work not strictly elementary; nor can even elementary works supersede the necessity of explanation. We are not now arguing the fitness of the Bible as a class-book. In point of fact, the Bible is seldom put into the hands of young children for this purpose. Selections from the Scriptures generally supply the first lessons; the New Testament is then given; and in the perusal of this, the teacher is at liberty to exercise his discretion. In the mean time, a considerable apparatus of explanation is prepared in the form of catechisms and other religious books, while the stress laid upon preaching, shews that there is no disposition to undervalue the office of the Christian teacher.

It is true that, in the schools of the British and Foreign School Society, the Hibernian Society, and other similar institutions, the Scriptures only, or Scripture Lessons, are read, without an attempt at exposition or catechetical instruction. But this is well known to proceed from no indifference on the part of the majority of those who support such institutions, to other modes of instruction. They say to the parochial clergyman, the Dissenting teacher, or the Romish priest, 'We will not intermeddle with your office—we will teach the children for whom you have made no provision, to read the Scriptures: it is for you to explain them. We will take off your hands the drudgery of elementary tuition, and they shall repair to you on the Sunday, for the purpose of religious instruction, which we cannot undertake to supply. Set up your schools and welcome, and obtain as many scholars, each and all of you, as you can: we will provide for the rest.'

On this principle it is that we rest the system of schools for all. As for those persons who view in their essential defectiveness their chief recommendation,—who would separate the child altogether, if possible, from the religious teacher,—discourage catechisms and similar works, not only in the school, but out of it, and withhold the Bible from children, not because it requires explanation, but because they think it not fit to be explained—from such friends of Education as these, *Domine libera nos.*

With regard to the *sufficiency* of the Scripture as a rule, with regard to its *intelligibleness* as a teacher, we wish for no better advocate than the glory of the English Episcopacy. 'Scripture is not so hard,' says Hooker, 'but that the only reading thereof may give life to willing hearers For I would know by some special instance, what one article of Christian faith, or what duty required necessarily unto all men's salvation there is which the very reading of the word of God is not apt to notify. Reading doth convey to the mind that Truth without addition or diminution, which Scripture hath derived from the Holy Ghost.' As to the supposed danger of wresting or perverting Scripture, all experience shews, that it arises from a very different source than the indiscriminate reading of the Bible. Heresies do not spring up among the poor. Scripture is not wrested, owing to its obscurity. It is not the right of the laity to interpret the Scriptures, which has led to heresies, schisms, and departures from the faith. These have almost uniformly originated with the learned, with priests, with false teachers nurtured in the bosom of the Church; and their successors in proselyting has kept pace with the prevailing ignorance of the Scriptures on the part of their disciples. 'The

' Church, it has been said, ' must teach, the Scriptures *grow*, ' the doctrines of Christianity.* Be it so, understanding by the Church, the Divine institution of the ministry. All that we contend for, is, that every person shall be furnished with the proof in his own hands, that no fraud may be passed upon him.

Another objection to general education, which is still alive, is, that these schools tend to demoralize the lower classes and to destroy subordination. ' We can get no good servants ' now-a-days,' it is said: ' all want to be butlers and ladies' maids. Our footmen waste their time in reading novels, and our nursery maids in inditing letters. And all this comes of educating the poor.' It is certainly undeniable, that, if footmen had not been taught to read, they could not read novels or peep into their masters' letters, and if waiting maids had never acquired the mischievous art of writing, they could carry on no tender correspondence by this means. But before we can admit this as a valid objection to their being taught to read or write, we must be satisfied that they would have been altogether better servants but for those dangerous accomplishments. From the days of Harry the Eighth, who is said to have ' hanged threescore and twelve thousand great thieves, ' petty thieves, and vagabonds,' when the population of England did not, perhaps, amount to half of the present estimate, —down to the present time, there has been a standing complaint relating to *servants*. But we would ask these objectors one simple question. Which make the best servants, the Scotch or the Irish? Which would they consider as the more trustworthy, the Scotchman who can read and write, or the Irishman who can perhaps do neither?

The fact, however, is, though the assertion may seem paradoxical, that the deterioration of our peasantry springs, not from the diffusion of Education, but from the want of Education, in connexion with the changes which have been silently taking place in society. Population, in England, has advanced so rapidly, that society may be said to have grown too large for its old institutions. Neither our churches, meeting-houses, nor schools have kept pace with the increasing wants of the population. The effort which has been made within the past five and twenty years to repair this mischief, and to overtake the progress of society, has been prodigious—

* Hawkins on Tradition, p. 22. See Eclectic Review, N.S. Vol. XIII. p. 149, *et seq.*

it has resembled the start of the hare after the tortoise. But still; the population is a-head of us.

In the mean time, while schools have been extending themselves all over the country, it is doubtful whether the sum total of Education has been really increased in exact proportion to the nominal increase. Neither Lancastrian, nor National, nor Sunday Schools can supply the lack of parental instruction and of that catechetical mode of public teaching which has sunk into desuetude. Such schools are, as Mr. Campbell remarks, 'valuable auxiliaries, they never ought to be substitutes for the influence of parental instruction.' But there is reason to fear that, to a certain extent, they have been substituted for other means; and not only the parent, but the pastor has been led to devolve a portion of his responsibility on these institutions. Without domestic religion and domestic instruction, no school system will be adequate to the formation of a virtuous peasantry. We cannot educate by steam: the character of man is not a manufacture, but a growth, depending for success on the patient toil of the cultivator and the fostering influence of Heaven. The secret of Scotch education is developed by Burns in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night.'

'From scenes like those old Scotia's grandeur springs;
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad.'

We do not mean to intimate that the moral state of the lower orders in this country has upon the whole deteriorated,—that there is an increase of crime or depravity: we believe the contrary to be capable of the clearest proof. But the efficiency of those preventive checks upon vice and those remedial measures which have been adopted in the shape of Bible Societies, Schools, Savings' Banks, Prison-discipline Societies, Reformatories, &c.—the efficiency of all this moral apparatus cannot, we say, be rightly estimated, without at the same time taking into consideration the opposing and corrupting agencies which have been in simultaneous action. Among these may be enumerated, the breaking up of small farms; the consequent annihilation of the very class which furnished the gentry with that scarce article *good servants*; the transfer of our agricultural population to manufactories, crowded alleys, and work-houses, to the destruction of the *home* feeling of the villager; the pernicious fluctuations of wages; the abominable practice of mixing relief with wages, which has converted the most industrious into paupers; the other abuses of the law of relief introduced by the unpaid magistracy; the increased cheapness of dress, arising from the perfection of our manufactures and the depreciation of the

currency, which has brought luxury and finery down to the meanest station; the breaking up of the old family relation between master and servant among the farmers; the system of out-door apprentices; the desecration of the Sabbath by Sunday travelling, Sunday newspapers, &c.; nor have we completed the enumeration that might be given. But every one of these may, we are persuaded, be properly adduced as an active cause of mischief; and instead of being surprised that Schools, and Bibles, and other means of bettering the labouring classes, have not done more, the matter for wonder and thankfulness is, that, in counteraction of all these demoralizing influences, they have done so much.

That education does not tend to insubordination, Scotland, Holland, and Switzerland may be adduced to shew. The people of those three countries are the best educated; they are also the most moral and industrious on the face of the earth. A Scotchman comes up to London, a scholar, it may be, in comparison with the English of the same *grade* as himself; and yet, he will take any honest situation that offers, knowing that he must stoop to rise. While the pert, ill-educated Englishman, is disputing with his master about the other guinea of his wages, or the precise functions of his office as valet, or shopman, or porter, the better bred man from the North makes good his footing on the first rail of Fortune's ladder, and soon leaves the other behind him.

Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that teaching a man to read, write, and cipher, will, as by a spell, make him sober, industrious, obliging, and upright. Education can make him all this, but schools and education are not synonymous words. Passing through a British or a National School is not education, though it may be a good step towards it. We must confess, however, that we suspect the efficiency of many of these schools. Without proper inspection, they are apt to degenerate into great nuisances. We agree with Mr. Slaney, whose work on Rural Expenditure we lately noticed, that 'schools should be so regulated as not to require the continual superintendence of the richer classes;' that 'the machine for education should be so managed as not to want continual winding up, so that ordinary exertion on the part of the clergyman or other constant inhabitant, may be sufficient.' Nevertheless, this 'ordinary exertion' must be made. It is not every young girl that is fit to be the governess of a school, nor has the patron or landlord done his part, when he has given the ground and built the school-room. It is natural, that he should be disinclined to any further care or trouble personally, but he ought to devolve the inspection on some

person in whom he can confide, and who may have access to him. In like manner, the Sunday school cannot be constantly inspected by the minister, but he is responsible for its management, and even Sunday schools may be mismanaged. And when it is considered, how much schools cannot teach, and do not profess to teach, it will not be necessary to shew, how much must always be left for parents, masters, and ministers to do. The Author of the "Practical Essay," (which will be found to contain many useful hints to teachers,) complains that, even in Scotland, 'between the minister and the school-master, the religious instruction of the young is miserably neglected.' We regret to hear this. When the constitution of the school will allow of it, the school-master may be no mean auxiliary to the minister. The "Plea for Christian Education" urges this duty on masters of schools with much godly simplicity; and as we cannot spare room to notice this tract more particularly, we shall insert the passage as at once a specimen and recommendation.

'But perhaps some may imagine, that I impose too much upon you, and that I would have you invade the pastoral office; that it is the province of those that are invested with it, to teach divinity; and that, for your parts, you have task enough in teaching the languages and other parts of learning, though you be not burdened with the additional charge of looking after souls. To this it is answered, that though it be the peculiar charge of pastors to teach and recommend the truths and duties of religion, yet certainly, to do so is in some sort the duty of all, as occasion offers, and they have abilities for it. It is true, all are not to take upon themselves public and authoritative teaching, that being reserved for those that are devoted and set apart for that end; yet, since instructing the ignorant is one great instance of that charity that is due to the souls of men, I do not see how any serious Christian that competently understands the principles of his religion, can be excused from it. The great Apostle, in several passages of his Epistles, enjoins all the faithful to teach and admonish one another (Col. iii. 16); to exhort one another daily (Heb. iii. 13), and to provoke to love and good works. Yea, even the other sex are not exempted from this obligation: for the same Apostle expressly requires, that the aged women be teachers of good things (Tit. ii. 3, 4), and particularly that they instruct the young women in those Christian virtues that belong to their age and station, that adorn their sex, and recommend their holy profession.' pp. 20, 21.

It is an inauspicious circumstance, attendant on the increase of national wealth, that the conservative relations of society,—those ties which bind together the master and servant, the teacher and pupil, the parent and child, the pastor and congregation, are apt to become loosened, and the problem of infi-

finite divisibility becomes realized in the independent selfish atoms into which the community is dissolved. George Rapp, Robert Owen, and other empirical speculators have devised schemes for artificially cementing together the incoherent particles into compact masses of society. We wish well to their experiments. But still, the book they despise, discloses to us "a more excellent way."

Art. II. *Theodric: a Domestic Tale: and other Poems.* By Thomas Campbell. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 150. Price 8s. London. 1824.

THE distinctions of narrative, dramatic, and lyrical poetry are far from being so slight and arbitrary as many persons are ready to imagine. Undefined as may be the boundary-line between the different modes or styles of poetic composition, and difficult as it may be to fix on the specific characters of each, the real and essential distinction between lyric poetry and dramatic poetry, or between narrative and ethical poetry, is proved by the very different exercise of genius which they respectively require. The poetical faculty in Gray, Thomson, and Pope seems to be as variously modified as the powers of thought in Locke and Newton; and though, under the common name of poets, they range with Spencer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, there is not much more actual resemblance or affinity between their productions or the powers of mind which they display, than there is between the Seasons and the Rambler, or the Rape of the Lock and Hume's History of England. Lyrical poetry, the most ancient mode of all, seems to us to embrace two very distinct kinds of composition; the one depending altogether for its effect on the charm of expression, the other almost independent of the expression, and affecting us mainly by the intrinsic quality of the ideas and feelings. Of the latter description is the poetry of the Hebrews, which has this singular quality, that no language into which it has been translated, how remote soever from affinity with the idiom of the original, is found altogether to destroy the sublimity and beauty of the composition. The odes of Pindar and the chorusses of the Greek tragedians approach the nearest, perhaps, to the character of these productions, much as we must necessarily lose of their original beauty in any translation. The progress of art gives birth to the lyrical productions of the former class, in which the thought is subordinate to the expression, and almost every thing is lost by translation. We venture to rank in this class, Catullus and Horace, Campbell and Moore. No poet of

the present day has produced more exquisite poetry than Campbell, by which we mean poetry in which every word has meaning, and every line has melody. But so strictly is he a lyrical poet, that he can succeed in no other kind. Not to speak of the higher matters of epic and dramatic composition, he cannot construct a narrative, cannot tell a story : he could no more have written *Madoc*, or the *Lady of the Lake*, than he could *Paradise Lost* or *Hamlet*. He can no more write a long poem, than Southey can a short one, who, of all our living poets, is the least lyrical and the best story-teller. Collins and Glover were not more direct opposites in their poetry. In Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*, the only part which the reader long remembers, is the song of the Oneyda chief ; and, of the present volume, if we are not much mistaken, the least interesting portion is that which has furnished the title. We cannot say that *Theodric* has disappointed us, because we expected nothing better from its Author in the shape of a domestic tale. The story, such as it is, is obscurely told, and far from pleasing, shewing neither judgement in the selection, nor skill in its development. It may be all fact, for any thing that we know to the contrary ; but this is no sufficient recommendation of the tale. Julia, a romantic young Swiss lassie, falls in love, first with the character, and, on seeing his portrait, with the person of her brother's commanding officer, the brave *Theodric*. He comes, at length, to see her brother, to the great joy of the whole family, and would infallibly have fallen in love with the sister, had he not, unfortunately, been engaged to an English lady. Julia, on discovering this, conceals her disappointment and despair, till *Theodric* happens to say, that he had intended long ago to visit these parts.

“ Ah ! then,” she cried, “ you knew not England's shore ;
 And, had you come,—and wherefore did you not ? ”
 “ Yes,” he replied, “ it would have changed our lot.”
 Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
 And with her handkerchief and both her hands
 She hid her face and wept.

Can these lines have been written by the Author of ‘ *Hohen-linden* ’ and ‘ *O'Connor's Child* ’ ? Oh, what a fall was there ! Wonders have been wrought with a handkerchief in paintings, and, as a weapon of oratory, it is of no small importance, although to wield it with grace is a rare attainment ; but in poetry, to talk of a handkerchief is intolerable. The line wants only the homely expletive—*pocket* handkerchief, to complete the bathos. Nay, there would have been a Wordsworth-like simplicity in the line, had the words run :

' And with her pocket handkerchief
And both her lily hands.'

That it was a white one, it would have been unnecessary to specify. To resume the story. Theodric leaves the next morning, and having transacted his business in Austria, returns to England by 'the Rhenish route,' and gets married. On the breaking out of another continental war, however, he obeys the call of honour, leaving Constance behind. Udolph comes to meet him *somewhere*, with the sad intelligence that Julia is dying, and wishes once more to see him. While he is speaking, some of Constance's relations are ushered in with a message from her, and a letter. Before he breaks the seal, he lets fall some expressions of dissatisfaction at the supposed message, which are industriously conveyed to her. 'In six hours,' she is with him, 'breathless,' as she might well be, with the expedition she must have travelled with. On hearing Udolph's message, she pleads Julia's case. Theodric yields to their joint entreaties, not without many dark presentiments.

' He went with Udolph—from his Constance went'—

He arrives in time to see her expire, and then returns to England, only to find that his wife has died in childbed, owing to the agitation produced by the unnatural conduct of her mother. Such is the tale, improbable and revolting. What lesson it is capable of supplying, we are unable to divine, unless it be a warning from Julia's fate to all young ladies, to beware of falling in love with heroes and red-coats before they know whether they are married or single, and, if single, disposable. Much of the poetry is very, very indifferent, far worse than Lalla Rookh.

But now for the Poet's other self. What living Bard might not have been proud of having written the following exquisite stanzas?

TO THE RAINBOW.

' Triumphant arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,

As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams,
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

'The Brave Roland' is a fine specimen of the genuine lyrical
lad. Give Campbell a simple legend like this, and no one
can recite it with more touching pathos and elegant simplicity.
The third line of the last stanza,

' When he fell, and wished to fall,'

is singularly happy. It speaks whole stanzas. The *Spectre Boat* contains one thrilling and magical stanza, for which it was worth while to write and print the whole ballad: we need not say that it is the last. But it is in the patriotic songs, the ' Song of the Greeks,' the Song ' Men of England,' and the stanzas to the memory of the Spanish Patriots, that all the latent fire of the Author's genius bursts forth from its embers, and flashes before us with dazzling brilliancy.

' Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ?'

' TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

' Brave men who at the Trocadero fell—
Beside your cannons conquer'd not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom,—and ye have not died in vain ;
For come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
To honour, ay embrace your martyr'd lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier, hallow'd ground, than priests could make the spot !

' What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragg'd to death or forced to flee ;
Hope is not wither'd in affliction's blast—
The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree ;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowl'd Demons of the Inquisitorial cell !
Earth shudders at your victory,—for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of hell !

' Go to your bloody rights again—bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shriek'd upon the rack ;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men ;—
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den ;—
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers ! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or reveal !

' Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors !—Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnow'd by the wings of Liberty ;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution—shew her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

'Glory to them that die in this great cause !
 Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
 Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause :—
 No !—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame !
 Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame.
 Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
 Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
 Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
 But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.' pp. 78—81.

The Song to the Evening-Star, the song at p. 98, and 'Absence,' are distinguished by singular elegance and delicacy of sentiment.

'STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free !
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as her's we love.

'Come to the luxuriant skies
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs, when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
 Curls yellow in the sun.

'Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse ;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.' pp. 91—2.

The Last Man is not at all to our taste, and we shall say nothing about it, except that the Poet has wrestled with a shapeless idea, and has been thrown by it. 'A Dream' is the title of a poem written apparently in a similar mood, not the Author's happiest. It is strange that he cannot be the moralist, without affecting the misanthropist. We look in vain through his later poems, for the bright and heavenly influence of the 'pleasures of hope,' breaking upon the soul from a world unseen. The Christian's creed is scarcely any where to be detected. Hence there is a deplorable poverty of moral sentiment in all his productions, as if his warmest feelings were withered by a heartless infidelity. The true lyric spirit seems to be unkindled within him by the name of freedom or the patriot theme ; and then, who like he can 'awake the Spartan life ?' But never is the poet called up within him by holier themes, and rarely does a devotional sentiment or heaven-ward aspira-

tion escape him. Whatever this may proceed from, we deplore it, because it materially lessens both the power and the interest of the Author's productions. We do not wish him to write Hebrew melodies like Lord Byron's, nor sacred Anacreontics like Moore's. To his honour be it remembered, Mr. Campbell has never degraded himself to a level with the Author of *Don Juan* and Thomas Little, by making his poetry a pander to vice; and he therefore might send forth a volume even of religious poetry, without its being said that his Muse had turned Magdalen. But this we do not ask of him, nor do we require that his poetry should be religious, but we call upon him as a poet at least to do homage to religion. It is but just, perhaps, to notice a fine stanza in the poem entitled '*The Last Man*,' which forms the most striking exception to our remarks.

' This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

We must not omit to notice the last poem in the volume, a wildly solemn legend very powerfully told; but it is much too long to extract entire, and we will not be guilty of mutilating it. We cannot lay down the book, however, without giving one more specimen, and it is a poem which we suspect no one but Mr. Campbell could have written.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

' Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be the land of the free:
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves,
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.
' Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters,

By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins,
 That living, we shall be victorious,
 Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

' A breath of submission we breathe not;
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not!
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide—waves engulph—fire consume us,
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us.
 To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

' This day shall ye blush for its story,
 Or brighten your lives with its glory.
 Our women, Oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreathes in their hair?
 Accurst may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken
 Till we've trampled the turban and shewn ourselves worth
 Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
 Strike home, and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

' Old Greece lightens up with emotion
 Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
 Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring:
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness;
 Whilst our maidens shall dahoe with their white-waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.' pp. 84—87.

Art. III. *Original Letters Illustrative of English History*; including numerous Royal Letters, from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations. By Henry Ellis, F.R.S. Sec. S.A. Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum. 3 vols. pp. xx. 1030. 8vo. Price 11. 16s. London. 1824.

WE could scarcely name any Author of the present day, to whom the republic of letters is under greater obligations than the indefatigable Editor of these volumes. Placed at the head of one of the most important departments of our national

depository, the British Museum, Mr. Ellis, who for a long period has held the custody of the manuscripts, has been unwearied in his efforts to arrange and methodize the increasing mass of documents entrusted to his care; enhancing by this means the value of a collection, the importance of which, the literary world has on no occasion been slow to acknowledge. Nor is it the smallest portion of this gentleman's praise, that, by the kindness and urbanity of his manners, the literary inquirer has, upon all occasions, found an easy access to these archives, and that guidance and assistance in researches of difficulty, which no one is more eminently qualified to afford than himself,—furthering by every means in his power, the best purposes of the establishment, and promoting at the same time the general cause of learning. For the honest truth of this testimony, we might appeal to innumerable printed acknowledgements, which occur in prefaces to works of importance on varied branches of literature, more particularly on historical, biographical, antiquarian, and topographical subjects, which have been published during the last quarter of a century. Yet, notwithstanding this admitted attention to a laborious office, Mr. Ellis has *made time*, by drawing largely, we suspect, on his midnight lamp, to produce many works which have placed his name deservedly high as an Editor and Antiquary;—witness the many folio volumes which have passed through his revising hands at the instance of the Record Commission,—the republication of several of our early Chronicles, with important elucidations and additions,—his improved edition of Mr. Brand's *Popular Antiquities* in two quarto volumes, and many other publications of similar labour and research. But these proofs of unwearied industry are yet surpassed by a work of still more gigantic labour, now drawing near to its completion, the weight of which, we understand, has long rested almost wholly on the shoulders of this *literary Atlas*; we allude to the *Monastic History* of our country, compiled originally by Sir William Dugdale, but, in the hands of the present Editor, doubled in bulk, and incalculably increased in value, by corrections of the older part, by collation with the original documents, as well as by the accession of a vast accumulation of newly discovered additional matter. Perhaps there has, in our times, been no literary project so bold, and none more successful, than this republication of the *Monasticon*; a work which may be considered as of national importance, and of the highest authority in ecclesiastical matters; particularly in cases where the identification of property emanating from the church through the suppression of the Monasteries, is concerned.

By way of relief from these severer labours, Mr. Ellis has

amused himself with selecting and editing these three volumes of Letters by Royal or eminent Personages; the originals of which, with others innumerable, are placed under his care in our National Museum. The selection does credit to his judgment. Several of the letters tend to clear up doubtful points in our history, and the others are, moreover, curious in the extreme, as exhibiting the epistolary style of their writers, and elucidating the manners and customs of times long since passed. The more important of them are prefaced by such further information as the Editor, with his accustomed vigilance and extended means of knowledge, has been enabled to collect, in order to throw additional light upon the subjects to which they respectively relate. The design which Mr. Ellis has had in his view, we shall suffer him to state in his own words.

‘ They who desire correct information of the History of their country, must not limit their reading to the work of the general historian exclusively. History, confined to the greater events which it records, is usually certain and true; but, in the colouring which writers give it, and which they are proud to call the philosophy of history, it is too frequently erroneous. Characters are drawn by those who could not know the persons they describe: facts are imperceptibly perverted to the uses of party: and events which owe their origin to the simplest, are often traced back to the remotest causes. Thus circumstanced, History, however comprehensive in its view, partakes too much of the embellished nature of Romance.

‘ To remove doubts, to verify facts, and to form a clear conception of particular events, the reader must seek subsidiary aid, in the dispersed materials of History, of which, *Original Letters of Eminent Persons in the State*, form both the largest and most important portion: and they exist in this country, in an uninterrupted succession, for more than five centuries. These bear the impress of their respective times: and whilst many of them regard affairs in which the writers were actively engaged, all afford a closer and more familiar view of characters, manners, and events, than the pen of the most accomplished compiler of regular history, even if he might be trusted, could supply. They unravel causes of action, which, without their aid, would be impenetrable: and even throw new light upon parts of history, which superficial readers suppose to be exhausted.

‘ How far the present selection of Letters may deserve so good a character, the reader must determine for himself. The Editor has been desirous of producing a work, which, while it exhibited within reasonable limits a series of historical pictures, might be considered as a *Supplement to our Histories*. To render it more acceptable, he has, here and there, prefixed Introductions to particular Letters, in which numerous traits and minute anecdotes bearing upon detached topics of history have been compacted and condensed. In the execution of this design, the illustration of historical truth has been his sole object; and he believes it will be found that these Introductions, as well as

the Letters themselves, throw new light on various passages of our History.'

The first letter in the collection is by King Henry the Fifth, and relates to the imprisonment of Charles Duke of Orleans, whose detention Henry deemed most important with a view to the safety of his conquests in France. It was written about the year 1418. This, and all the early letters in the series, are of necessity, from their remote date, uncouth in language, and by no means clear in orthography; a branch of learning but little attended to in those days. The Editor has, however, given them all in their original attire, and we think he has decided correctly. 'To modernize them,' he justly remarks, 'would have answered no purpose of utility: it would have been like destroying the external character of an ancient mansion.' Words that are really obscure or obsolete, are explained by glossarial notes at the foot of the page. But, for the accommodation of the general reader, we should have thought a *translation* of these letters not less desirable than in the case of the French letters.

'Prior to the reign of Henry the Fifth,' says Mr. Ellis, 'specimens of English correspondence are rare. Letters previous to that time, were usually written in French or Latin, and were the productions chiefly of the great and the learned. The Letters of learned men were verbose treatises, mostly on express subjects: those of the great, who employed scribes, from their formality frequently resembled legal instruments. We have nothing earlier than the fifteenth century which can be called a *familiar Letter*. The material too upon which letters were written, up to the same period, was usually vellum; very few instances indeed occurring, of more ancient date, of letters written upon paper. The reader who desires to see original specimens of the French and Latin letters of the earlier periods, will find plenty preserved in two or three of the Cottonian volumes. There is a French letter of Hugh le Despenser as early as 1319, giving orders for the defence of his castles: and several occur in the same language, relating to the affairs of Edward the Third. There is a Latin letter of Richard the Second to Albert Duke of Bavaria, complaining of the turbulence of his nobility; and another from Henry the Fourth to Tamerlane, congratulating him upon his victory over Bajazet. But the titles of these are quite sufficient for the reader: for, in their contents, they are dry and wordy, with little of detail, and less of artifice in their composition.' Vol. I. p. xx.

Letters X. to XVIII. relate to Perkin Warbeck. Although they do not throw any new light on the real origin of that mysterious personage, they yet trace in an authentic manner the progress of his rebellion. In the eleventh letter, which we shall transcribe, Henry mentions that this Pretender had assumed different characters upon his first landing in Ireland;

but, as this circumstance is not corroborated by any other authority, its truth must remain doubtful, since nothing would have been more fatal to Perkin's preliminary object, (which was that of creating a powerful party by convincing the people of the legitimacy of his claim,) than any variation in his story. Nor is it in any respect consistent with what we know of his character; in which there appears to have been a considerable degree of boldness and intrepidity, united with no small portion of cunning. It is far more reasonable to imagine that this story was invented by the wary monarch, for the purpose of casting ridicule upon the pretensions of Perkin, who, whatever might be his true origin, appears to have created more uneasiness in the mind of the King, than all the other evils united, with which he was assailed.

‘LETTER XI. KING HENRY VII. to SIR GILBERT TALBOT
KNIGHT.

‘Trusty and welbeloved we grete you wele. And not forgetting the grete malice that the lady Margarete of Burgoigne bereth continually against us, as she shewed lately in sending hider of a fayned boye, (Lambert Simnell) surmising him to have been the son of the Duc of Clarence, and caused him to bee accompanied with Th’erl of Lincoln, the Lord Lovel, and with a grete multitude of Irishemen and of Almaines, whoes end blessed bee God was as ye knowe wele. And forseing nowe the perseverance of the same her malice, by th’untrue contriving estones of an other fayned lad called Perkin Warbek, born at Tournay in Picardy, which at his furst into Irland called himself the bastard son of King Richard; after that the son of the said Duc of Clarence; and now the secund son of our fadre King Edward the IIIIth., whom God assoille; werethorough she extendeth by promising unto the Flemynge and othr of Th’archedukes obeissaunce, to whom she laboureth dailly to take her way, and, by hir promes to c’tain aliens Capetains of estrange nacions, to have Duchies, Counties, Baronies, and other landes within this our Royaume to induce them therby to land here to the destruction and disinheritaunce of the noble men and other our subgiettes thinhabitantes of the same, and finally to the subversion of this our Royaume in cas she may attaigne to her malicious propos that God defende. We therefor, and to thintent that we may be alway purveied and in aredynes to resiste her malice, write unto you at this tyme; and wol and desire you that prepairing on horsbak, defensibly arrayed, four score personnes, whereof we desire you to make as many operes with their custrelles (*custrel, means the servant to a man at arms*) and demi-lances wele horsed as ye can furnishe, and the remaynder to bee archers and billes, ye bee thoroughly appointed and redy to comme upon a day warnyng for to do us service of warre in this caas. And ye shalave for every horsman wele and defensibly arrayed, that is to say for a spere and his custrel xiiid. a demi-lance ixid. and an archer or bille on horsback viiid. by the day, from the tyme of your

commynge out unto the tyme of your retourne to your home again. And thus doing ye shall deserve suche thankes of us for your loving and true acquittail in that behalf as shalbe to your weale and honor for tyme to come. We praye you herein ye wol make suche delegens as that ye be redy with your said nombre to come unto us upon any our sodein warnyng. Yeven under our Signet at our Castel of Kenilworth the xxth day of July.

‘ To our trusty and welbeloved Knight
and Conseillor Sir Gilbert Talbot.’

Letters LXVIII. to LXXVI. are addressed to Cardinal Wolsey from Sir Thomas More. From these it appears, Mr. Ellis remarks,

‘ that in one point many of our historians have made a false estimate of the character of Henry the Eighth. They have represented him in the earlier portion of his reign, as little better than a voluptuary absorbed in the pleasures and the splendour of his court, while the Cardinal really held the reins of government. But it will be found, that Wolsey only occupied the first place in the royal favour. Henry saw his talents for business, and constantly flattered him with thanks: but in every thing governed for himself. Wolsey neither framed a bill for Parliament nor a despatch for a foreign court which was not submitted to Henry, and never acted even in domestic politics till he had taken the pleasure of his Sovereign.’ Vol. I. p. 195.

The following letter is the ninth of this series.

‘ SIR THOMAS MORE TO CARDINAL WOLSEY.

‘ Hit may like your good Grace to be advertised that I have this nyght, after the Kings Grace had souped, presented and redde unto his Highnes as well your Graces Lettre wrytten un to me dated Yesterday, as the Lettres of the Queene of Scotts wrytten to my lord of Surrey, with the Lettres of his Lordshippe, as well answering her Grace as advertising yours. The Kings Highnes is glad that my Lord of Surrey now bygynneth savourelly to perceve that the lords of Scotland entend but onely to dreve over the tyme of theyre annoyaunce; and mych would his Grace have been gladder that my Lord had savored hit before, for then his Grace thinketh that as well the feat that shall now be done, or is by this done, myght have bene long synnys done, and peradventur mych more. His Highnes also lyketh not all the beste that my Lord of Surrey in his lettre wrytten to the Quene which he wold she shold shew to the Lords of Scotland appointeth theym the tyme and place where they shall send to him to Gedworth, for his Grace thinketh the time and place so certaynly knowen it shalbe a good occasion to the Scots the more surely to withstand his entreprise. How be it his Grace trusteth in God hit shalbe or is by this tyme well inough.

‘ His Highnes is very sory of the plage, and the ferfent agones fallen in his army to the great minishing of the same; for the remedy and reinforcing wherof his Highnes thinketh no thinge more profit-

able than for the causes in your Grace's Lettres moost prudently remembred, that the places of them that are departed to God, or sent bakke to Calais to be cured, shold be, and so is he content they shalbe supplied with as many horsemen of those parties. And thereof his Grace requyeth Yours that my lord of Suffolke may be advertised.

' Finally that hyt lyketh your good Grace so benyngely to accepte and take in worth my pore service, and so far above my merits to commend the same in that Lettre which of myn accustomed maner your Grace foreknew the Kings Grace shold se; wherby his Highnes shold have both geve me your thanks and gete me his. I were my good Lord very blynde if I perceived not, very unkinde if ever I forgate, of what graciouse favor it procedeth, which I can never otherwise reanswere than with my pore prayer, which duryng my life shal never faile to pray to God for the preservation of your good Grace in honor and helth.

' At Wodestoke the xxvi day of Septembre,

' Your humble Orator and most

' To my Lords Legats
good Grace.'

bounden beedman,

THOMAS MORE.

Letter LXXIX. is exceedingly curious, but it is too long for transcription. It is dated 1523, and shews the resistance which Henry met with from his Parliament in demanding supplies. It is addressed to the Earl of Surrey; but the signature of the original has been torn off, apparently by design. The writer states, that the matter was debated and beaten for 'fifteen or sixteen days together.' Henry was so much disgusted with the opposition he met with at this time, that he did not call another Parliament for seven years.

Letter XCII. from the King to the Cardinal, will shew the feeling of Henry towards his minister.

' Myne owne good Cardinale, I recomande me unto you with all my hart, and thanke you for the grette payne and labour that you do daily take in my bysynes and maters, desyryng you (that wen you have well establyshed them) to take summe pastyme and comfort, to the intent you may the longer endure to serve us; for allways payne can nott be induryd. Surly you have so substancyally orderyd oure maters bothe off thys syde the See and beyonde that in myne oppynyon lityll or nothyng can be addyd; nevertheles, accordyng to your desyre I do sen you myne oppynyon by this berar, the refformacion whereoff I do remytte to you and the remante off oure trusty counsillers, whyche I am sure wyll substancyally loke on hyt. As tochyng the mater that Syr Wylliam Says broght answar off, I am well contentyd with what order so ever you do take in itt. The Quene my wyff hath desyryd me to make her most harty recommendations to you, as to hym that she loveth the very well, and bothe she and I wolde knowe fayne when you wyll repayre to us. No more to you all thys tyme bot that with God's helpe I trust we shall dys-

poynthe oure enymys off theyre intendyd purpose. Wrytten with the hand of your lovyng master.

HENRY R.

To My Lorde Cardinall.'

Letter XCIV. is a joint epistle of Henry and Catherine to Wolsey, in which the Queen expresses her anxiety for the arrival of Campegius, and anticipates the establishment of her cause; and the King, whatever may have been his sincerity, or his conscientious scruples, evinces a high respect for Catherine. Besides his literary talents and skill in music, Henry prided himself not less upon his knowledge of medicine. Many of his *recipes* are detailed at page 287; they are for the most part very simple, so that any reader, whose case they may suit, may avail himself of these royal prescriptions without danger, which, in this age of quackery, may be thought no small recommendation. Letter XCVII. contains his Majesty's advice as to the nature and cure of the sweating sickness. Letter CXIV. is a long epistle, dated 1533, from Cranmer to the Ambassador at the Emperor's court, describing the divorce of Queen Catherine, and the Coronation ceremony of Anne Boleyn. This letter throws light on the time of the secret marriage of Henry; a point upon which historians have hitherto differed: it appears that the marriage took place *before* the divorce had been pronounced by Cranmer. The following passage exonerates the Prelate from having been present at the marriage, and therein contradicts the assertion of Lord Herbert.

'But nowe Sir you may nott ymagyne that this Coronacion was before her marriage, for she was married muche about sainte Pauls daye last, as the condicion thereof dothe well appere by reason she ys nowe somewhat bygg with chylde. Notwithstanding yt hath byn reported thorowte a greate part of the realme that I married her; whiche was playnly false, for I myself knewe not thereof a fortnight after it was donne. And many other thyngs be also reported of me, whiche be mere lyes and tales.'

The letters describing the arrest and behaviour of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn are curious. Upon the scaffold, she prayed heartily for the King; and he, in return, upon the day of execution, put on white as mourning for her:—the next day he married Jane Seymour!! Some very curious particulars occur in Letters CXXX. and CXXXI. relative to the superstitions of those times. In 1538, one Friar Forest was burned in Smithfield for denying the King's supremacy, which neither the hope of pardon nor the exhortation of Bishop Latimer, who preached over him at the stake, could induce him to acknowledge. In the same fire was consumed a wooden image

brought from Wales, called *Darvell Gathern*, which was believed to have power to fetch its worshippers 'oute of Hell' when they be dampned.' Many hundreds of persons had gone on pilgrimage to this idol, and vast was the treasure offered at its shrine. Hall states, that the Welshmen had a prophecy that this image should set a whole *forest* on fire, and they did not fail to dilate on this prediction, when they found it instrumental in consuming the poor friar of that name.

Many curious letters follow, which relate to the marriage of Henry with his succeeding wives, and their several fates: but the limits of this article will not permit their insertion. There are several from the young King Edward; but the letters relating to the religious struggle carried on in this and the succeeding reigns, the Editor has purposely omitted, because the most important of them have already been given by Strype and other writers.

Letter CLXI. is from the pen of the Princess Elizabeth. There are several written after she became Queen, which develop secret traits in her character, and illustrate the public events. About this time an obvious change in the epistolary style took place. Mr. Ellis attributes it to the taste which had been diffused by the cultivation of the Greek and Latin languages. 'People of education wrote with a propriety of style approaching to the best of that, if not of the present day.'

'The Princess Elizabeth to King Edward VI. with a present of her portrait.

'Like as the riche man that dayly gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of mony layeth a greate sort til it come to infinit, so methinkes your maiestie not beinge suffised withe many benefits and gentilnes shewed to me afore this time, dothe now increase them in asking and desiring wher you may bid and commaunde, requiring a thinge not worthy the desiringe for itselfe, but made worthy for your Highnes request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde towarde your grace might as well be declared as the outward face and countenance shal be seen, I wold not have taried the comandement but prevented it, nor have bene the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face I graunt, I might wel blushe to offer, but the mynde I shal neuer be ashamed to present. For thoght from the grace of the pictur the coulours may fade by time, may giue by wether, may be spotted by chance, yet the other nor time with her swift winges shall overtake, nor the mistie cloudes with ther loweringes may darken, nor chance with her slipery fote may overthrow. Of this althoght yet the profe colde not be greate because the occasions hathe bene but smal, notwithstandinge as a dog hathe a daye, so may I perchaunce have time to declare it in dices where now I do write them but in wordes. And further

I shal most humbly beseche your Maiestie that when you shal loke on my pictur, you wil witsafe to thinke that as you haue but the outwarde shadow of the body afore you, so my inwarde minde mincebeth that the body it selfe wer oftner in your presence; howbeit because bothe my so beinge I thinke coulede do your Maiestie lital pleasur, thogth my selfe great good; and againe because I se as yet not the time agreeing thereunto, I shal lerne to follow this sainge of Orace, "*Pecus non culpis quod vitari non potest.*" And thus I wil (trobbling your Maiestie I fere) ende with my most humble thankes. Beseechinge God long to preserve you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realmes profit, and to my joy. From Hatfielde this 15th day of May.

Your Maiesty's most humble Sister,

ELIZABETH.

The fall of Protector Somerset is developed in a series of letters. Then follows one from Mary, as creditable to her talent in argument, as to her firmness in adhering to her religious faith. The young Monarch, her brother, had written to her, prohibiting the use of the Mass in her household. Against this interdict she remonstrates boldly, offering to give up her life rather than her conscience. She treats the letter as the production of the council, (*'Ah good Mr. Cecil took much pains here,'*) and not of the King, whose tender years, she argues, preclude his being a judge of matters of religion. A commission was afterwards sent to her, but she treated the commissioners with the same firmness. Rather than admit any other service than that used at the death of the late King her father, she would, she says, lay her head on a block and suffer death. '*Non of your new service,*' she adds, '*shall be used in my house, and if any be said in it, I will not tarry in the house.*'

The masculine boldness of Elizabeth's character very soon develops itself. As early as 1559, when the Parliament exhorted her to marry, with a view to the security of the succession, she shewed she could but ill brook advice or control, replying, that she should be fully satisfied, if upon her marble tomb it were engraven, '*Here lieth Elizabeth who reigned a Virgin and died a Virgin*' And upon the repetition of that advice, which was annexed to an address on granting a subsidy, she writes in anger:

'I knowe no reason whi any my private answers to the Realme shuld serve for prologe to a subsidy vote; neither yett do I understand why such audacitie shuld be used to make withoute my licence an acte of my words; or my wordes like lawier's bokes which nowe a dayes go to the wiar drawers to make subvall doings more plain? Is ther no hold of my speche without an Acte compel me to confirme? Shall my princely consent be turned to strengthen my wordes that be not of themselves substantives? Say no more at

this time, but if thes fellowes wer wel answered and payed with lawfull coyne ther wold be fewer counterfaits amonge them.

The murders of David Rizzio and Darnley, and the other calamities which crowded upon the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, together with an account of her trial and execution, occupy the next portion of these interesting volumes. The supplicatory letters which Mary addressed to Elizabeth, are so full of pathos, that hard indeed must have been that heart which such appeals failed to soften. We can scarcely trust ourselves to begin transcribing from documents, all of which are so fraught with interest. There is a letter from Elizabeth to James, which, could its statements be implicitly believed, would go far to shew that the Queen did not really mean to sacrifice her cousin, but was betrayed into the execution by her ministers. This apology must, however, be received with caution, for the crafty policy of the Queen might purposely leave the consummation of an act which she secretly wished, open to the power of her ministers, and, when effected, charge those ministers with premature haste. By many persons it will hardly be allowed, that any ministers of such a Queen, would have dared to effectuate such a measure, without the fullest assurance that it was in all respects consonant with the intentions of their mistress. The letter is as follows :—

‘ My deare Brother, I would you knewe (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelms my mind, for that miserable accident which (far contrary to my meaninge,) hath befallen. I have now sent this man of mine ere now yt hath pleased you to favor, to instruct you trewly of that which ys to yirksom for my penne to tell you. I beseeche you that as God and many more knowe, how innocent I am in this case; so you will believe me, that yf I had bid (i.e. *directed*) ought I owld have bid by yt (i.e. *would abide by it*). I am not so bace minded that feare of any livinge creature or prince should make me afrayde to do that were just, or don to deny the same. I am not of so bace a linage, nor cary so vile a minde. But, as not to disguise, fits not a kinge, so will I never dissemble my actions, but cawse them shewe even as I ment them. Thus assuringe yourself of me, that as I knowe this was deserved, yet yf I had ment yt, I would never laye it on others shoulders; no more will I not damnifie my selfe, that thought yt not.

‘ The circumstance yt may please you to have of this bearer. And for your part, thinke you have not in the world a more loving kinswoman, nor a more deare frend than myself, nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your estate. And who shall otherwise persuade you, judge them more partial to others than you. And thus in hast I leave to trouble you, beseechinge God to send you a longe reign.

The 14th Feb. 1586.

Your most assured lovinge sister and cosin

ELIZAB. R.

The gout was not, perhaps, in those days so common a disease as at present; but Lord Burleigh appears to have been, in the modern phrase, a martyr to it; and accordingly, we find that *recipes* poured in upon him from all countries and from all descriptions of persons. As his present Majesty is unfortunately so constantly afflicted with this disease, and our prime minister, Lord Liverpool, and eke his coadjutor, Mr. Canning, are both, we believe, at this very time at Bath, suffering under severe paroxysms, it might be recommended to these exalted sufferers to examine carefully the *old treatment*, which Letters CCXXXI. and II. unfold. Here are powders, plaisters, tinctures of gold, 'oyle of stags blud,' &c. &c., some of which might perchance succeed, where Wilson's *new specific* has failed.

The account of Elizabeth's reception of the Polish ambassador in letter CCXXXIV., is both curious and characteristic; as in the letter which follows, relative to providing an English wife for the Emperor of the Muscovites, from which the mutual anxiety of both nations to cement, at that early period, the closest friendship, is strikingly evident.

The reign of James, from the scribbling propensities of the monarch, designated by his flatterers the *English Solomon*, is fertile of correspondence. His entrance into England and the early acts of his reign, are minutely described. The monarch's familiar correspondence with his son Charles and with Buckingham, betray a gross want of taste, to use the mildest term that can be applied. A highly dramatic yet faithful representation of this correspondence, will be found in Sir Walter Scott's novel, the *Fortunes of Nigel*. His Letters to his son Henry are of a better character. We shall insert a specimen.

King James the First. upon his leaving Scotland, to take possession of the Crown of England, to his son, Prince Henry.

' My Sonne, that I see you not before my parting impute it to this great occasion quhairin tyme is so precious: but that shall by Goddis grace shortly be recompensed by youre coming to me shortly, and continuall residence with me ever after. Lett not this bewis make you proud, or insolent, for a King's soone and heir was he before, and so maire as ye yett. The augmentation that is hereby lyke to fall upon you, is but in caires and heaver burthens. Be cheerefull merrie, but not insolent: keepe a greatness, but sinne fault; be resolute but not wilfull: keepe your symones but in honestable sort: chuse more to be your play fellows than those that are well borne; and above all things give never countenance to any but according as ye shall be informed that they are in amition with me. Look upon all English men that shall come to visite you as upon youre loving subjects, not with that ceremony as towards

straingeris, and yett with such hartlines as at this tyme they deserve. This gentleman quhom this beare accompanies is worthie, and of guide ranke, and nou my familiare servitoure; use him thairfore in a maire hamelie loving sorte nor otheris. I send you herewith my booke latelie printid (His Majesties Instructions to his dearest son, Henry the Prince) studdie and profite in it as ye wolde deserve my blessing, and as thaire can be na thing happen unto you quhair of ye will not finde the generall grounde thairin, if not the verrie particulaire pointe touched, sa mon ye levell everie mannis opinions or advyces unto you as ye finde thaim agree or discorde with the rulis thaire sett down, allowing and following thaire advyces that agrees with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon thaim that advyces you to the contraire. Be diligent and earnist in your studdies, that at your meiting with me, I maye praise you for your progresse in learning. Be obedient to youre maister, for youre awin weill, and to procure my thankis; for in reverencing him ye obeye me, and honour yourselfe. Fairuell.

Your loving Father

James R.

From the unfortunate Charles, there are many letters. Letter CCCLXIX. is addressed to Prince Rupert, to whose want of military skill many of the monarch's misfortunes may be attributed.

* Nephew,

Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did, is of so much affliction to me that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is likewise the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me; for what is to be done, after one that is so near me as you are, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action? (I give it the easiest term) such—I have so much to say, that I will say no more of it: only, lest rashness of judgement be laid to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the 12th of August whereby you assured me that, if no mutiny happened, you would keep Bristol for four months. Did you keep it four days? Was there any thing like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now I confess to little purpose. My conclusion is, to desire you to seek your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond seas; to which end I send you herewith a pass; and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeem what you have lost: for I shall have no greater joy in a Victory, than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being

Your loving uncle, and most faithful friend.

C. R.

There are three letters only of Cromwell's: the first (No CCCLXII.) is addressed to Colonel Walton, announcing the death of his eldest son at the battle of Marston Moor, and is highly characteristic of the writer.

' Deere Sir,

' It's my duty to sympathize in all mercyes; that we praise the Lord together, in chastisements or tryalls, that soe we may sorrowe together. Truly England and the Church of God, hath had a great favor from the Lord in this great victorie given unto us, such as the like never was since this war begunn. It had all the evidences of an absolute victorie obtained by the Lord's blessinge upon the Godly partye principally. Wee never charged but wee routed the enemie. The left winge whiche I commanded being our owne horse, saving a few Scottes in our reere, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. Wee charged their regiments of foote with our horse and routed all wee charged. The particulars I cannot relate now: but I believe of twenty thousand, the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.

' Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It brake his legge. Wee were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

' Sir, you know my tryalls this way, but the Lord supportes mee with this, that the Lord tooke him unto the happinesse wee all pant after and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, to know sinn nor sorrow any more. Hee was a gallant younge man, exceedinge gracious. God give you his comfort. Before his death hee was soe full of comfort, that to Franke Russell and my selfe hee could not expresse itt, itt was soe great above his paine. This he sayd to us. Indeed itt was admirable. A little after hee sayd, one thinge lay upon his spirit; I asked him what that was; hee told mee that it was that God had not suffered him to be noe more the executioner of his enemies. Att his fall, his horse beinge killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told hee bid them open to the right and left, that hee might see the rogues runn. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Armie of all that knew him. But few knew him; for hee was a precious younge man fitt for God. You have cause to blesse the Lord. Hee is a glorious Saint in heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoyce. Lett this drinke up your sorrowe. Seinge theise are not fayned words to comfort you; but the thing is soe real and undoubted a truth. You may doe all things by the strength of Christ. Seeke that, and you shall easily beare your tryall. Lett this publike mercy to the Church of God make you to forgett youre private sorrowe. The Lord be your strength; so prayes Your truly faythfull and lovinge brother,
July 5th, 1644. OLIVER CROMWELL.

' My love to your daughter and my cozen Perceval, sister Desbrowe, and all friends with you.'

Of Charles the Second little appears. Letter CCCLXXIV. shews his finances to have been but slender.

' I have had soe good testimony of your affection to the King my deare Father of blessed memory, that I desire you on this great occasion to lend me five hundred pounds whereof I promise you, on my royall word, very faythfull repayment. I have troubled few of my

friends in this kind, and I doubt not your readiness to answer this desire of
Your assured friend
St. Germ. 31 Aug. 1649. CHARLES R.'

The account of the last moments of this dissolute monarch, written by the chaplain of the Bishop of Ely, who was an eye-witness to the scene, differs materially from Bishop Burnet's representation of that event. The writer gives the King credit for a stronger sense of religion than Bishop Burnet or any one else has hitherto been willing to admit. Nor will it, we suspect, produce any alteration in the general estimate of his character. From James the Second, there is but little. A letter to the Prince of Orange, dated Whitehall, July 14, 1685, we are tempted to transcribe, although it may already have been printed.

'I have had yours of the 17th, and now the Duke of Monmouth is brought up hither with Lord Grey and the Brandenburgher. The two first desired very earnestly to speak with me, as having things of importance to say to me, which they did, but did not answer my expectation in what they said to me. The Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not so well as I expected from one who had taken upon him to be King. I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow.'

There are several interesting epistles from Bishop Nicholson to Archbishop Wake, relating to the rebellion in Scotland in 1710. The last letter in the work is from the Pretender, the Chevalier St. George, to his Consort the Princess Clementina, who was grand daughter to John Sobieski, King of Poland. It is as follows:—

'September 17, 1726.

'Notwithstanding the bad success of the many steps I have taken to convince you of my affection and tender regard, my compassion for you encreases in proportion with the misfortunes I see your separation from me exposes you to. The circumstance of my departure from Rome with our children very speedily, ought to make a feeling impression on you. I am sure it raises in me all the loving sentiments I ever had for you, and presses me to sollicite you anew with all the earnestness possible not to lett slip soe favourable a conjuncture of returning to your family, assuring you at the same time that you will find in me a fond husband, ready to forgett what is past, and wholly intent on providing for your happiness and tranquillity for the time to come.

'Consider, I beseech you my dear Clementine, what you owe to God, to your self, to me, to our children, and to the world; reflect on it seriously, and it will be impossible for me to believe you can hold out any longer in a resolution that draws consequences after it, for which you will ever after be accountable to God and Man. I flatter

myself the more that you will noe longer persist in it, that I had yesterday from the Pope's own mouth that the only motive you ever laid before his Holyness to justify your separation from me, was, that I gave my son a Protestant Governor. Since I as Father and King am solely accountable for his education, I hope that after serious reflection you will think it just and fitting to submitt in that to my judgement and conscience. But if, as God forbid, you should be resolved to remain always separated from me, I will send Sir William Ellis to inform you of the measures I shall take for your maintenance in a Nunnery, with the regret of not being in a condition to suit that to my inclination, but to my powere ability. Whatsoever be the event, Madam, I shall have the comfort of having done my part, and comply'd with my duty, since I omitted nothing that might prevent your misfortune, in the midst of which you will always find in me, sentiments that are becoming a Christian, a husband, and a King.

(Signed) J. R.'

Before we close this article, it may not be irrelevant to inquire what has become of a collection of manuscripts, which excited a very large share of public interest at the time of their discovery, and which received the denomination of the *Stuart Papers*. Their history we have understood to be this. Upon the demise of Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, at Rome, his effects passed into the hands of indifferent persons; and by some means, that portion of them which comprised the family papers, was seen by an Englishman, who, duly appreciating the value that might attach to them as historical documents, and knowing their utter uselessness to their then Italian possessor, contrived with some address to become their purchaser. Their bulk was immense, filling a large room, and their contents of consequence multifarious; but they were all arranged by King James's own hand, with the nicest care, labelled, and tied up in bundles, according to their different subjects. As some proof of their circumstantiality, they appeared not only to register the names of every person who had intercourse with his majesty, and the subjects of their conversation, but also to give an account of the daily supply of his table, and the cost of each article. The purchase completed, the circumstance became known to several noble travellers then at Rome, by whom the transaction was communicated to our Government; who, for the more securely conveying of the treasure, despatched a king's ship to bring them to this country. Upon their arrival here, the Government thought proper to detain them, upon the plea that they were of too much national importance to be possessed by any private individual; but they appointed a committee for the purpose of estimating their value, with a view to reimburse the individual who held himself to be their legal proprietor; and the same committee

was empowered to judge what portion of the manuscripts could be fitly laid before the public. Whether this was a paid or a gratuitous committee, we are not empowered to state. If the former, it may in some degree account for so many years having been permitted to elapse without a close of their labours. As a further proof of their importance, it is said, that many of the least suspected of our noble families will be found therein to have taken a secret part, in direct opposition to that which they publicly avowed. The Duke of Berwick's portion of this correspondence alone was stated to amount to one thousand letters!

The copious extracts we have been induced to make from these interesting and elegantly printed volumes, we wish to be taken in evidence of the high estimation in which we hold the selection. The number of letters given is four hundred and eleven, comprising a period of upwards of three hundred years, being from 1418 to 1726. They are severally accompanied by historical notes and illustrations, which reflect the highest credit on the researches and sagacity of the Editor—with whom we have only one fault to find, and that is, the permitting a work which, for historical reference, will assuredly be much consulted, to appear before the public without that useful auxiliary, a copious index.

Art. IV. *Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History*. Delivered in the University of Dublin. By George Miller, D.D. M.R.I.A. Six Volumes, 8vo. pp. 3351. Dublin. 1816. 1820. 1824.

A volume, and by no means an unentertaining one, might be written on the multifarious ways in which history has been handled. Poetry of all metres, and prose of all complexions, have been employed with various success; and while the earlier annalists were ambitious of refinements unattainable by their restricted means, the appetite of modern times, palled by artifice and elaboration, recurs to their simple and unsophisticated narrative, in preference to the systematic composition and subtle disingenuousness of more recent and popular authors. What is usually termed the philosophy of history, has been, too often, only a specious name for partiality or hypothesis; and that course of argumentative investigation which has been considered as the highest strain of historical writing, has been rarely exercised with good faith and pure intention. Notwithstanding, however, the perversions to which these inquiries have been subject, we are indebted to them

for some of the most important discoveries connected with the social system ; and a cursory review of their history will enable us to give a clearer notion of the character and pretensions of the work before us.

‘ The philosophy of human society had naturally its beginning among the sages of Greece. The general freedom of the governments of that country allowed the social qualities of men to be fully developed and displayed ; and the number, the diversity, and the intimate connexion of its petty states, exhibited a various illustration of the combinations of political interests. In such circumstances, the philosophy of policy was as naturally the object of observing minds, as that of the motions of the heavenly bodies under the cloudless sky and in the open plains of Assyria ; the great movements in both cases were continually presenting themselves to the mind, and soliciting the attention of every man disposed to reflection.’

Too little is known of the works of Pythagoras, to afford us the means of stating, with precision, his notions on the general question ; but to the philosophers of his School is ascribed, on the questionable authority of Stobæus, the disclosure of important, if not accurate notions on the subjects of government and policy. Archytas is said to have first asserted the expediency of a balance of powers in every well regulated state ; and Hippodamus to have broached the notion, afterwards adopted and illustrated by Polybius, that there is a regular gradation of increase, vigour, and decay, in the affairs of every political society ; or, in other words, that every government is limited by three periods, the first being that of acquisition, the second that of enjoyment, and the last that of destruction.’ But, whatever may have been the dogmas of the Italian School, however well or ill adapted they might be to establish just principles in the philosophy of social life,—they were probably far inferior in value to the enlightened, though often fanciful views of the Grecian sages. Plato, adopting the synthetic plan, inferred the laws of legislation from abstract notions of the beautiful and the true ; and, notwithstanding his entire failure in his primary intentions, he has thrown strong light on some of the most important objects of political investigation. His excluding the poetry of Homer from the limits of literary toleration, as expressing the agitation of human passion, and not the archetypal idea of moral perfection,—may pass as a harmless specimen of philosophical foppery. We cannot say as much in excuse of his recommending the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, as tending to remove one great source of social disturbance ; but one is disposed to consider it as a whimsical sacrifice to theo-

retical consistency, rather than as a grave proposition. But it is not to be forgotten that, in the midst of strange conceits and unsubstantial hypotheses, he has traced the natural degeneration of government, and 'in the elevated abstractions of his philosophy, conceived the first notion of a providential arrangement of human society.'

'The world he has described as originally constructed by a beneficent Creator, who reduced matter to order in correspondence to the arrangement of an eternal model of ideal perfection; he has indeed represented its inhabitants as abandoned for a time to their own agencies, and therefore falling into irregularity; but he has also represented the Divinity as interposing his power for remedying the evil; and again, when confusion had returned after a second period, suggesting to mankind the combinations of civil government, as the best permanent expedient for their regulation.'

The practical sagacity of Aristotle discovered the real track of political investigation. He examined and analysed all the instances of civil association which came within his cognizance, and inferred from the varieties and the agreements of their constitutions, the great laws of human society.

'The grand results of his examination are, that political society is a state essentially belonging to our nature, and having for its end the general advantage of the individuals which it comprehends; that slavery is justifiable only as it may be conducive to the interest of the persons enslaved; from which it must follow, that it should terminate as soon as they become capable of enjoying freedom; and that the best constituted republic is that in which the opposite interests of the rich and poor are most intimately combined, and in which the middle order of society is most prevalent.'

The circumstances of the Roman government were little favourable to the progress and development of political science. The steady march of that formidable power towards universal domination, obliterated in its course, all the existing varieties of social institution; and the writings on this subject of Polybius and Cicero were little more than illustrations of the laws and policy of imperial Rome.

The first great writer on political philosophy in modern times, was the celebrated Machiavel, whose treatise entitled "The Prince," is among the enigmas which the learned have vainly endeavoured to solve. That the Florentine Secretary was a republican in feeling, it seems impossible to doubt; and if this be admitted, it is more than probable, that the atrocious dereliction of all principle which he recommends as the authorized policy of an accomplished ruler, is the satirical

description of actual and official character, rather than the expression of his deliberate opinion. Rousseau, in his *Contrat Social*, has styled the work in question, the manual of republicans, from a conviction that, under the pretence of instructing princes, Machiavel was addressing an emphatic warning to the people.

With this subtle politician, our Sir Thomas More was contemporary, and while the Italian pursued the practical processes of Aristotle, the English Chancellor emulated the inventive faculty of Plato. The Utopia is, however, a strange production, and abounds far more in paradox and absurdity than in sagacious views or enlarged conceptions. These discussions, whatever may be the literary merit of the books in which they are contained, can, in fact, only be considered as preliminary and tentative: it is to the wakening of mind, the stir of spirit and feeling, produced by the Reformation, that we are to refer the great improvements of political philosophy. It is justly remarked, that this great and glorious event acted on the European governments in two distinct ways. Among the continental states, it introduced the balancing scheme of policy, whence has been derived the system of international law; while, in England, its effect was chiefly felt in the domestic institutions, and gave rise to a succession of able and original writers on the philosophy of internal rule.

Grotius was the originator of the Law of Nations in its systematic form. His work, imperfect as it is, has received from the highest authority—that of Sir James Mackintosh—the emphatic testimony, that it is ‘more complete than any other, for which the world has been indebted, in the commencement of any science, to the genius and learning of a single man.’ The merit of the first decided step in the systematic assertion of popular right and representation as the grand elements of government, is due to the powerful mind and uncompromising temper of Buchanan; but he pushed his theory to a disorganizing extreme, when he affirmed, that death, by the hand of any individual whatsoever, was the just punishment of regal misconduct. The treatise *De jure regni apud Scotos*,

‘was soon followed by the publication of four books of the great work of Hooker on ecclesiastical polity, which appeared in England in the year 1594, and was occasioned by the first agitations of those disorders, in which the interposition of Scottish fanaticism afterwards produced such considerable effects. And it is remarkable, that though Hooker was the advocate of the existing authority in the ecclesiastical government, yet, the course of his argument led him to maintain principles of the most enlarged political freedom. Anxious to defend the cause of the hierarchy against the fanatics, who refused

to acknowledge any ecclesiastical authority which had not been expressly designated in the records of the infant Church, he found it necessary to recur to the mutual right, by which every society of men is empowered to frame regulations for its own convenience; and, in illustrating this right, he propounded maxims of liberty, on which Locke afterwards relied in his theory of political government. Indeed, we discover in the Ecclesiastical Polity, the original statement of that social compact on which Locke has earnestly insisted, and Rousseau, has since eloquently declaimed; so strangely did his opposition to the wild pretensions of the Independents, conduct the advocate of order and tranquillity to a political theory scarcely less visionary.'

It is singular, that, in the instance of two writers so opposite in character and sentiment as Hooker and Hobbes, we should find, not merely a general agreement in the disposition to support authority, but a specific accordance in the adoption of a principle entirely annihilative of their views. The natural equality of men was affirmed by the latter, in order that he might establish the existence of a state of anarchy, from which men have been rescued by the introduction of civil government; but it fared with him as with many other resolute maintainers of hypothesis—he established as a primary truth, that which proved indeed the point in question, but led to consequences subversive of his system in more essential particulars. Harrington adopted as his fundamental position, the inseparable connexion of power with property; but, though ostensibly a republican, his aristocratical prejudices induced him to give a preference over every other kind of government, to that most unrelenting of despotisms, the Venetian oligarchy. Locke borrowed from Hooker the doctrine of the Social Compact, and contended for the principle of popular consent, as the real foundation of legitimate rule, in opposition to Filmer's assertion of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right, derived from the supreme patriarchal authority of the first man. Against Locke, it is contended by Paley, that the Social Compact is a mere supposition, and altogether inefficient as the basis of substantial rights; and he endeavoured to introduce a less objectionable element in the 'consideration of the will of God, collected from an enlarged contemplation of human happiness,'—a periphrastic term for the intangible notion of general expediency.

'But why must we,' inquires Dr. Miller, 'with Locke, go back to a state of savage nature for the origin of the rights of civilized men? Aristotle has defined man to be a political animal; and art is man's nature, as Burke has eloquently observed. It is in society that the powers of our nature are developed and exerted; and it is there that we should

examine it, to judge of our obligations. And why, on the other hand, should we, with Paley, seek the knowledge of the will of God in the contemplation of general expediency, when he has expressly recorded it in his Revelation? It has been declared, that government is a contrivance for promoting the happiness of men, and that it is therefore their duty to give it their support. Here are the principle and the obligation. Every government is in some degree an instrument of good, and therefore, every government is morally entitled to claim the obedience of its subjects. This is the dictate of reason, as well as of Revelation; for where is the government which is not more beneficial than anarchy? Nor is it possible that a corrupt government should continue to exist, if the people were really qualified to constitute a better. When Cæsar fell by the hands of the conspirators, the Romans were not free, though the tyrant was no more; and the corruption of the general morals soon subjected them to another despot. But if they had been really prepared for the construction of a free government, the poniard would not have been necessary for annihilating the power of their ruler. Nor does the injunction of the Apostle, unqualified as it may at the first view appear, preclude any change which would be truly beneficial. It forbids us to conspire for the violent overthrow of a government, which possesses the efficiency of political power, and must therefore be adapted to the actual qualities of the people: but it does not forbid the peaceable influence of reason in improving those qualities, and fitting them to sustain a better government; it does not require us to adhere, with a romantic fidelity, to a government which has lost the power of ministering to the public good; it does not tell us, that we should submit quietly to a tyranny so unsuited to the circumstances of the people, that the mere expression of the public will is sufficient to effect its overthrow.'

We are unable to perceive the force of any part of this reasoning. In order to establish the doctrine of consent, it does not seem necessary either to 'go back to a state of 'savage nature,' or to admit the fiction of an actual compact. That there is implied, in the very supposition of a harmonious association, a state of consent, tacit or avowed, is, we apprehend, clear on the face of the statement. Men are not prone to acquiesce, excepting from fear or prudence, under a tyrannous yoke, and we know of no other legitimate motive for acquiescence. There is a party, and a stirring one too, in the nation, who are taking every occasion to put forward the old scheme of passive obedience and non-resistance. They, like one who shall be nameless, 'can quote Scripture to their 'purpose,' and torture the simple declaration, that civil government is a divine ordinance, into an express command of servile submission to dark and demoralizing tyranny. It were bootless to enter into controversy with such interpreters; their logic and their feelings are alike depraved; and it is for our

happiness as Englishmen, that our ancestors both felt and argued in a loftier mood. Dr. Miller, to whom we have no allusion in the observation just made, has, we think, introduced a great deal of politic confusion into his statement, by uniformly either evading or begging the question. We have no quarrel with his general definition, that 'government is a contrivance for promoting the happiness of man,' nor with his inference, 'that it is therefore their duty to give it their support;' but we are not prepared to follow him in his desperate leap to the startling proposition, that '*every* government is in some degree an instrument of good, and therefore *every* government is morally entitled to claim the obedience of its subjects.' He has not thought it necessary to point out the connexion between the two positions, and we are quite unable to assist him in tracing it; we will, however, suggest to him as an interesting problem, the application of the second to the actual condition of Greece and Spain. Is Dr. Miller prepared to prove, that there are no cases in which it becomes both a moral and a political duty to resolve society into its first elements, in order to get rid of injurious and incurable defects in its construction? If not, what becomes of his triumphant challenge to instance 'the government which is not more beneficial than anarchy.' Extremes meet, in political as well as in geometrical circumferences; and were we required to describe the most fearful examples of anarchy, we should find them most readily and most impressively in the annals of despotism. We are not aware that the wildest excesses of the French Revolution were visitations more disorderly and destructive, than the 'relentless sovereignties' of Muley Ishmael and Ezzelino da Romano—to say nothing of times more recent and instances nearer home.

Neither is Dr. Miller more successful in his attempts to make the people responsible for the vices of their rulers, and to reduce the right of insurrection against intolerable tyranny, to the single case of a nation able to overthrow it by the 'mere expression of the public will.' When Melchtal, Furst, Stauffacher, and Tell, conspired 'the violent overthrow' of Geisler's despotism, was the Austrian government destitute of 'the efficiency of political power?' And when the true-hearted patriots who invited the Prince of Orange to liberate their country by force of arms from the dastardly tyranny of James, joined for that noble end, was the administration against which they conspired, 'adapted to the actual qualities of the people' of England?—or would the 'mere expression of the public will' have sufficed for its overthrow, without the presence of the Dutch army? To be consistent with his

own principles, Dr. Miller must reprobate both these glorious instances of successful conspiracy against efficient government; and to establish the hypothesis which infers the depravity of a people from the iniquity of the rulers, he must shew, that the heroes of the Forest-Cantons deserved no milder rule than that of their ferocious persecutor, and that the Englishmen of 1688 possessed a congenial governor in the sacred person of the contemptible James Stuart.

Of modern writers on points either immediately or remotely connected with the main subject, the mass is too great for even enumeration, and we shall content ourselves with a single reference to the brilliant generalizations of Montesquieu. The *Esprit des loix*, though open on every side to the assaults of captious criticism, will rank, after every deduction, among the most vigorous and acute of intellectual productions.

‘What former age,’ is the observation of Sir James Mackintosh in his admirable Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and of Nations, ‘could have supplied facts for such a work as that of Montesquieu? He, indeed, has been, perhaps justly, charged with abusing this advantage, by the undistinguishing adoption of the narratives of travellers of very different degrees of accuracy and veracity. But if we reluctantly confess the justness of this objection; if we are compelled to own that he exaggerates the influence of climate, that he ascribes too much to the foresight and forming skill of legislators, and far too little to time and circumstances, in the growth of political constitutions; that the substantial character and essential differences of governments are often lost and confounded in his technical language and arrangement; that he often bends the free and irregular outline of nature, to the imposing but fallacious geometrical regularity of system; that he has chosen a style of affected abruptness, sententiousness, and vivacity, ill-suited to the gravity of his subjects: after all these concessions, (for his fame is large enough to spare many concessions,) the “Spirit of Laws” will remain, not only one of the most solid and durable monuments of the power of the human mind, but a striking evidence of the inestimable advantages which political philosophy may receive from a wide survey of all the various conditions of human society.’ pp. 67, 68.

Amid all the facts elicited by patient investigation, and all the speculations struck out by inventive fancy or ingenious inference, it was still reserved for some bolder or more sagacious genius to discover the master principle of the great system of moral and intellectual existence—the grand purpose of creation, to which the past history and the future destinies of man might be referred. Plato had not overlooked this important view of human life and action; he had endeavoured to solve the difficulties connected with it, by referring them to the irregularities of human agency—the interference of the

Supreme Being—and the Divine institution of civil government. These notions were, however, left to the dust and cobwebs which the neglect of ages accumulated over the Platonic Republic; and the ‘transcendental view of human policy’ was lost sight of until the investigation was revived by Leibnitz, who proposed the theory of Optimism as the universal solvent. The celebrated Bayle, in various parts of his dictionary—more particularly in the articles *Manichéens*, *Marcionites*, *Pauliciens*—had, with his characteristic subtlety, given a plausible aspect to the erroneous sentiments of Manes on the nature and origin of evil. With a view to counteract the mischievous tendency of these principles, Leibnitz entered the lists, and published his theological master-piece, the *Theodicée*; a work which Dr. Miller does not appear to be acquainted with, since he nowhere refers to or names it, but makes up an imperfect account from second-hand authorities. The following abstract of one of the most singular and (as we once heard it characterised by one of the most gifted men of the present day) ‘awful’ representations that ever occurred to the human imagination, is cited by Dr. M. from the academic *Eloge* of Leibnitz, without any mention of the *Theodicée*, to which it forms a most impressive conclusion. The abridgement is very far from giving a complete view of the original, and we should feel gratified, were it fairly required by the tenor of the present article, in furnishing a more adequate transcript. The doctrine of Optimism rests upon the hypothesis, that, notwithstanding the undeniable existence of natural and moral evil, the world in which we live ‘is yet the best which it was possible to construct, the ‘evil of either kind being in the smallest quantity possible, ‘and being followed by the most advantageous consequences.’

* The manner in which the existence of evil is reconciled with the doctrine of Optimism, has been illustrated by its author in a philosophic fiction. The story had been begun by Laurentius Valla, who feigned that Sextus, the son of Tarquin the Proud, went to Delphi, to consult the oracle of Apollo, in regard to his destiny. The oracle foretold that he should violate Lucretia; and when Sextus complained of the prediction, Apollo replied, that he was but the prophet, that Jupiter had regulated every thing, and that to that deity his complaint should be addressed. Here terminated the fiction of Valla. Leibnitz supposed, that Sextus went to Dodona, to complain to Jupiter, as he had been directed by Apollo; that Jupiter replied, that he needed only to absent himself from Rome, and that Sextus declared, that he could not renounce the hope of acquiring possession of the crown. The high-priest is then described as inquiring of Jupiter, after the departure of Sextus, why he had not granted him a different will. Jupiter sent the high-priest to Athens to consult Minerva, who shewed him the palace of the Destinies, containing a

representation of every possible universe, from the worst to the best. The high-priest perceived in the best the crime of Sextus, from which sprang the liberty of the Roman state, a government fruitful in virtues, an empire beneficial to a large portion of the human race; and he could urge no further objection.' pp. 41, 42.

To the theory of Optimism, there are obvious and plausible objections, among which it has been suggested, that the system in question represents the Divine Being as himself trammelled by the necessity of ordaining that arrangement of human affairs, which approaches most nearly to perfection. To this, Malebranche could find no better reply, than the lame proposition, that 'the Deity was at liberty to have not acted at all.' A better answer would have been, to concede the point without hesitation; placing the argument in its true light, and admitting that the Supreme Being is so far under the control of his own infinite perfections, as to choose invariably that which is wisest and best. Thus Hooker says very finely: 'The Being of God is a kind of law to his working; for that perfection which God is, giveth perfection to that he doth.' The principle of piety on which this system was established, was quite sufficient to discredit it among infidel philosophers; and Voltaire assailed it with that peculiar species of ridicule in which lay his forte. Condorcet proposed another scheme, and endeavoured to establish the doctrine of Perfectibility as the great secret of human nature. We entirely agree with Dr. Miller, that we are authorised to adopt both these principles within certain limits, in our general estimate of man and his history. It is, most unquestionably, the intention of Infinite Benevolence, from the moral chaos of the universe, to elicit ultimate good; and an accurate survey of the general course of events will satisfy the observer, that, notwithstanding frequent signs of retrogradation, there has been, from the beginning, a traceable tendency to improvement in human affairs.

Availing himself of the labours of his predecessors in this important track of inquiry, as far as they may be suited to his purposes, Dr. Miller proposes to take a consistent view of one great section of the history of man, considered as 'constituting one great drama of the Divine government, all the parts of which are, with a strict unity of action, subordinate and conducive to the result.' In his execution of this plan, he adopts a somewhat unusual course: instead of a minute induction of particulars, and a gradual ascent to first principles, he begins by assuming the latter, and then establishes their accuracy by demonstrating their strict harmony with consequent events. When Newton had explained, by the theory of gravitation, the regular movements of the celestial bodies, he en-

deavoured to trace upward to the same principle, the minute and complicated perturbations consequent on the action and reaction of the different parts of the planetary system. In this difficult investigation he completely failed. His inferences from observed phenomena were at variance with the hypothesis, and insufficient for the explanation of the circumstances from which they were evolved. But when La Place adopted the opposite course, and, assuming the truth of the Newtonian theory, proceeded at once to ascertain the disorders which would naturally result from such a constitution, he arrived at results which were in precise accordance with actual observation. This is precisely the plan of Dr. Miller. In the second lecture, he arranges and adopts a regular classification of political causes, as inferred from their ascertained operation; and then devotes the remaining sections of his work to 'an examination of the results which have arisen from the diversified combination of these causes, as they have affected the various nations of the world within the period of their modern history.' The different causes of political events are, according to Dr. M., reducible to six distinct classes: 1. General Causes; 2. Local; 3. Personal; 4. Adventitious; 5. Existing Institutions; and 6. External Compression. Now we confess that this arrangement appears to us altogether unscientific, and essentially deficient in that precision which is indispensable in systematic inquiries. For any thing that appears to the contrary, the whole of these classes may be merged in the first; and if not referrible to that, can only come under some head that may balance against it. The sole antagonist to *general*, is *particular*; and if a third class may be admitted, it can only be the *fourth*. On the scheme of classification adopted by Dr. M., majors and minors are confounded; and, instead of a simple distinction between primary and secondary causes, we have a scheme that baffles every attempt at specific discrimination. Why not divide influential causes into theoretical and circumstantial?—the first including all those regular motives and impulses which occur in the natural course of human operations; the second, all those incidental interferences which are irreducible to any invariable rule or order.

At this point, however, our most decided objections cease; for, though we are by no means prepared to agree with Dr. Miller in all his views and statements, we cheerfully give him the praise due to an able and learned man, who has employed himself to excellent purpose, in the skilful investigation of a difficult and most important subject. He writes well, and although we think he sometimes mistakes mere writing for effective illustration, he has thrown much light on obscure and

entangled points. Of his system as a whole, we are unable to judge, since the work is not yet completed. We have not any great expectation that it will accomplish its avowed intention, of exhibiting, as in dramatic consistency, the beginning, middle, and end of the Divine dispensations, during the period of history comprised between the dissolution of the Western Empire and the recent adjustments of European affairs; but, even to its present extent, it contains a great mass of weighty and interesting matter, and furnishes a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history.

We are deterred from entering into more copious details, by the absolute impracticability of comprising, even within much more extended limits than we could afford, an adequate abstract of matter so multifarious and complicated. We have, moreover, a strong suspicion that some of Dr. Miller's political doctrines may, in their final exposition, assume a form, in our view at least, exceedingly in opposition to sound and liberal principles. When the remaining lectures shall appear, a fitter occasion will present itself for reviewing the work as a system.

Art. V. *The Origin of Frauds detected; or, a Brief Commentary on Paley's Exposition of the Law of Honour: being the Substance of a Discourse preached at Laura Chapel, Bath, Oct. 31, 1824.* By the Rev. E. W. Grinfield, M.A. 8vo. pp. 31. London. 1824.

IN this discourse,—the subject of which appears to have been suggested by events of recent occurrence,—Mr. Grinfield expatiates in an earnest and convincing manner, on the danger of substituting the capricious code of worldly honour, for the Law of God as revealed in the Scriptures. The argument is well summed up in the following paragraph.

‘ The religion of the Bible, cordially embraced and sincerely acted on, is the only sure and steadfast anchor amidst the storms and temptations of society. Unlike the principles of worldly honour, it is addressed to men of all classes and conditions. “ high and low, rich and poor, one with another :” it teaches us to consider ourselves as members of one family, and as children of one parent. Unlike these false and fallacious principles, it does not invite us to rush into scenes of peril and difficulty : it encourages no prodigality or needless expenditure : it commands to owe no man any thing, but to love one another. Unlike these transient and uncertain motives, it teaches us to regard the sentiments of man as at best dubious and variable ; not to place our highest affections even on reputation or character when most deserved, but to remember that we should still appeal to a higher

and better standard and tribunal, even to Him "who seeth in secret, and who will reward us openly." Such is the principle which is alone fit to be deemed a *rule of life*, because it comes to us invested with proper authority, and fortified with proper sanctions. It is adequate for time, because it is commensurate with eternity: and it can support us upon earth, for it comes to us from heaven. The man who has drawn his principles from the motives of worldly honour, may hope, by cunning and duplicity, still to retain the good opinion of the world and to avoid detection; but he who cares more for realities than appearances, cannot be satisfied even with the strongest hopes of such an escape. He looks forward to the period when that which is secret shall be made manifest, when every thought of his heart shall be brought into judgement; and whilst his faith enables him to support his present trials or losses with patience, it guards him from many of those difficulties and temptations which must always encircle the votary of fashion.' pp. 31—3.

In his commentary on Paley's Exposition of the Law of Honour, Mr. Grinfield may be thought by some persons to have dealt rather harshly with that celebrated writer. Paley's intention was, to describe, and nothing more. He says in effect, 'Here you have a naked statement of the system which a certain class of mankind have thought proper to construct for the regulation of their conduct. Is not the deformity of the system self-evident? Can it be worth while to throw away a word upon it in the shape of argument?' Yet, we cannot but agree with Mr. Grinfield in thinking, that Paley's statement is liable to much objection. He draws no line of distinction between true and false honour; yet, he speaks of honour as 'a law prescribing and regulating the *duties* betwixt equals.' Now, according to his account of it, what one *duty* does it prescribe, what one vice does it not tolerate? Paley's law of honour is as much beneath the '*honestum*' of Cicero, as that again is inferior to the morality of the Gospel. Why then, Mr. G. fairly asks, gravely introduce it in connexion with the law of the land and the Scriptures, as a fundamental, though defective element of moral science? We think there is much force in the following remark.

'How imperfectly this eminent moral writer perceived the opposition of the Law of Honour to the spirit and motives of Christianity, may be judged of from his recommendation to military men of "a *Court of Honour* with the power of awarding those submissions and acknowledgements which it is generally the purpose of a challenge to obtain." (Part II. Book iii. Chap. 9.) Now this recommendation goes on the supposition, that honour, as distinguished from honesty, is a principle which may fairly be appealed to by men professing themselves Christians; for it would be unjust to suppose that Paley would have sanctioned any appeal that was adverse to the pro-

cepts of the Gospel. But if there be any truth in the foregoing arguments, the supposition is altogether erroneous. Honour is founded on pride, whereas Christianity is founded on humility. Hence it is, that offended honour is but wounded pride, which does not seek for justice, but for revenge, and that when it has the strongest ground of complaint, it is still vicious in its nature, and dangerous in its effects.' pp. 27—8.

Art. VI. *The Spirit of the Age : or Contemporary Portraits.* 8vo. pp. 424. Price 12s. London. 1825.

SOME years ago, an amusing volume of this description was put forth, under the title of "Parliamentary Portraits." Making due allowance for the Writer's political partialities, the characters of the leading men of that day were sketched with considerable fidelity and spirit. We know not whether these portraits are by the same limner: the style is somewhat different, but he seems of the same school. Whoever he may be, he is a very clever fellow. He has the pencil of Gilray, and can hit off a likeness with a few artist-like touches, which may, indeed, be called a caricature, but still, the exaggeration is so dexterously managed as never to injure the likeness. We say nothing as to the propriety of the mixture of newspaper criticism, biographical anecdote, wit, philosophy, and scandal which is here served up to the public. But the execution of the work is so brilliant as to conceal, if not atone for the equivocal and irregular character of the performance. The portraits are, of course, stolen likenesses; it will be taken for granted, that the parties have not sate to the artist. It is evident, too, that the *first* object of the Writer is not to present a flattering resemblance, but to make a good picture. The work has a flavour of the old times in its vigour, point, and coarseness. It reminds us of Bishop Earle's Characters; but here, though there is less scurrility, the personality is not less offensive. Public characters, however, may be considered as fair game; and the excuse which the Writer offers for his harsh criticism on Mr. Gifford, may serve as a general apology: 'as Mr. Gifford assumes a right to say what he pleases of others, they may be allowed to speak the truth of him.'

The portraits are twenty-three in number: they are as follow: Jeremy Bentham. William Godwin. Mr. Coleridge. Rev. Mr. Irving. The late Horne Tooke. Sir Walter Scott. Lord Byron. Mr. Campbell. Mr. Crabbe. Sir James Mackintosh. Mr. Wordsworth. Mr. Malthus. Mr. Gifford. Mr. Jeffrey. Mr. Brougham. Sir Francis Burdett. Lord Eldon.

Mr. Wilberforce. Mr. Southey. Mr. Thomas Moore. Mr. Leigh Hunt. Elia. Geoffrey Crayon.

The Author has done well to give the first place to his portrait of Jeremy Bentham. It is evidently *a study*. Nor could a more inviting subject have presented itself.

‘ Mr. Bentham is one of those persons who verify the old adage, that “a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country.” His reputation lies at the circumference; and the lights of his understanding are reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name is little known in England, better in Europe, best of all in the plains of Chili and the mines of Mexico. He has offered constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lives, hardly know of such a person; but the Siberian savage has received cold comfort from his lunar aspect, and may say to him with Caliban—“I know thee, and thy dog, and thy bush!” The tawny Indian may hold out the hand of fellowship to him across the Great Pacific. We believe that the Empress Catherine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr. Hobhouse is a greater man at the hustings, Lord Rolle at Plymouth Dock; but Mr. Bentham would carry it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author’s influence is purely intellectual. He has devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies —

“That waft a *thought* from Indus to the Pole”—

and has never mixed himself up with personal intrigues or party politics. He once, indeed, stuck up a hand-bill to say that he (Jeremy Bentham) being of sound mind, was of opinion that Sir Samuel Romilly was the most proper person to represent Westminster; but this was the whim of the moment. Otherwise, his reasonings, if true at all, are true every where alike: his speculations concern humanity at large, and are not confined to the hundred or the bills of mortality. It is in moral as in physical magnitude. The little is seen best near: the great appears in its proper dimensions, only from a more commanding point of view, and gains strength with time, and elevation from distance!

‘ Mr. Bentham is very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets:—in general habits and in all but his professional pursuits, he is a mere child. He has lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster, overlooking the Park, like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He scarcely ever goes out, and sees very little company. The favoured few, who have the privilege of the *entrée*, are always admitted one by one. He does not like to have witnesses to his conversation. He talks a great deal, and listens to nothing but facts. When any one calls upon him, he invites them to take a turn round

his garden with him (Mr. Bentham is an economist of his time, and sets apart this portion of it to air and exercise)—and there you may see the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought and with the prospect of futurity, in eager conversation with some Opposition Member, some expatriated Patriot, or Transatlantic Adventurer, urging the extinction of Close Boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some “lone island in the watery waste,” his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, clattering accents, negligent of his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of UTILITY—or pausing, perhaps, for want of breath and with lack-lustre eye to point out to the stranger a stone in the wall at the end of his garden (overarched by two beautiful cotton-trees) *Inscribed to the Prince of Poets*, which marks the house where Milton formerly lived. He is something between Franklin and Charles Fox, with the comfortable double-chin and sleek, thriving look of the one, and the quivering lip, the restless eye, and animated acuteness of the other. His eye is quick and lively; but it glances not from object to object, but from thought to thought. He is evidently a man occupied with some train of fine and inward association. He regards the people about him no more than the flies of a summer. He meditates the coming age. He hears and sees only what suits his purpose, or some “foregone conclusion:” and looks out for facts and passing occurrences in order to put them into his logical machinery, and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory, as the miller looks out for grist to his mill! Add to this physiognomical sketch the minor points of costume, the open shirt collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half-boots and ribbed stockings; and you will find in Mr. Bentham’s general appearance a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and of the venerableness of age. In a word, our celebrated jurist presents a striking illustration of the difference between the *philosophical* and the *regal* look; that is, between the merely abstracted and the merely personal. There is a lackadaisical *bonhomme* about his whole aspect, none of the fierceness of pride or power; an unconscious neglect of his own person, instead of a stately assumption of superiority; a good-humoured, placid intelligence, instead of a lynx-eyed watchfulness, as if it wished to make others its prey, or was afraid they might turn and rend him; he is a beneficent spirit, prying into the universe, not lording it over it; a thoughtful spectator of the scenes of life, a ruminator on the fate of mankind, not a painted pageant, a stupid idol set up on its pedestal of pride for men to fall down and worship with idiot fear and wonder at the thing themselves have made, and which, without that fear and wonder, would in itself be nothing!

‘Mr. Bentham, perhaps, over-rates the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say (without any appearance of pride or affectation) that “he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would by that time have had upon the world.” Alas! his name will hardly live so long! Nor do we think, in point of fact, that Mr. Bentham has given any new or de-

vided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or morals. He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent-truth, from which a number of others might be deduced; nor has he enriched the common and established stock of intelligence with original observations, like pearls thrown into wine. One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so: for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed. But Mr. Bentham's *forte* is arrangement; and the form of truth, though not its essence, varies with time and circumstance. He has methodised, collated, and condensed all the materials prepared to his hand on the subjects for which he treats, in a masterly and scientific manner; but we should find a difficulty in adducing from his different works (however elaborate or closely reasoned) any new element of thought, or even a new fact or illustration. His writings are, therefore, chiefly valuable as *books of reference*, as bringing down the account of intellectual inquiry to the present period, and disposing the results in a compendious, connected, and tangible shape; but books of reference are chiefly serviceable for facilitating the acquisition of knowledge, and are constantly liable to be superseded and to grow out of fashion with its progress, as the scaffolding is thrown down as soon as the building is completed. Mr. Bentham is not the first writer (by a great many) who has assumed the principle of *UTILITY* as the foundation of just laws, and of all moral and political reasoning:—his merit is, that he has applied this principle more closely and literally; that he has brought all the objections and arguments, more distinctly labelled and ticketed, under this one head, and made a more constant and explicit reference to it at every step of his progress, than any other writer. Perhaps the weak side of his conclusions also is, that he has carried this single view of his subject too far, and not made sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature, and the caprices and irregularities of the human will. “He has not allowed for the *wind*.” It is not that you can be said to see his favourite doctrine of *Utility* glittering every where through his system, like a vein of rich, shining ore (that is not the nature of the material)—but it might be plausibly objected, that he had struck the whole mass of fancy, prejudice, passion, sense, whim, with his petrific, leaden mace, that he had “bound volatile *Hermes*,” and reduced the theory and practice of human life to a *caput mortuum* of reason, and dull, plodding, technical calculation. The gentleman is himself a capital logician; and he has been led by this circumstance to consider man as a logical animal. We fear this view of the matter will hardly hold water. If we attend to the *moral* man, the constitution of his mind will scarcely be found to be built up of pure reason and a regard to consequences: if we consider the *criminal* man (with whom the legislature has chiefly to do) it will be found to be still less so.

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* Mr. Bentham's method of reasoning, though comprehensive and exact, labours under the defect of most systems—it is too *topical*. It includes every thing; but it includes every thing alike. It is ra-

ther like an inventory than a valuation of different arguments. Every possible suggestion finds a place, so that the mind is distracted as much as enlightened by this perplexing accuracy. The exceptions seem as important as the rule.....His view of the human mind resembles a map, rather than a picture: the outline, the disposition is correct, but it wants colouring and relief. His style is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He writes a language of his own, that *darkens knowledge*. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that Mr. Bentham has not been prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives. He might wrap up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never find its way into Westminster Hall. He is a kind of manuscript author—he writes a cipher-hand, which the vulgar have no key to. The construction of his sentences is a curious frame-work with pegs and hooks to hang his thoughts upon for his own use and guidance, but almost out of the reach of every body else. It is a barbarous, philosophical jargon, with all the repetitions, parentheses, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and verbiage of Law-Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out if you could.

‘ Mr. Bentham, in private life, is an amiable and exemplary character. He is a little romantic, or so; and has dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. He lends an ear to plausible projectors; and, if he cannot prove them to be wrong in their premises or their conclusions, thinks himself bound *in reason* to stake his money on the venture. Strict logicians are licensed visionaries. Mr. Bentham is half-brother to the late Mr. Speaker Abbott—*Proh Pudor!* He was educated at Eton, and still takes our novices to task about a passage in Homer or a metre in Virgil. He was afterwards at the University. Mr. Bentham relieves his mind sometimes, after the fatigue of study, by playing on a fine old organ, and has a relish for Hogarth’s prints. He turns wooden utensils in a lathe for exercise, and fancies he can turn men in the same manner. He has no great fondness for poetry, and can hardly extract a moral out of Shakspeare. His house is warmed and lighted by steam. He is one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. He has a great contempt for out-of-door prospects, for green fields and trees, and is for referring every thing to Utility. There is a little narrowness in this; for, if all the sources of satisfaction are taken away, what is to become of utility itself? It is, indeed, the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he has concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and has not “looked enough abroad into universality.” ’

We have repeatedly been asked, Pray who is Jeremy Bentham? That question is now set at rest, and our readers may say that they have seen him. One circumstance, however, this sketch of his character leaves unexplained and unaccount-

able,—namely, the ascendancy which this person has obtained over men of intellect superior to his own, and the extent of his intellectual dominion. A sovereign is often, we know, indebted for all his *éclat* to his prime minister and his cabinet: we suspect that this is the case with Mr. Bentham. Forty years ago, he published a work on Usury, which is his best written work, and exhibits his characteristic acuteness, but which would never have brought its author into notice, had he possessed no other claim to notoriety. To M. Dumont and the Edinburgh Review, he is indebted for all the celebrity he has derived from what is called his great work. We know not how far a change in the cabinet may account for the imbecility of his later productions. Assuredly, his criticism on the Church Catechism bears no marks of either a clear head or a sound judgement. He may be a logician: he is a poor reasoner. He has an excellent knack at sorting and ticketing other men's ideas—as if his brain was fitted up with pigeon-holes; but he is after all a mechanic, rather than a philosopher.

The character of Mr. Godwin is evidently drawn by an intimate acquaintance and a friend: it is too long, too much laboured, but it has the interest of a memoir. The same may be said of the portrait of Coleridge, which is far more biographical than the Author's own "*Biographia Literaria*."

'If Mr. Coleridge had not been the most impressive talker of his age,' it is remarked, 'he would probably have been the finest writer; but he lays down his pen to make sure of an auditor, and mortgages the admiration of posterity for the stare of an idler. All that he has done of moment, he had done twenty years ago: since then, he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice.'

'No two persons can be conceived more opposite in character or genius, than the subject of the present and of the preceding sketch. Mr. Godwin, with less natural capacity, and with fewer acquired advantages, by concentrating his mind on some given object, and doing what he had to do with all his might, has accomplished much, and will leave more than one monument of a powerful intellect behind him. Mr. Coleridge, by dissipating his, and dallying with every subject by turns, has done little or nothing to justify to the world or posterity, the high opinion which all who have ever heard him converse, or known him intimately, with one accord entertain of him. Mr. Godwin's faculties have kept house, and plied their task in the work-shop of the brain diligently and effectually. Mr. Coleridge's have gossipped away their time, and gadded about from house to house, as if life's business were, to melt the hours in listless talk. Mr. Godwin is intent on a subject, only as it concerns himself and his reputation; he works it out as a matter of duty, and discards from his mind whatever does not forward his main object, as impertinent and vain. Mr. Coleridge, on the other hand, delights in nothing but

episodes and digressions, neglects whatever he undertakes to perform, and can act only on spontaneous impulses, without object or method. "He cannot be constrained by mastery." While he should be occupied with a given pursuit, he is thinking of a thousand other things; a thousand tastes, a thousand objects tempt him, and distract his mind, which keeps open house, and entertains all comers. Mr. Godwin, on the contrary, is somewhat exclusive and unsocial in his habits of mind, entertains no company but what he gives his whole time and attention to, and wisely writes over the doors of his understanding, his fancy, and his senses—"No admittance except on business." He sets about his task, whatever it may be, and goes through it with spirit and fortitude. He has the happiness to think an author the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest author in it.

Coleridge is a fine subject for this character-painter; he is afterwards contrasted with Sir James Mackintosh.

Wordsworth is highly eulogised, but the impression left on the mind of the reader is less pleasing than the Writer seems to aim at producing. We suspect that he has been induced to affect a higher admiration of Wordsworth's poetry, than he really feels; and it is plain that he is somewhat puzzled by his subject: In fact, there is much more gossip than discriminating criticism in this 'portrait.' Mr. Wordsworth, we are told, 'has a great dislike to Gray, and a fondness for Thomson and Collins. Milton is his great idol, and he sometimes dares to compare himself with him.' It is mortifying to hear him speak 'of Pope and Dryden;' and with Shakspeare 'he has little cordial sympathy.' Among our prose writers, he approves of Walton's Angler, Paley, and Robinson Crusoe! All which it was scarcely worth while to tell the public, but, if it be true, it amounts to this; that Mr. Wordsworth is a bigot in taste, a cynic in criticism, a man of contracted views and slender information, and an exquisite egotist.

As we are among the Lakers, we pass on to the Author's portrait of Southey, painted, like the others, from the life. It is evident that the Writer has had the opportunities of personal intimacy; and there is a kindly feeling, which we are glad to notice, in his attempt to delineate the most paradoxical man of the age.

'Mr. Southey, as we formerly remember to have seen him, had a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected—it was the look that had been impressed upon his face by the events that marked the outset of his life: it was the dawn of liberty that still tinged his cheek, a smile betwixt hope and sadness that still played upon his quivering lip. Mr. Southey's mind is essentially sanguine, even to over-weeningness.

It is prophetic of good ; it cordially embraces it ; it casts a longing, lingering look after it, even when it is gone for ever. He cannot bear to give up the thought of happiness, his confidence in his fellow-man, when all else despair. While he supposed it possible that a better form of society could be introduced than any that had hitherto existed, while the light of the French Revolution beamed into his soul ; (and long after, it was seen reflected on his brow, like the light of setting suns on the peak of some high mountains or lonely range of clouds floating in purer ether ;) while he had this hope, this faith in man left, he cherished it with child-like simplicity, he clung to it with the fondness of a lover ; he was an enthusiast, a fanatic, a leveller ; he stuck at nothing that he thought would banish all pain and misery from the world. In his impatience of the smallest error or injustice, he would have sacrificed himself and the existing generation (a holocaust) to his devotion to the right cause. But when he once believed, after many staggering doubts and painful struggles, that this was no longer possible,—when his chimeras and golden dreams of human perfectibility vanished from him,—he turned suddenly round, and maintained that “*whatever is, is right.*” Mr. Southey has not fortitude of mind, has not patience to think that evil is inseparable from the nature of things. His irritable sense rejects the alternative altogether, as a weak stomach rejects the food that is distasteful to it. He hopes on against hope, he believes in all unbelief. He must either repose on actual or on imaginary good. He missed his way in *Utopia*, he has found it at Old Sarum—

“ His generous *ardour* no cold medium knows : ”

his eagerness admits of no doubt or delay. He is ever in extremes, and ever in the wrong !

‘ The reason is, that not truth, but self-opinion is the ruling principle of Mr. Southey’s mind. The charm of novelty, the applause of the multitude, the sanction of power, the venerableness of antiquity, pique, resentment, the spirit of contradiction, have a good deal to do with his preferences. His inquiries are partial and hasty ; his conclusions raw and unconcocted, and with a considerable infusion of whim and humour and a monkish spleen. His opinions are like certain wines, warm and generous when new ; but they will not keep, and soon turn flat or sour, for want of a stronger spirit of the understanding to give a body to them. He wooed Liberty as a youthful lover, but it was perhaps more as a mistress than a bride ; and he has since wedded with an elderly and not very reputable lady, called Legitimacy. *A wilful man*, according to the Scotch proverb, *must have his way*. If it were the cause to which he was sincerely attached, he would adhere to it through good report and evil report ; but it is himself to whom he does homage, and would have others do so ; and he therefore changes sides, rather than submit to apparent defeat or temporary mortification. Abstract principle has no rule but the understood distinction between right and wrong ; the indulgence of vanity, of caprice, or prejudice is regulated by the convenience or bias of the moment. The temperament of our politician’s

mind is poetical, not philosophical. He is more the creature of impulse, than he is of reflection. He invents the unreal, he embellishes the false with glosses of fancy, but pays little attention to "the words of truth and soberness." His impressions are accidental, immediate, personal, instead of being permanent and universal. Of all mortals he is surely the most impatient of contradiction, even when he has completely turned the tables on himself.

'We must say that "we relish Mr. Southey more in the Reformer" than in his lately acquired, but by no means natural or becoming character of poet-laureat and courtier. He may rest assured that a garland of wild flowers suits him better than the laureat-wreath; that his pastoral odes and popular inscriptions were far more adapted to his genius than his presentation-poems. He is nothing akin to birthday suits and drawing-room sopperies. "He is nothing, if not fantastical." In his figure, in his movements, in his sentiments, he is sharp and angular, quaint and eccentric. Mr. Southey is not of the court, courtly. Every thing of him and about him is from the people. He is not classical, he is not legitimate. He is not a man cast in the mould of other men's opinions: he is not shaped on any model: he bows to no authority: he yields only to his own wayward peculiarities. He is wild, irregular, singular, extreme. He is no formalist, not he! All is crude and chaotic self-opiniated, vain. He wants proportion, keeping, system, standard rules. He is not *teres et rotundus*. Mr. Southey walks with his chin erect through the streets of London, and with an umbrella sticking out under his arm, in the finest weather. He has not sacrificed to the Graces, nor studied decorum. With him every thing is projecting, starting from its place, an episode, a digression, a poetic license. He does not move in any given orbit, but like a falling star, shoots from his sphere. He is pragmatism, restless, unfixed, full of experiments, beginning every thing a-new, wiser than his betters, judging for himself, dictating to others. He is decidedly *revolutionary*. He may have given up the reform of the State; but depend upon it, he has some other *hobby* of the same kind. Does he not dedicate to his present Majesty that extraordinary poem on the death of his father, called *The Vision of Judgment*, as a specimen of what might be done in English hexameters? In a court-poem all should be trite and on an approved model. He might as well have presented himself at the levée in a fancy or masquerade dress. Mr. Southey was not to try conclusions with Majesty—still less on such an occasion. The extreme freedoms with departed greatness, the party-petulance carried to the Throne of Grace, the unchecked indulgence of private humour, the assumption of infallibility and even of the voice of Heaven in this poem, are pointed instances of what we have said. They shew the singular state of over-excitement of Mr. Southey's mind, and the force of old habits of independent and unbridled thinking, which cannot be kept down even in addressing his Sovereign!".....
.....'We are to declare that we think his articles in the *Quarterly Review*, notwithstanding their virulence and the talent they display, have a tendency to qualify its most pernicious

effects. They have redeeming traits in them. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump:" and the spirit of humanity (thanks to Mr. Southey) is not quite expelled from the *Quarterly Review*. At the corner of his pen, "there hangs a vapourous drop profound" of independence and liberality, which falls upon its pages, and oozes out through the pores of the public mind. There is a fortunate difference between writers whose hearts are naturally callous to truth, and whose understandings are hermetically sealed against all impressions but those of self-interest, and a man like Mr. Southey. *Once a philanthropist and always a philanthropist*. No man can entirely baulk his nature: it breaks out in spite of him. In all those questions, where the spirit of contradiction does not interfere, on which he is not sore from old bruises, or sick from the extravagance of youthful intoxication, as from a last night's debauch, our "laureate" is still bold, free, candid, open to conviction, a reformist without knowing it. He does not advocate the slave-trade, he does not arm Mr. Malthus's revolting ratios with his authority, he does not strain hard to deluge Ireland with blood. On such points, where humanity has not become obnoxious, where liberty has not passed into a by-word, Mr. Southey is still liberal and humane. The elasticity of his spirit is unbroken: the bow recoils to its old position. He still stands convicted of his early passion for inquiry and improvement. He was not regularly articulated as a Government tool!

• Mr. Southey's prose style can scarcely be too much praised. It is plain, clear, pointed, familiar, perfectly modern in its texture, but with a grave and sparkling admixture of *archaisms* in its ornaments and occasional phraseology. He is the best and most natural prose-writer of any poet of the day.

• He also excels as an historian and prose translator. His histories abound in information, and exhibit proofs of the most indefatigable patience and industry. By no uncommon process of the mind, Mr. Southey seems willing to steady the extreme levity of his opinions and feelings by an appeal to facts. His translations of the Spanish and French romances are also executed *con amore*, and with the literal fidelity and care of a mere linguist. That of the *Cid*, in particular, is a master-piece. Not a word could be altered for the better, in the old scriptural style which it adopts in conformity to the original. It is no less interesting in itself, or as a record of high and chivalrous feelings and manners, than it is worthy of perusal as a literary curiosity.

• We have chiefly seen Mr. Southey in company where few people appear to advantage, we mean in that of Mr. Coleridge. He has not certainly the same range of speculation, nor the same flow of sounding words, but he makes up by the details of knowledge, and by a scrupulous correctness of statement, for what he wants in originality of thought, or impetuous declamation. The tones of Mr. Coleridge's voice are eloquence: those of Mr. Southey are meagre, shrill, and dry. Mr. Coleridge's *forte* is conversation, and he is conscious of this: Mr. Southey evidently considers writing as his strong-hold, and if gravelled in an argument, or at a loss for an

explanation, refers to something he has written on the subject, or brings out his port-folio, doubled down in dog-ears, in confirmation of some fact. He is scholastic and professional in his ideas. He sets more value on what he writes than on what he says: he is perhaps prouder of his library than of his own productions—themselves a library! He is more simple in his manners than his friend Mr. Coleridge; but at the same time less cordial or conciliating. He is less vain, or has less hope of pleasing, and therefore lays himself less out to please.'

'No man in our day (at least no man of genius) has led so uniformly and entirely the life of a scholar, from boyhood to the present hour, devoting himself to learning with the enthusiasm of an early love, with the severity and constancy of a religious vow—and well would it have been for him if he had confined himself to this, and not undertaken to pull down or patch up the State! However irregular in his opinions, Mr. Southey is constant, unremitting, mechanical in his studies, and the performance of his duties. There is nothing Pindaric or Shandean here. In all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous, just. We never heard a single impropriety laid to his charge; and if he has many enemies, few men can boast more numerous or stauncher friends.—The variety and piquancy of his writings form a striking contrast to the mode in which they are produced. He rises early, and writes or reads till breakfast time. He writes or reads after breakfast till dinner, after dinner till tea, and from tea till bed-time—

“And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave—”

on Derwent's banks, beneath the foot of Skiddaw. Study serves him for business, exercise, recreation. He passes from verse to prose, from history to poetry, from reading to writing, by a stop-watch. He writes a fair hand, without blots, sitting upright in his chair, leaves off when he comes to the bottom of the page, and changes the subject for another, as opposite as the Antipodes. His mind is after all rather the recipient and transmitter of knowledge, than the originator of it. He has hardly grasp of thought enough to arrive at any great leading truth. His passions do not amount to more than irritability. With some gall in his pen, and coldness in his manner, he has a great deal of kindness in his heart. Rash in his opinions, he is steady in his attachments—and is a man, in many particulars admirable, in all respectable—his political inconsistency alone excepted!

The portrait of Mr. Irving will please many persons by its coarse humour and ill-nature, but it betrays an angry feeling. While one cannot deny that there is much truth as well as cleverness in the picture, the hand of the caricaturist is too visible; and the Writer seems more intent in saying a good thing about the Hatton Garden Orator, than on fairly esti-

painting his character. The portrait of Mr. Gifford offends us in like manner by the personal feeling which is still more conspicuous in the treatment he meets with. We are inclined to suspect that we detect here another hand. It was unworthy of the Author to deviate from his purpose and to descend so far into the particulars of criticism, as to make the articles against Keats and Hazlitt the main part of his indictment. We do not say that Mr. Gifford can complain of any treatment that he meets with, since he was the first to wage critical war on the principle of giving no quarter. But nothing is ever gained by scurrility. Mr. Jeffrey is as unfairly and partially re-praised as his opponent is abused. Does the Writer expect his reward in the next Number of the Edinburgh Review? It may be perfectly true, that 'the severest of critics is the best natured of men;' but we looked for a fair portrait of the Reviewer. Contrasting him, in this character, with the Translator of Juvenal, he might have compared the one to a buccaneer, the other to an Inquisitor; the one reminding us of the tomahawk, the other, of the thumb-screw. But how dares this portrait-painter meddle with Reviewers? Back to your easel, friend, or ———

As a portrait, one of the finest things in the volume is the character of Sir Walter Scott: we hope it is not a likeness. He is contrasted with Lord Byron as a poet, with admirable discrimination. 'To sum up the distinction in one word,' says this critic, 'Sir Walter Scott is the most *dramatic* writer now living: and Lord Byron the least so.' Here, to make good the antithesis, the latter assertion is carried too far; but the criticism we cannot but deem substantially just, since we long ago expressed a similar opinion. We could have wished that our Satirist had refrained from his attack on Mr. Wilberforce. Twenty years ago, it might have been all fair, but it is now almost dastardly and unfeeling. We do not charge the Writer, however, with personality or malignity here. Indeed, he bears, in one sentence, an honourable testimony to the character which he represents to be a *double-entendre*.

'Mr. Wilberforce is far from being a hypocrite; but he is, we think, as fine a specimen of moral equivocation as can well be conceived. A hypocrite is one who is very reverse of, or who despises the character he pretends to be: Mr. Wilberforce would be all that he pretends to be.'

Perhaps, human sincerity in virtue cannot go much further.

Our readers will perceive that there is more in this volume to admire, than to commend. It is very unequal, full of faults

and beauties. Yet, what would we not give for just such an account of the poets, statesmen, and critics of other days?

Art. VII. *Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions*, collected and preserved by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins. 2 vols. small 8vo. pp. 790. London, 1824.

I WISH,' is the exclamation of Miss Hawkins, 'I could recollect the many stories I have heard of Roubiliac;' and we are parties to that wish for more reasons than one. Roubiliac was a man of great abilities, fertile and original in invention, and masterly in execution; though the former was sometimes injured by the effects of a false and finical taste, less chargeable on the artist himself, than characteristic of the times in which he lived. But if his conception was occasionally defective in simplicity and vigour, the manner in which he realized his ideas is altogether admirable. If the conception and attitudes of his fine monument to the memory of Mrs. Nightingale be liable to censure as savouring more of theatrical effect than of natural character, it is at least exquisite of its class; and if not of the highest style of art, it is at least incomparably superior to the sterile repetitions of many a popular artist whom we shall abstain from naming. Roubiliac's training was in an inferior school, and he felt, all his life-time, the disadvantages of his early instruction: if he had been born within our own times, and had his genius been kindled by the study of the Elgin marbles, he would have been second to none since the days of Agesander. It was a fine illustration at once of his ingenuousness and his high feeling as an artist, that, having in after life visited Italy, and contemplated the master-pieces of ancient art, when he went into Westminster Abbey for the purpose of again inspecting his own compositions, he turned away, exclaiming that *they looked like tobacco-pipes*. The criticism, though essentially just, was by far too unqualified, but it speaks volumes in praise of the intellectual and moral energy of the man who could thus deal with himself. We are not sufficiently acquainted with his history as a sculptor, to know whether any change in his style was subsequently visible. It is deeply to be regretted, that the few and fleeting traces which remain of such men as Roubiliac are not collected and preserved. Something has been recently done, though in a very clumsy way, for Wilson; but there have been many clever men in the English school, during the latter half of the last century, of whom valuable anecdotes might still be obtained. We wish some qualified person would get up a scrap-

book of these recollections. In another twenty years they will have passed irretrievably away. Miss Hawkins has given us a few gleanings which, though not highly important, are worth remembering. It is amusing—and the tale is not without its moral—to know that West would stand before his pictures, descant on their merits, and boast of the rapidity with which they had been executed. It is gratifying, and something more, to learn that Bacon, having undertaken to design and execute an idol for an Indian temple, recollected the second commandment, and threw up the commission. Nor is it uninteresting to hear of the fine tribute paid by such a man to kindred but superior genius, when he observed to Sir John Hawkins, that the Duke of Argyll's monument in Westminster Abbey had but one fault—the name of *Roubiliac* was attached to it, instead of that of *Bacon*. Nollekens is described by Miss H. as a 'stupid, good-humoured man in company,' and she relates of him,—

'that, presenting a picture of his own painting in the Royal Academy, he was required to explain his meaning in some parts. The subject was Abraham entertaining the Angels; and he began to discourse on his mode of treating his subject, in rather a puzzling manner, concluding abruptly with—'You see they are saying, how d'y'e do, Abraham, like.' The cognomen of 'Abraham-like' stuck to him for some years of his youth. When contracting for the monument for Pitt, it was necessary to hint to him, that even at his then time of life, the chances were against his living to complete it; he was therefore desired to name the artist on whom the task should devolve, Chantrey had not then come forward. He said, without hesitation, 'Westmacott.''

Miss Hawkins relates, from her own observation, a little anecdote connected with Chantrey, that is worth repeating.

'When his exquisite statue of little Lady Lucy Russel was exhibiting at Somerset-place, a lady who had just come from it, called to a little boy whom she had before been leading by the hand, to follow her, but he continued to loiter. She spoke again; and I heard him reply in a sort of short breathing—'Mamma, mamma, I can't get away from it.''

The *Johnsoniana* of these volumes are not particularly striking, but some additional particulars occur, chiefly in connexion with his intercourse with the family of Sir John Hawkins. Of course the 'Life' of the great moralist as written by Sir John, comes under notice, and a slight history is given of its origin and progress. Miss H. gives her opinion of its general character in the following terms.

'Whether, of all Dr. Johnson's friends, my father was the most or

the least competent to be his biographer, is a question which I am very willing to leave doubtful. Were I to vote on the subject, I should myself hesitate. Their friendship was indeed of long standing, and had therefore commenced sufficiently early to give Sir J. H. opportunity of studying his character under various lights; this, his powers enabled to do on an enlarged scale.

‘The London booksellers certainly thought my father the fittest person, or they would not have sent a deputation to him, to ask him to undertake the labour. But I shall never cease to wonder at their doing so, for Boswell’s views were, I think, suspected, if not declared; and unless he asserts as bold a falsity as in the story of Lady Rothes’s mango, he had at least tacit permission to exhibit him to the public: and it is very remarkable, and not in the common course of self-care, that notwithstanding this bare-faced *espionnage*, Johnson never appeared to have been influenced in his conversation, either in matter or manner. He who professed to talk for victory, never appeared to talk for reputation. He certainly calculated, and very accurately, the angle at which what he uttered would do most execution; and those in the habit of hearing him, might, when he was well warmed in conversation, observe in him a concentration of his forces, when he meant to be decisive. I was ready to cry out, “Now for it,” while I awaited these explosions, as I should have done, had I seen him inflate his cheeks to try how far he could blow a feather; and feathers indeed some speakers were before him.

‘But against all this, he who waited for the death of his friend with views that might bear a rude comparison, was proof. Why he was not present at the last scenes of this eventful life, was never clearly made out. There was a sort of coquetry in his absence, which was excused by the absence, rather in the language of a lover than a friend: and it is no compliment to the character which he performed, that he does not appear to have been wanted or wished for. I do not think Johnson ever named him to my father.

‘But while I thus depreciate a man who really has done still more to depreciate himself, I would not be unjust to his work. His *Life of Johnson* is a book that must always please; it is entertaining to a degree that makes my father’s appear stiff, cold, and turgid; and I cannot but own, I think my father’s the very worst thing he ever gave to the public.’ pp. 226—230.

We really think this criticism too severe. Sir John’s life of his friend is, with many faults, an important book; it contains much in which Boswell is deficient, and its sketches of Johnson’s associates and contemporaries are exceedingly valuable. On Boswell’s remarks in hostility to Sir John Hawkins, we lay but very little stress: the laird of Auchinlech certainly made up a very interesting book, but it was, in more ways than one, very much at his own expense. The volume of Sir J., with the little amusing duodecimo of Mrs. Piozzi, are not to be dispensed with by those who would form an accurate estimate of Johnson’s habits and character.

The history of Sir John Hawkins's conduct during the riots of 1780, affords some rather awkward illustrations of Lord Mansfield's dastardly feelings on the approach of danger. After sending for Sir John as the representative of the civil power, he shrunk from the energetic measures suggested by the magistrate, and ultimately suffered his house and property to be destroyed without an effort to save them. We have, however, strong doubts about the fairness of preserving all those little traits of mental failure and habitual peculiarity from which no living being is altogether exempt. The following description of another eminent individual is good, but we should not have chosen to be the first to place a truly great man in a ridiculous light.

‘Of Sir William Jones, the memoirs have already appeared before the public; but as what I shall say is not generally known, and is perfectly authentic, it may perhaps be acceptable. I remember to have heard him speak as a Counsel in the Court of King's Bench; the question before the Court arose from private disagreements in a family, which made a separation between husband and wife necessary; and there being a child whose interests were to be taken care of, the interference of the Court was required. A perfect silence prevailed—the attention of all present being attracted to hear what ‘Linguist Jones,’ as he was even then called, would say. Though he could not have been accustomed to hear his own voice in a court of law, for I believe this was his forensic *débüt*, he, nevertheless, spoke with the utmost distinctness and clearness, not at all disconcerted by the novelty of his situation. His tone was highly declamatory, accompanied with what Pope has called ‘balancing his hands,’ and he seemed to consider himself as much a public orator as Cicero or Hortensius could have done. His oration, for such it must be called, lasted, I recollect, near an hour. But the orator, however he might wish to give a grand idea of the office of a pleader, did not, in the course of the business, entirely avoid the ridiculous; for having occasion to mention a case decided by the Court, he stated in the same high declamatory tone in which he had delivered the whole of his speech, that he found ‘that it had been argued by one Mr. Baldwin.’ Not being very conversant with the state of the bar, he did not know that this *one Mr. Baldwin* was, at the time of which I am speaking, a barrister in great business, and was then sitting not half a yard from the orator's elbow. It occasioned a smile, or perhaps more than a smile, on every countenance in Court; but the orator proceeded as steadily as before. In the course of his speech, he had had occasion to mention the governess of a child; and he had done it in such terms as conveyed, and must have conveyed to any one possessed of ordinary comprehension, an idea that she was an extremely improper person to remain with a young lady; on the next day, therefore, Mr. Jones appeared again in the seat which he had occupied the preceding day; and when the judges

had taken their seats, he began in the same high declamatory tone, to inform the Court, that "it was with *the deepest regret* he had learnt that, in what he had had the honour to state to their lordships the preceding day, he was understood to mean to say, that Mrs. ——— was a harlot!!" The gravity of every countenance in Court yielded to the attack thus made upon it, and a general laugh was produced by it."

A specimen or two of the miscellaneous anecdotes must terminate our extracts from these volumes.

' Chief Justice W. was a man of so little personal decorum, that he was perpetually offending against the respect due to his office. He would play cards in the public rooms at watering places; and one night when so engaged, he was extremely annoyed by a young barrister, who, feigning himself intoxicated, stood by the table, looked over his cards, and was so troublesome, that at length W—— spoke sharply to him.—"Sir," said he, pretending to stagger; "I—beg pardon—but I wanted to improve in playing whist; so—so—I came to look over—you; for if—if I, I, I, am not mistaken, Sir,—you are a *judge*."

' Charles Yorke told this fact. His father, Lord Hardwicke, was in the Court of Chancery when Lord Cowper was hearing a cause in which Richard Cromwell had some concern. The counsel made very free and unhandsome use of his name, which offending the good feeling of the Chancellor, who knew that Cromwell must be in court, and at that time a very old man, he looked round, and said, "Is Mr. Cromwell in court?" On his being pointed out to him in the crowd, he very benignly said, "Mr. Cromwell, I fear you are very inconveniently placed where you are; pray come and take a seat on the bench by me." Of course, no more hard speeches were uttered against him. Bulstrode Whitelocke, then at the bar, said to Mr. Yorke, "This day so many years ago, I saw my father carry the great seal before that man through Westminster Hall."

On the whole, these volumes, though sufficiently readable, are deficient in selection: if the two had been reduced to one, much would have been gained in point of permanent value. There are some rather unequivocal symptoms of eking out, which hang somewhat heavily on the work; and a sounder discretion would have left out Sir John's legal arguments, and Mr. Henry Hawkins's political pamphlet. The most interesting portions of the volumes are, however, the least available for extract; and we would refer to the memoirs of Bennet Langton, George Stevens, and Count Jarnac, as containing much that will repay perusal.

Art. VIII. *A Dissertation, intended to explain, establish, and vindicate the Doctrine of Election.* By W. Hamilton, D.D. Minister of Strathblane. 12mo. pp. 274. Price 3s. 6d. London, 1824.

IT was one of the many quaint, pithy sayings of good John Newton, that he liked the flavour of Calvinism in a sermon, as he did that of sugar in his tea, but he did not like to find it in a lump. We fear that a volume on the doctrine of Election, will suggest to many persons the idea of Calvinism in the lump. 'No subject,' remarks Dr. Hamilton in his preface, 'is more unpopular than the doctrine of Election. The great mass of men,' he adds, 'instinctively recoil from the necessity of renouncing all dependence upon their own religious observances and virtuous attainments.' The connexion of these two sentences, however, is not very obvious. The doctrine of Election is recoiled from by many who cordially renounce all dependence upon their own merits for justification before God. Dr. Hamilton ought not to allow himself to confound the unpopularity of this doctrine, for which many causes may be assigned, with the indisposition of the heart to submit to the Scriptural method of salvation. But this mistake, which he falls into at the outset, pervades the work. Election stands, in his pages, for the Divine prescience, for Divine sovereignty, for Justification by faith, for Redemption; in fact, it is made to include the whole sum and substance of the Christian system. The effect of concentrating the attention upon any one point, is strikingly analogous to that which is produced on the eye by looking stedfastly at a bright or dazzling object: after the object is withdrawn, still the bright speck floats before you, and prevents your seeing any thing else clearly for a time. Election is a subject on which it is difficult to gaze steadily: some have fixed their eyes upon it, till they have gone blind. Others have suffered only in the way we speak of. Mention the doctrine of the Atonement: they see Election in it. Redemption, it is the same thing as Election. Insist on the '*stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ articulus*,' Justification by faith, they will tell you, its basis is Election. Speak of the wisdom of God, the goodness of God,—yes, these are but other words for Election. Now, all that they say of Election under this impression must no doubt be true, since it is the entire system of the Gospel that they mean by it. To many persons, they may seem to be giving an undue prominence, a disproportionate importance to one detached doctrine, whereas they must rather be understood as contending, under that title, for the whole New Testament.

We know not to what we can better compare this peculiarity

of phraseology, than the old habit of using contractions in writing. What strange flourishes are made to stand for half a dozen letters in some old Greek manuscripts! But the art of printing has put an end to the use of this enigmatical character. When will theologians cease to be enigmatical?

The wide scope which Dr. Hamilton has allowed himself, will be seen from the Contents.

‘ Chap. I. Of the Nature of Election. Chap. II. Proof of the Doctrine of Election. § 1. The love of order, the desire of enjoying their own will, and the habits of inquiry and consideration, observable in rational agents. § 2. The Attributes of God. § 3. The evidences of design apparent in the works of God. § 4. Prophecies and Promises. § 5. Salvation by grace. § 6. The testimonies of Scripture.

‘ Chap. III. Vindication of Election. § 1. Defence of Election from the charge that it is dishonourable to the character of God. § 2. — from the charge that it is inconsistent with the freedom of the will. § 3. — from its supposed inconsistency with the universal calls and free offers of the Gospel.’

A short extract will shew the Author’s view of the nature of the subject.

‘ But, whilst in this manner we are compelled to admit that salvation, in all its parts, is of grace; that conversion is the work of God; and that every individual who is born again, is not only rendered spiritually minded, but is actually born of the Spirit; another question instantly and inevitably meets us: When did God resolve on this gracious result? Did He or did He not think of it till the moment when the Spirit commenced his saving operations? If He entertained the purpose before that interesting period, when was it first formed? Was this from everlasting? or at the birth of the man? or merely a day, or an hour, or a moment before he called him by his grace?—These questions lie at the foundation of all the discussion respecting the decrees of God; and the issue of the whole controversy turns upon the answer which they ought to receive. The opponent of Election imagines that the effect is altogether extemporary; and that, whatever may be the agency of God in conversion, and the extent of His foreknowledge, up to the moment of execution, He has no will nor purpose upon the subject; and that He is not more determined effectually to apply the blessings of the Gospel to one than to another; to John than to Judas, to Paul than to Caiaphas.

‘ However much the advocates of this hypothesis may be delighted with its simplicity, and confident in its strength, if we are to judge of the perfections of God, by what we observe in the best and most enlightened of men, we must at once declare it utterly untenable.’

pp. 26, 7.

Now we must be permitted to say, that the issue of the whole controversy by no means turns upon the answer which such questions ought to receive, for they are questions which deserve no answer. Nor would the opponent of Election accept Dr. Hamilton's statement of the sentiment he attributes to him. Would it not have been better to give the 'imagination' of his opponents in their own words. If the Author is not fighting with a man of straw, why not name the writers who hold the opinion referred to?

His attempt to infer the necessary truth of the doctrine from the love of order in the Divine mind, strikes us, we must confess, as both a failure and an impropriety. The Divine prescience may be clearly proved to be a necessary perfection of Deity; but our knowledge of the Divine purposes must be derived purely from Revelation, and all *a priori* speculations respecting them are worse than superfluous. But our readers shall judge. The following is the summing up of the second chapter.

'In the mean time, on looking back upon the ground over which we have travelled, we are necessarily led to ask, Is it true, as we have proved, that every man of wisdom and of worth, possesses a love of order, a desire to follow the dictates of his own will and judgment, and a habit of inquiry and consideration? and is it also true, that the powers of God's understanding and the inherent unchangeable rectitude of his nature, just as far surpass all created intelligence and goodness, as the heavens are higher than the earth; and that in every thing in which we excel, he is infinitely above us? Is it true, that from everlasting to everlasting he is God, and that he is in all and through all; and that whilst he inhabits eternity and fills immensity, he at once sees and comprehends the past, the present, and the future? Is it true, that his understanding is infinite, and his nature unchangeable; and that, whilst he knows the properties of every creature that he has made, what he has once purposed, he will infallibly bring to pass? Is it true, that his power is omnipotent, and that its exercise perpetually depends upon his will; and that every thing that exists, has been made by his pleasure, and is upheld by his own providence and care? Is it true, that his wisdom and goodness are inconceivable and absolutely unbounded; and that it is an essential attribute of wisdom and of goodness to pursue the best and noblest ends by the simplest and most efficient measures? Is it true, that without a plan and a purpose, we could discover no trace of order and regularity amongst his works? and is it likewise true, that the universe is replete with the proofs of a constancy which never varies, and of a skill the most perfect and stupendous? Is it true, that the agent's declaring before-hand, exactly what he afterwards produces, demonstrates deliberate and fixed determination? and is it true, that the Bible contains an uninterrupted train of prophecies and promises, extending from the beginning to the end of

time, and embracing an outline of the whole of God's conduct towards the children of men? Is it true that the change of the human heart is wholly his work; and that while he is able to subdue even all things to himself, he leaves multitudes to live in security and sloth, to die in impenitence and sin, and descend to everlasting destruction? Is it true, that the scriptures again and again proclaim the right and the power of the Most High to do what he pleases in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and in all deep places; that his counsel shall stand, and that he will do all his pleasure?

'Is all this true? And who that confides in the evidence either of reason or revelation, can doubt or deny its truth? Then, with whatever difficulty it may be supposed to be attended, we may most securely rely on the fact, that the whole of the Divine government is planned and fixed; that whatever God does, is done from design; that he worketh all according to the counsel of his will; that there is an election of Grace; and that they who are saved, are saved and called with a holy calling, not according to their works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given them in Christ Jesus, before the world began.' pp. 167-9.

The propositions contained in the last paragraph, no Christian man, we apprehend, would deny; and in fact, the conclusions are clearer and more certain, taken by themselves, than the proofs adduced by the Writer to establish them. This will apply to the whole work. The Author's doctrines we, in the main, cordially approve of; it is to his reasonings and subordinate statements that we hesitate to assent. Dr. Hamilton writes like a sensible and pious man, and his object in the publication has been, we are persuaded, the good of his fellow creatures. But after all, what is the tendency of such disquisitions? On an unbeliever, we should fear that they would make an unfavourable and injurious impression; what is the effect they are adapted to produce on the mind of a believer? Is it a practical, is it a devotional effect? We question it.

It is, we think, a serious omission in such a work, that the practical uses of the doctrine have not been thought to require distinct notice. The language of systematic Theology is, 'It is so, and you are to believe it.' We find nothing like this frigid, dogmatic mode of exhibiting truth in the sacred writings. There, doctrines are never introduced apart from their moral purpose; but there is always to be found a reason for their being brought forward, in the obvious scope and holy tendency of the train of thought in which they occur. When the Apostles call upon men to believe, it is to believe *unto salvation*. What they are intent upon, is not, as their ultimate object, the initiation into a creed, but the formation of the Christian character. Separated from this moral aim, theology is the most uninteresting and useless of studies. Take the doctrine of

Election, for instance, and let us suppose that Dr. Hamilton's readers are brought entirely to acquiesce in the justness of his statements: what then? Will the perusal have promoted in their hearts love to the Divine Being? May not a man be as orthodox a believer in Election, as the Author could wish him to be, and yet remain at enmity with the moral government of God? This will surely be admitted. It cannot be concealed, that there are hundreds of unconverted, unprincipled men among the orthodox. Now the question is, not whether the Scripture doctrine of Election, or any other revealed truth, has a holy tendency; for this it were impious to doubt; but whether such polemical exhibitions of the doctrine are adapted to promote the end of all truth, which is to sanctify the heart and regenerate the character.

The apology usually made for treating of such topics, either in the pulpit or in essays and disquisitions, is, that they are controverted and opposed. But what if they were not controverted, would it be the less necessary to insist on all that Scripture has revealed? Would it cease to be necessary to preach and uphold the doctrine of the Atonement, if there were no Socinian left to impugn it? It is highly proper to notice, when the occasion calls for it, the objections which are urged against the truth of a doctrine; but defences, apologies, and vindications are apt to leave out or keep in the background, the *positive* recommendations of the truths they advocate: while insisting on their certainty, they say little that can illustrate their excellence. Whereas the only efficient motive for embracing truth, lies in its moral excellence.

There are many pious individuals who believe in the doctrine of Election as usually stated,—that is, they acknowledge it to be a Scripture doctrine; but still, were they to speak out, they would say, they wish it were not in Scripture. It is a part of the system of belief which they dare not discard, but it has no relation in their minds to any practical result, any virtuous or holy feeling. While they do homage to the authority of Revelation, this seems to them a truth scarcely worth being revealed. In their case, it will not be said, that it is the opposition of the heart to the humbling doctrines of the Gospel, that causes their dissatisfaction. We must conclude, either that the doctrine itself, which presents itself under this repulsive aspect, is not scriptural, or that their minds have never been fairly brought into contact with the doctrine in its true character. We believe the latter to be the case, and the reason is, that they have perhaps seldom or ever had the doctrine exhibited to them otherwise than controversially: they have never been taught *why* they should believe it.

This gives the Antinomian teacher an immense advantage in the pernicious use he makes of these ill-understood doctrines. They do not lie idle in *his* mind. He well knows, and his hearers too, *why* he holds and preaches 'Election.' He has uses for the doctrine which the Apostles never dreamed of applying it to. It is almost the only active principle of his creed; but it acts in a direction the very contrary to that in which it was intended to operate.

We have often thought that this fact supplies a presumption against the scriptural character of Antinomianism, so strong as to warrant our pronouncing its condemnation, independent of any direct refutation. The use which the Antinomian makes of the doctrine of the Election, is clearly such as to produce an effect precisely opposite to what the Apostle designed. St. Paul labours to refute the idea of merit or works in the believer as the *cause* of his being chosen to eternal life; for the purpose of exalting the gratuitousness of the Divine mercy, so as to exclude boasting: the Antinomian fancies himself personally elected, not by mercy, but by favouritism, and of this he does boast. The argument of the Apostle is thus illustrated by Calvin in his commentary on Eph. i. 4. 'Therefore, if the cause be sought, why God has called us to a participation in the Gospel, why he vouchsafes daily to confer on us so many benefits, why he opens heaven to us, we must ever recur to that as a first principle, Because he has chosen us before the foundation of the world. Moreover, that this choice is gratuitous, may be deduced from the very time of it; for what excellency could attach to us, what merit could be apparent in us, before the world was made? For, how puerile that sophistical cavil, that we were chosen, not because we were already worthy, but because God foresaw that we should become so. We were all lost in Adam; therefore, unless God redeem us from destruction by his own choice, he can foresee nothing different as the issue.' But for the interposition of God in sending his Son to redeem and enlighten the world, what good works could he have foreseen in any? The Apostle's argument is, that, as the Divine purpose to redeem his church was from eternity, (in common with all the Divine purposes,) nothing in us could originate the love of God, since it was "when we were enemies, that Christ died for us." At the time this sovereign purpose was formed, the subjects of it had no existence. Their existence in the Divine mind is a metaphysical abstraction with which the Apostle does not concern himself. And previously to their embracing the Gospel, they were "dead," even as others, "children of wrath," even as others. And why does he urge this? That they might

look upon themselves as eternal favourites of God? Precisely the reverse of this is his design; that they might ascribe their salvation to pure, absolute, gratuitous mercy. "We love him," says St. John, "because he first loved us"—so loved us as to send his Son to die for us.

But, while the Antinomian readily admits that it was not foreseen good works that caused or prompted the Divine love, yet, he conceives it to have been his foreseen *self* as the object of the Divine *complacency*, which originated the plan of salvation—his own person as the object of Divine favouritism, notwithstanding all those sins attaching to him, which, in others, awake God's holy wrath. The only difference between him and the Arminian is, that the latter ascribes to *foreseen good works* what the former refers to a *foreseen relation*—a relation preceding the existence of the thing related, for he affirms it to have been eternal, whereas his own existence is but of yesterday. One would imagine that nothing can be eternally related, that has not eternally existed. To the virtue, however, of this supposed eternal personal relation, the Antinomian ascribes, what the Arminian ascribes to the meritorious virtue of good works,—the causing or determining of God's electing love, or sovereign favour. Boasting, on either hypothesis, is *not* excluded. God's mercy, in either case, is not gratuitous; nor is it mercy. Nay, as men are more apt to be proud of their relative circumstances, of the distinctions of birth and family connexions, than of their personal virtue, so, the Antinomian is found the greater boaster of the two.

But is it not said, "According as he has chosen us *in him* before the foundation of the world?" We answer with Calvin: '*In Christo, ergo extra nos. Hoc est, non intuitu dignitatis nostræ, sed quoniam adoptionis beneficio celestis Pater nos inserevit in Christi corpus. Denique Christi nomen omne meritum excludit, et quicquid ex se habent homines; nam ex quo dicit nos in Christo electos, sequitur indignos fuisse in nobis.*' Here, this most judicious Expositor speaks a language in the strictest accordance with the other Reformers to whom he has been sometimes ignorantly opposed. Assuredly, God's purpose to save his Church dates 'from the beginning.' "*In Christ,*" they were chosen, as the Jews were chosen in Abraham,—chosen in Christ, the second Adam; chosen as a people, although as individuals they were once without Christ. As individuals, Christians were not eternally in Christ, for no man can be in Christ, but as he "*is a new creature.*" Scripture speaks of them as predestinated to be adopted, sanctified, &c.; then, they were not always adopted and sanctified. It is one thing for the Church to be chosen "*in Christ*" before the

foundation of the word ; another thing for the believer to be born into God's redeemed family through faith. And so distinct and different are these two things, that, according to Calvin, and according to Scripture too, our being chosen in Christ *excludes* the idea of our being personally chosen—chosen in ourselves. So that St. Paul is here the direct antagonist of the Antinomian.

The general doctrine which, both in the passage alluded to and elsewhere, the inspired Apostle labours to establish is, that the efficient cause of our salvation is the spontaneous, gratuitous, eternal good pleasure of God. It is the glory of the Godhead to be self-originate, uncaused, unmoved *ab extra*, as in his nature, so, in his manifestations. He was not moved or prompted to create, but by his own good pleasure. And thus, the Apostle traces the new creation to the same unprompted, self-originated love. " For of him, and by him, " and to him all things, to whom be glory for ever."

The Scriptural design, then, of what is called the doctrine of Election, is obviously no other, than to exalt the gratuitousness of the Divine Mercy, with a view to excite in the mind of the Christian, the emotion of humble gratitude and love. Representations which have not this for their object, which have an opposite tendency, whatever may be their abstract truth, have no claim to be accepted as the Scripture doctrine of Election. When it is attempted, for instance, to rest that doctrine on the Divine love of order, so resolving the very attribute of mercy into a sense of propriety, and the Divine prescience into sagacious foresight ; or when the subject is presented to us clothed with the technical jargon of theology, and the boundless, ineffable, soul-melting compassion of Deity is transformed into a decree !—we appeal to every pious breast, whether such representations have the specific effect of promoting a sacred and ingenuous delight in the Divine character ; whether they do not, on the contrary, bear us away into the region of gloomy and terrific abstractions, where that inscrutable mystery, the origin of evil, comes sweeping over the mind, like a dark, humid cloud, intercepting the sunshine of Heaven. How well would it have been both for the peace and the edification of the Church, if all who profess and call themselves Calvinists, had attended to their master's caution on this very subject,—a caution which might seem to have suggested the very language of the Seventeenth Article of the Church of England : '*Sed meminerimus quorsum hinc de Predestinatione Paulus disputat, ne alius fines in disputationibus nostris spectando, PERICULOSE ERREMUS.*'

Art. IX. *Popery in 1824. A Circular Letter of Pope Leo the Twelfth, to the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church: and the Bull of Jubilee for the Year 1825. Translated from the Original Latin, with an Introduction and Notes. 8vo. pp. 32. London. 1825.*

WE feel the pride of office stirring within us, we feel how great is our elevation as Reviewers, in being called upon to pass our critical judgement on the first production of a new *Pope*. But this feeling, while we write, has given way to another sentiment,—that of heart-felt, grateful elation at the prerogative which we share with all our fellow-Protestants, of “trying the spirits, whether they be of God.” “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Here, in this happy country, we can make as free with a Pope’s Bull as with a Bishop’s Charge; we can discuss either without fear of the Star Chamber or the Inquisition; and we are too apt to think of Popery as a thing that is past, only because it is locally distant. But here is the identical Giant Pope, the brother of Giant Pagan, that we read of in the Pilgrim’s Progress when we were boys, come to life again, a real incarnation in the body of Pope Leo the Twelfth—‘the most holy Lord, our Lord Leo’—the “man of Sin” with all his names of blasphemy burned into his forehead. Here is Popery, the same monstrous compound of licentiousness, tyranny, and blasphemy, that it was when Luther set up the standard of the Lord against it in the sixteenth century. A man whose gallantries at Rome were matter of public scandal a few years ago, and whose immoralities were far from blushing and secret in other places, now being invested with the three hats and the title of Holiness, begins his career of iniquity with trying to raise money in the name of the Lord, by proclaiming a plenary indulgence, remission, and pardon of sin to all who shall go on pilgrimage to the Seven Hills, on conditions hereafter specified. What an admirable comment does this precious document supply, on the language which has been held, session after session, in a certain great house, respecting the enlightened spirit of the age, the altered character of Popery, the bigotry and the nursery fears of Protestants! Those sage advocates of the Irish Catholics, who could find no better ground to rest their claims upon, than the poetical fiction, that Popery had become liberalised—what will they say now? Were not the subject too grave for banter or jest, we could feel almost amused at the new tone which this Circular and Bull may be expected to give to certain discussions. And what will Mr. Wix now say to a reconciliation between Mother Rome and her run-away daughter?

Although we hope that every one of our readers will put himself in possession of this nefarious document, we cannot refrain from inserting in our pages, a few paragraphs from the "Bull of Jubilee."

'Leo, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to all the faithful in CHRIST who shall inspect these presents, health and apostolical blessing!

'The LORD, in the exercise of his compassion, has at length granted to our Lowliness, to announce to you with gladness the near approach of that which may now be felicitously celebrated according to the usages and institutions [*majorum*] of the ancients, but which, through the dreadful asperity of the times, was omitted at the commencement of this century,—an omission which we deeply lamented. That most auspicious year is near, a year to be most religiously venerated, in which there will be a concourse from the whole world, to this our fair and holy city, and the See of the blessed PETER; and in which, all the faithful, being excited to [*officiu*] the duties of piety, have all the most ample succours of reconciliation and grace proposed to them, for the salvation of their souls. For in this year, which we properly call 'an acceptable time and [a day] of salvation,' we rejoice in the grand opportunity afforded to us, after the deplorable series of ills over which we have groaned, to strive to restore all things in CHRIST, by the salutary [saving] expiation of all christian people. We have therefore decreed, according to the authority which is divinely committed to us, to open as widely as possible, that heavenly treasury, which being purchased by the merits, passions, and virtues of our LORD CHRIST, of his Virgin Mother, and of all saints, the Author of human salvation has entrusted the distribution of it to us.....

'Advancing therefore by our wishes these numerous and great advantages to souls,—and having in confidence of mind asked in prayer of God, the Giver of all good, by the bowels of his mercy, that which is required by a regard to the appointed time, and which is pointed out by the pious institutions of the Roman Pontiffs our predecessors,—treading also in the footsteps, with the consent of our brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Romish Church, by the authority of the omnipotent God, and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, as well as by our own,—for the glory of God himself, for the exaltation of the Catholic Church, and for the sanctification of all Christian people, we proclaim and publish the Universal and Great Jubilee to commence in this Holy City, from the first vespers of the next eve of the Nativity of our most Holy SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, and to continue through the whole of the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five. During this year of Jubilee, we mercifully in the LORD grant and impart the most plenary and complete indulgence, remission, and pardon of all their sins, to all the faithful in CHRIST, of both sexes, who are truly penitent, and have confessed, and who have likewise refreshed themselves with the Holy Communion,—provided, (if Romans, or inhabitants of the city,) they shall

have devoutly visited these churches of the city, that of the blessed Peter and Paul, of St. John Lateran, and that of St. Mary Major, at least once a day, for thirty days, whether successive or [*interpolatos*] interrupted, natural, or even ecclesiastical, to be computed from the first vespers of one day, to the complete evening twilight of the succeeding day; but if they be foreigners, or in any respect strangers, they must have visited these churches, at least fifteen days, as already described;—provided also, that they shall have poured forth pious prayers to God for the exaltation of the Holy Church, the extirpation of heresies, the concord of Catholic Princes, and the salvation and tranquillity [*christiani populi*] of Christendom.....

‘We make this announcement to you, our sons, from our paternal affection, that those of you ‘who are weary and heavy laden,’ may fly to the place where you know for a certainty that you will receive rest and be refreshed. For [*neque fas est*] it is criminal to be idle and negligent in applying for saving riches, out of those eternal treasures of divine grace, which are opened by our most holy and indulgent mother, the Church, when such an intense desire is manifested to procure earthly riches, which the moth corrupts, and the rust destroys. But since, even from ancient times, it has been a prevalent custom for immense and perpetual concourses of men of all ranks, from every part of the wide world, (although their route was long and dangerous.) to visit this principal [*domicilium*] seat and abode of the Fine Arts, upon which they look almost as on a prodigy, glittering and effulgent in the magnificence of its edifices, the majesty of its situation, and the beauty of its monuments; it would therefore be shameful and most contrary to a desire of eternal blessedness, to urge, as pretences for declining a journey to Rome, the difficulties on the road, the accidents of fortune, or other causes of this description. There is, my beloved children, there is that, which will most abundantly compensate every species of inconvenience; nay, if by chance, any sufferings occur, they will not ‘be worthy to be [compared with] the weight of future glory,’ that, by the blessing of God, ‘will be wrought out for you’ by those aids which are prepared for the benefit of souls. For you shall reap from this journey a most ample harvest of penitence, out of which you may offer to God the castigation of your bodies, through the long continuance of your [*molestorum actuum*] painful acts of mortification, may in holiness perform the conditions prescribed by the laws of the indulgences, and may add this new advantage to the determination which you have formed and constantly hold, of punishing and repelling your crimes.

‘Come up, therefore, with your loins girt, to this holy Jerusalem, to this priestly and royal city, which has become the capital of the world by its being the See of the blessed Peter, and is conspicuously seen to exercise a wider presidency by its divine religion, than by its earthly dominion. ‘This is indeed the city,’ said St. CHARLES, when exhorting his people to undertake a journey to Rome during the sacred year, ‘this is the city, whose soil, walls, altars, churches,

the sepulchres of its martyrs, and whatever objects present themselves to the sight, suggest something sacred to the mind, as those persons experience and feel, who, after due preparation, visit those sacred recesses.' Reflect how greatly a walk round those ancient places, which, through the majesty of religion, wonderfully recommend themselves, may contribute to excite faith and charity in the minds of spectators. There, many thousands of martyrs are presented to their view, whose blood has consecrated the very ground; they enter their churches, behold their [*titulos*] epitaphs, and [*venerrari*] do reverence to their relics. Besides, as ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM has said, 'Since the heavens are as resplendent when the sun emits his rays, as the city of the Romans which contains those two lights, Peter and Paul, who transmit their rays through the whole earth: what person [*auserit*] will have the audacity to approach [the places where those Apostles made their] confessions, to prostrate himself before their tombs, and to kiss their fetters, which are far more precious than gold or jewels, unless [he be impelled] by a feeling of the most intense devotion? And who can refrain from tears either while beholding the cradle of CHRIST, and recollecting at the same time the cries of the infant JESUS in the manger; or while adoring the sacred instrument of our LORD's passion, and then meditating on the REDEEMER of the world hanging on the cross?"

' Since, by the singular liberality of Divine Providence, these august monuments of religion are united together in this city alone, they are in reality, certain, most sweet, and pleasant pledges of that affection, by which 'the LORD loveth the gates of Zion above all the tabernacles of Jacob;' and they most affectionately invite all of you, my beloved children, to lay aside all delay, and to ascend that mountain in which GOD has been pleased to dwell.'

The main purpose of the Circular will be seen from the following extract.

' It is no secret to you, venerable Brethren, that a certain society, vulgarly called 'THE BIBLE SOCIETY,' [*audacter vagari*,] is audaciously disspreading itself through the whole world. After despising the traditions of the Holy Fathers, and in opposition to the well-known decree of the Council of Trent, (Session the Fourth, on the publication and use of the Sacred Books,) this Society has collected all its forces, and directs every means to one object,—to the translation, or rather to the perversion of THE BIBLE into the vernacular languages of all nations! From this fact there is strong ground of fear, lest, as in some instances already known, so likewise in the rest, through a perverse interpretation, there be framed out of the Gospel of CHRIST, a Gospel of man, or, what is worse, a Gospel of the Devil.

... ..

' Behold, venerable Brethren, what is the tendency of this Society, which, in order to the fulfilment of its impious wishes, leaves nothing

unattempted. For it congratulates itself, not only on printing and publishing its various translations [of the Scriptures], but likewise on its visiting all cities, and dispersing its editions among the populace in them : beside this, that it may entice the minds of the simple, it is sometimes careful to sell [the copies], and at other times it delights, with an insidious liberality, to distribute them gratuitously.'

pp. 17—19.

These paragraphs require no comment. It will be a happy circumstance if this publication should lead any of the Protestant enemies of the Bible Society to see whose work they have been doing. Surely, they will blush at their fellow-servant, if they are not ashamed of their livery.

Art. X. *A Short Extract of the Life of General Mina.* Published by Himself. 8vo. pp. 108. Price 5s. London, 1825.

THIS is a sort of memorial, in Spanish and English, of General Mina's patriotic services in the Peninsula. We rejoice that he lives to tell the tale. His feats and his escapes read more like romance than history, and remind us of the exploits of the Cid, more than of any thing in modern days. He belongs to the age of Froissart,—but, indeed, so does almost every thing in Spain; or he may be considered as the Pelayo of the nineteenth century. While Mina lives, the struggle for independence cannot be terminated; and the wretched Ferdinand may yet be made to tremble on his throne. Were Xavier but alive, the uncle and the nephew would in themselves be a host. But he perished in Mexico, the victim of his chivalrous but ill-planned attempt to break the yoke of Spain in the New World. He seems to have wanted the prudence and sagacity of his uncle; and his suffering himself to be surprised, was an error—to him a fatal one. In every other respect, his manly, humane, heroic character, rendered him worthier of a better fate.

The profits of the present publication are avowedly dedicated to patriotic purposes. This will sufficiently apologize for the somewhat costly style in which this brief statement makes its appearance. We purposely refrain from giving any extract, that we may not defeat the object we have in view in noticing the publication.

Art XI. *Fashionable Amusements the Bane of Youth: a Sermon.*
By John Morison, Author of "Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life." Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 58. Price 1s. 6d.
London. 1825.

TO call upon persons, young or old, to part with any thing which they deem pleasure, or conducive to happiness, without making them sensible of the surpassing value of what you propose to them as an equivalent, must be unavailing. He who knew what was in man, when he called upon his disciples to renounce their worldly pursuits and possessions, uniformly accompanied his injunctions with the promise of an equivalent,—in pleasure, in honours, or riches of a higher kind. It would be well, if preachers, in warning the young against the snares of worldly pleasure, would always bear in mind, that the only way to win the mind over to religion is, by shewing it to be the greater good. Mr. Morison, with his accustomed good sense, has adopted this method in the plain, affectionate sermon before us.

‘I should tremble, however,’ he says, ‘to dissuade my young friends from the pursuit of unsubstantial worldly pleasures, if I could not present before them something more worthy of their regard—something more productive of security and peace. We want you to make an experiment for happiness on principles the force and influence of which you may not as yet have tried. We long to see you the cheerful, active, and holy disciples of Christ. For the pleasures of the world, we are anxious to see imparted to you, the witness of a good conscience, and the joys of faith. We have no wish to make you less happy, but, in reality, more so. It becomes you, at the same time, to remember, that happiness depends on a *state of mind*;—that state of mind is religion implanted in the heart by divine grace. And where divine grace has imparted its inestimable treasures, the soul is made conscious of its stupendous wealth, and no longer covets the poor and beggarly delights of worldly minds. We only ask you, then, to make trial of true religion as a source of happiness. Till you have done so, you are unjust to yourself, as well as disobedient to the claims of the divine Redeemer, who has said, “My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” It is only the regenerating influence of the religion of Jesus that can effectually regulate the purposes and passions of the human heart. Until we yield up our minds to the government of Heaven, we are too often blind to our best interests, and call that pleasure and happiness, which constitutes the very bane of the immortal soul. There is a spiritual disorder in the understanding and heart, which it is the province of true faith to rectify and subdue. By superinducing new convictions and new tastes, it prepares for higher and more sacred enjoyments. It delivers from worldly and dissipating amusements, not so much by bringing home the conviction of their absolute sinfulness, as by elevating the moral

taste, and introducing the mind into a region where it feels all the sacred freedom of a spiritual emancipation. You greatly mistake if you imagine that true Christians regret the relinquishment of their former vain pursuits. Ask them, and they will tell you, that till they did relinquish them, they were strangers to real bliss. And so it will be with you. Pleasure is an avaricious goddess; the more she is served, the more she demands, and the less she is satisfied. Break, then, my young friends—I beseech you, break with her accursed idolatry. Though she is decked in meretricious attire, and beckons you with a smile, “let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths; for she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her.” pp. 44—46.

Towards the close of the sermon, Mr. Morison briefly points out some of the sources of youthful recreation which he considers to be expedient and lawful. Here, however, he ‘uses shortness.’ He mentions healthful exercise, the pleasures of knowledge, the pleasures of society, the pleasures of doing good, and the pleasures of appropriate duty. All this is very well, but something more was desirable, than a catalogue of generalities, which would baulk the expectation of a youthful inquirer. Perhaps this is a part of the subject which addresses itself more particularly to parents. ‘Teach your children,’ it might be said, ‘to love Nature, to love home, make them your companions, provide them with innocent delights, cultivate their affections, cherish in them a taste for intellectual pleasures; and then you may safely lay your parental interdict on those fashionable amusements which are the bane of youth.’

We think it might easily be proved, that no pleasure which the amusements alluded to can possibly yield, is equal to the pain inseparably attendant on a passion for such amusements. ‘All experience shews,’ says Mr. Morison, ‘that he who lives on worldly pleasures, is a stranger to real enjoyment.’ This is very just. The fact is, that with regard to all unnatural appetites, (and the craving for amusement is of this description,) the gratification never corresponds to the intensity of the passion, at least after the first vivid impression of novelty has passed away; but the power of enjoyment continually lessens, while the desire remains unabated and incurable. The pitiable character of the old man of pleasure, and the still more affecting counterpart in the female character, might with effect be held up to the young as a warning against surrendering themselves to the *hard* service of dissipation. Such subjects require to be pressed home; and such sermons as these, temperate, affectionate, and impressive, we should be glad more frequently to meet with. We cordially recommend it to our young readers.

Art. XII. *A Vindication of those Citizens of Geneva and other Persons who have been instrumental in the Revival of Scriptural Religion in that City* : occasioned by the Statements of Mons. J. J. Chenevière and Robert Bakewell, Esq. By John Pye Smith, D.D. 8vo. pp. 78. Price 2s. London. 1825.

WE have had occasion more than once to refer to the subject to which this pamphlet relates: and our readers are sufficiently informed as to the origin of the theological controversy, of which Professor Chenevière pretends to give a summary in the articles inserted in the *Monthly Repository*.* The present very interesting pamphlet is not merely an able exposure of the want of integrity which characterises the Professor's statement, and a candid vindication of the separatists from the Church of Geneva, but a valuable document, illustrating in a striking manner the genius of religious liberalism. In M. Chenevière's declamatory production, says Dr. Smith,

‘ an enlightened Englishman familiarized to the principles of religious liberty, can not fail to discern, through the diffuseness of the Professor's style, and the cloudiness of his reasoning, an arrogance of pretension and an assumption of claims which would have well befitted a St. Dominic or a Gregory VII. Melancholy indeed it is, to see men who occupy the higher stations among the citizens of a renowned Protestant republic, and who boast of their glory and purity, their knowledge and virtue; yet proving that they have not learned the first rudiments of truth and reason with regard to the rights of conscience, free inquiry, and honourable profession of religious belief.’

The Professor's own statements, stripped of their special pleading, admit it to be a fact, that

‘ M. Malan, a minister of spotless character, rare talents, distinguished attainments, and most kind and amiable manners, was, by the intrigues of some among the clergy, first deprived of his situation as a tutor in the college, the chief support of his family; then ejected from the pulpits of the Establishment; then reproached as if he were committing the greatest crime, because he preached in a chapel erected in his own garden at his own expense, with the aid of some friends; afterwards dragged before the Venerable Company or Consistory, interrogated like a criminal at the bar, or rather like a victim of the Holy Office at Madrid; and finally, deprived and degraded, so far as it was in the power of M. Chenevière and his ruthless associates to degrade such a man; a man whose appearance before them forcibly

* See Art. on Geneva Catechism. Eclect. Rev. Jan. 1818.

reminds us of that of Huss and Jerome before the Council of Constance.'

This conduct on the part of the Genevese ecclesiastics has found an apologist in Mr. Bakewell, upon two grounds; first, that the old Calvinists of Geneva manifested the same intolerant spirit; secondly, that every religious society has a right to form and to enforce its own regulations. To the former argument, Dr. Smith replies :

' It is to no purpose to dilate, as Mr. Bakewell has done, upon the intolerant and persecuting spirit of the old Calvinists of Geneva. My papers have admitted and deplored and condemned it. In this respect, they fell under the same condemnation as, I mourn to say, all the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, except the Congregationalists of England, the Antipædobaptists, and the Quakers. But the more modern Church of Geneva has no excuse if, in this greatest of all respects, it has not kept up with the march of the age, the progress of liberal and just opinions. The chief Authors of its altered state, when they imported Mr. Locke's notions as a theologian, ought also to have paid him practical honour, as the noble and unanswerable advocate of Religious Freedom. Consistent Christians of all denominations, in the present day, lament the slowness of their predecessors, at the period of the Reformation, to perceive the universal right of full religious liberty. But this mischievous defect was not peculiar to Calvinists: the Lutherans, the English Arminians under Laud and the Steuarts, and other classes of Protestants, were deeply infected by it. However, it should not be forgotten, that the body of men who first stood forwards as the advocates of toleration, were the English Independents or Congregationalists, and that *they were* CALVINISTS.

' For what purpose, but that of creating an unfair odium, does Mr. Bakewell introduce the sanguinary executions of Geneva for the crime of witchcraft, in the times of the Calvinistic ascendancy? He cannot but know that, during that period, most, if not all, civilized nations laboured under the same delusion; and that, in England, a considerable number of persons was executed for that imaginary crime.'

Mr. Bakewell's second argument comes with an admirable grace from an enemy of creeds and articles of subscription. Admit that every religious society has a right to form its own regulations, and the Act of Uniformity itself can no longer be regarded as an act of malignant intolerance and ecclesiastical tyranny. Then hath the Church power to decree rites and ceremonies, and every little congregation of faithful men may enact its peculiar terms of communion. Then the Convocation of this country might rightfully, had they but the power, exact from the clergy, on the penalty of expulsion, not subscription

to the Thirty-nine Articles merely, but to all Bishop Marsh's questions. If the regulations which a religious society forms for its internal management, be of an intolerant character, laying undue restrictions upon its members, determining by authority what it is not in the province of authority to determine, and exacting an obedience which ought not to be surrendered,—the right of the society to make such regulations must be a right to be intolerant! The plea set up for the Genevese clergy, is precisely the same as has been made for every infringement of religious liberty,—that their object was to secure peace, and order, and uniformity. Dr. Smith very forcibly asks: 'Were the ministers of Geneva freed from the authority of a known, clear, and intelligible Confession of Faith, in order to receive the far heavier yoke of the undefinable and mutable opinions of those who, from time to time, might form the majority in the Consistory?'

But Dr. Smith contends, moreover, that the terms of the iniquitous regulation which M. Malan was excommunicated for violating, itself left him all the liberty he took.

'The prohibition to "*discuss*," in the only proper sense of the word, could extend to nothing but the polemical examination of arguments and objections. Practical applications of the doctrines which (however differently understood by the individual pastors, each putting his own meaning upon terms left designedly short, or ambiguous) were already professed to be believed in a general sense, are most certainly not *discussions* of those doctrines. For example: the Regulation commands "to abstain from discussing—the manner in which the Divine Nature is united to the person of Jesus Christ." Now, surely, a prohibition to discuss *the manner* of a given fact or position *implies* the admission of *the reality* of that fact or position. When, therefore, M. Malan founded upon that admission his earnest exhortations to submit to the authority and grace of Christ, and his solemn warnings against treating the Divine Redeemer with disobedience or indifference, he was acting within the fair meaning of the restriction. In like manner, if the other articles under prohibition were interpreted by the rules of reason and equity, I believe it would be found that M. Malan was not chargeable with transgressing them.

'The case which Mr. Bakewell has imagined, does not possess a sufficient analogy to justify his conclusions. If an English Dissenting minister alters his religious sentiments, he finds a class of persons congenial to his new views, and, separating from his old connexion, he joins himself to them: and, if his congregation participate in the change, they have the right and the power to retain him as their pastor and teacher. The separation may be painful, but it is easily effected, and neither party can give laws to the other. But the Church of Geneva *cannot be justly represented as Unitarian*. It has taken the ground of NEUTRALITY OF INDIFFERENCE, with regard to

the great points at issue between the chief denominations of Protestants. Its two Catechisms and its Liturgy are, I conceive, the only documents that can be considered as declaratory of its faith; and they are of that kind that persons of very different sentiments may build their own doctrines upon them. Its clergy also are very far from being united in sentiment. While some are Arminians of the school of Episcopius and Limborch, others are Arians, and some go near to the verge of the German disguised Deism; there is a number, not inconsiderable, who still hold the doctrines of the Reformation, and who adorn their Christian profession by the fidelity of their preaching and the purity of their conduct. From this class I apprehend that M. Malan does not differ in any material respect: and had he been advanced to the pastorate previously to the change in his religious convictions, it is probable that he would have met with no more than the petty harassments which they have to endure. At the same time it must be confessed that their situation is full of snarls and difficulties, from their ecclesiastical connexion with persons so opposed to their most important views and feelings. From these infelicities M. Malan's ejection has happily freed him.

Mr. Bakewell appears to me entirely to misunderstand the nature of *tolerance* and *intolerance*. He affirms that M. Malan "has evinced more of a persecuting spirit than his opponents;" and he endeavours to prove this position by the following argument: "I hold that man to be a persecutor in the worst sense of the word, who depreciates the character of his neighbour, because he does not adopt the same creed as his own, who, on this account, represents him in his public discourses as irreligious and an enemy to Christ, and who endeavours to destroy his respectability and influence in society. I say such a man is a persecutor, whether he have or have not the temporal power to punish those whom he defames."

Here I would respectfully suggest to my opponent, that he confounds two things which are essentially different; *religious toleration* (I would rather say *RELIGIOUS FREEDOM*) and *religious approval*. I trust that no attentive reader of my former letters can fail to have perceived that I have always kept in view this vital distinction. The former, no human being has a right over his fellow-man, either to give or to withhold. The latter cannot be exercised without a similarity of sentiments and practice on the principal points of religion. I trust that Mr. Bakewell admits the divine authority of the Christian Scriptures. He must, then, believe that there are *some* doctrines essential to the Christian faith, and *some* states of mind and conduct essential to Christian practice. It inevitably follows, that a person who rejects those *essential* parts, cannot be regarded as really a Christian; and to him the numerous passages must apply which speak to this effect: "He that believeth not is condemned,—he shall not see life,—the wrath of God abideth on him." Undoubtedly, Sir, many of your readers look upon me as an idolater, setting up other gods besides the Only JEHOVAH; because I believe in the Deity of the Saviour and of the Sanctifier. Now the Scriptures uniformly represent idolatry as among the most dreadful of crimes

against God, and declare in the strongest terms that no idolater can be saved. But if any persons should apply this inference to me and other Trinitarians, would they, in so doing, violate the rights of religious liberty; or could I charge them with indulging a spirit of intolerance and persecution?—Most assuredly not.—Neither is M. Malan or any other man to be called intolerant, because his studious and serious convictions compel him to profess his most solemn persuasion that to reject the Divine Person, the Atoning Sacrifice, and the Influential Grace of Jesus our Redeemer, is to cut the cable of human hope; and that those who preach any other way of salvation for the sinful children of men, are themselves deluded, and are the awful instruments of delusion to others. It is for ever impossible that persons holding these opposite views, upon the most interesting and awful of subjects, can regard each other with religious *approval*: and, if they be honest men, they will urge their respective arguments and warnings with the utmost zeal and earnestness. But does their so doing involve any violation of the rights of citizens and the courtesies of society? Does it entitle either of the parties to charge the other with a persecuting spirit? Every man of sound discernment will say, No.' pp. 49—52.

This important distinction has not only been lost sight of, but attempts have continually been made to obliterate it, especially in the minds of the young; but the latitudinarian is not unfrequently the most intolerant of men. Intolerance lies not in the creed, but in the character. Those who hate religion, will tolerate it, only so far as they are compelled to do so, by policy or a regard to their own character. We have no room for further remarks, but strongly urge on our readers an attentive perusal of this interesting publication.

Art. XIII. *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. William Ward, late Baptist Missionary in India*: containing a few of his early Poetical Productions, and a Monody to his Memory. By Samuel Stennett. 12mo. pp. 312. Price 6s. London. 1825.

THERE is, perhaps, no medium of religious instruction which unites so many advantages as ecclesiastical biography. We cannot but regard it, indeed, as one of the most efficient modes of counteracting many theological errors. Without attempting their direct refutation, it draws off the mind from the speculative to the practical, shews how *unreal* is the system of the Antinomian, how insufficient the religion of the formalist, and presents to us, in the life of a good man, a palpable theology. For vestry libraries and village reading, such works are the best adapted of any, provided that the characters thus held up to imitation be really exemplars. The

lives of missionaries seem, next to those of martyrs, to claim a record : and if in the life of Mr. Ward there was little variety of incident, his character was in a high degree both interesting and exemplary.

Mr. Ward, we learn from the memoir drawn up by his friend, was born at Derby, on the 20th of October, 1769. His father, a carpenter and builder of that town, died when he was young. To the conversations and prayers of his excellent mother, he ascribed his early religious impressions. From a child, he was thoughtful and remarkably grave and mild in his demeanour. On leaving school, he was bound apprentice to a printer and bookseller at Derby, with whom he remained two years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, during which time he was engaged in conducting the publication of the *Derby Mercury*. He then removed to Stafford, where he commenced the publication of a newspaper, the property of a branch of the same family. From Stafford, he removed to Hull, where he continued to follow his business as a printer, and was for some time editor of the *Hull Advertiser*. Here he first made a public confession of his faith, and joined the Baptist church then under the pastoral care of a Mr. Beatson. Through the means of his religious friends, he was introduced to a gentleman of large property, who, on ascertaining the desire which was now awakened in Mr. Ward to devote himself to the ministry, munificently undertook to defray the expense of his preparatory studies. In August 1797, he was sent to Ewood-hall, the residence of the Rev. Dr. Fawcett, under whose tuition he remained for about a year and a half, prosecuting his studies, and preaching in the neighbouring villages ; and here it was that his purpose was formed to devote himself to missionary labours.

It seems that, four years before, Mr. (now Dr.) Carey had met with Mr. Ward, in one of his farewell visits to his friends, previously to his departure for India. Mr. Ward was then following his business as a printer ; and Mr. Carey said : ‘ If the Lord bless us, we shall want a person of your business, to enable us to print the Scriptures ; I hope you will come after us.’ Whatever impression these words may have produced at the time, Mr. Ward never expressed his feelings on the subject, till after his removal to Ewood-hall ; but they must now have recurred to him forcibly. It might almost seem to him like the call of Elijah to Elisha. On the 7th of May 1799, he was solemnly set apart to the office of a Christian Missionary at a meeting held at Olney, together with Mr. Brunson ; and on the 24th he embarked for India, in company with his

fellow labourer, and Mr. (now Dr.) Marshman, where they arrived in October following.

From this brief outline it will be seen, that Mr. Ward was far from being an illiterate man when he entered upon his preparatory studies ; and that it was at a considerable sacrifice of his worldly prospects that he resolved to devote himself to the sacred office. For the station which he was appointed to occupy as a missionary, he was singularly qualified ; and he expresses himself in one of his letters in the following remarkable terms.

‘ I think I should have liked preaching in England, if I had not had other work to do ; but I sometimes think I should have killed myself. If I preach half an hour in a tolerably quiet way, I almost lose my voice. I can talk in a plain way in Bengalee, but very confined : what is preaching without figures, illustrations, and a liberty to enlarge and press home truth ? Yet, I do rejoice in my destination. I know not any place on earth where I might be more useful, if I had the piety of a Pearce.’

In the year 1819, Mr. Ward visited this country for the benefit of his health. He embarked for India a second time in May 1821. But he had scarcely been fifteen months in the bosom of his family, when he was called to finish his earthly course. For further details, we refer our readers to Mr. Stennett's interesting memoir.

The poetical effusions given in the Appendix, will have answered the purpose of gratifying the feelings of Mr. Ward's friends, and may, therefore, be omitted without impropriety, in the event of a second edition, which will enable the Author to reduce the price of his volume.

We must make room for the following letter as an exemplification of Mr. Ward's excellent spirit. We give it without comment.

‘ *March 3, 1810.*

‘ I think you cannot abstain from communion with any real christian whose moral conduct substantiates the truth of his faith in Christ, without a positive crime. The first law of Christ is LOVE, and the first law of the infernal regions is disunion. Hold the opinions which you conscientiously find in the Bible, and give none of them up to please man : but, after all, the greatest of these is love ; and how you can love christians in a proper manner, and be shy with them, and avoid their communion, merely because their opinions are not all like yours, and because they demand the right of thinking for themselves, as you do, is a mystery to me. I think the shutting out from communion such a man as Doddridge, or Baxter, because he was a pædobaptist, arises from the same spirit as that which burnt men alive : this is exclusion ; that was exclusion from life. In one

respect the injury is small, because the person can communicate with others; but the strict communionist, if he and another baptist, and Doddridge lived together in a country where there were no churches of Christ, ought, on his own principles, to shut out Doddridge from communion, though he could commemorate the Lord's death no where else, and though Doddridge lived in a state of the highest communion with God, while these two baptists, perhaps, were almost too loose to be retained in a christian church. We admit pædobaptists to communion with us; but should the Serampore church change its practice, which, in my opinion is its glory, I would take all proper occasions to protest against its spirit; but should I abandon all means of doing good, because they acted wrong? Would not my opinions, mildly and properly urged, be more likely to do good, than if I left the church, and placed myself at a greater distance from my fellow-christians?" 243—245.

Art. XIV. *A Present for a Sunday School*; or a plain Address on the Fear of the Lord; adapted to the Capacities of little Children; being the first of a Series on different Subjects. By a Minister of the Established Church. 18mo. pp. 36. Price 4d. London. 1824.

IT is so very rare to meet with any publications designed for children, the style of which is really on a level with their capacity, that we are induced to go rather out of our way to notice this excellent little Sunday School address, which may be recommended as a model for simplicity. A short extract will sufficiently justify this commendation.

‘ But, my dear children, I wish to put you on your guard against several things which will unite together to keep you back from coming to Christ, and so from the enjoyment of all true peace.

‘ 1st. *You have a hard, wicked, impenitent heart.*

‘ Now, unless you take care, this heart will deceive you; for it is the most deceitful thing in the world. Thousands of people have been deceived by this deceitful heart. Oh, cry unto God to change your heart; to make it broken and contrite; to make you feel the plague of it; how deceitful and desperately wicked it is. Then will Jesus Christ become precious to you; for *nothing but His blood can cleanse you from sin; and nothing but His grace can change your heart, and subdue its wickedness, and conquer its deceit.*

‘ 2dly. *You have also a self-righteous spirit.*

‘ By a self-righteous spirit, I mean, a disposition to trust in, and boast of, our own fancied goodness. Alas! how many people are there in this sad state!—full of their own righteousness! And are there none of *you*, children, in the same condition? Are not some of *you* proud of yourselves, because you think you are not so bad as other children about you are? Dear children, this is a very sinful temper. God dislikes and rejects all such proud people and proud children. “The proud in heart are an abomination to the Lord.” As long as this is the case with you, you will never come to Christ; and so will never be saved.’ pp. 31, 2.

ART. XV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The Rev. J. Morison, author of "Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life," is preparing for publication a "History of the Cameronians, and he will feel particularly obliged for any assistance which may be rendered to him, by the friends and admirers of Scottish literature, in this most difficult undertaking.

The Lovers of the Arts will soon be gratified by the appearance of a translation of the History of the Life and Works of Raphael, from the French of M. Quatremere de Quincy, accompanied by copious additions in the form of notes, and preceded by a history of the progress of painting in Italy from the time of Cimabue to the era of Raphael.

Shortly will appear, a volume concerning the Astronomy of the Egyptians, particularly referring to the celebrated circular zodiac discovered at Denderah, and which was subsequently conveyed to Paris. It will be compiled from the publications of the Abbe Testa; Messrs. Dupuis; Visconti; Tardieu; Ferlus; Saint Martin; Le Lorraine; Lalande; Grosbert; Savigny; Nouet; and Cuvier; all of whom have written concerning the sphere of Denderah, but more particularly from the last work

that has appeared from the pen of M. J. B. Biot.

In the press, in 1 vol 8vo. Sermons, Expositions, and Addresses at the Holy Communion. By the late Rev. Alex. Waugh, A.M. minister of the Scots' church in Miles's lane, London. A short memoir of the Author will be prefixed.

Dr. P. M. Latham has in the press, an account of the disease lately prevalent at the General Penitentiary, 8vo.

In the press, 'The Progress of Dissent.'—Observations on the most remarkable and amusing passages in an article in the last number of the Quarterly Review. Addressed to the Editor. By a Non Con.

In the press, the Controversy with the Unitarians of Manchester respecting their possession of chapels and trusts: with an Introduction.

In the press, Letters to a Sceptic of distinction in the nineteenth century.

In the press, a Series of Discourses on the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. Sam. Saunders, of Frome.

A new edition of the Rev. Andrew Reed's Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns is announced, enlarged, and with some originals.

ART. XVI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. Philip Henry, A.M. By the Rev. Matthew Henry. Enlarged with important Additions, Notes, &c. by J. B. Williams, F.R.S. 8vo. 15s.

The Annual Biography and Obituary, for 1825. 8vo. 15s.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. William Ward, late Baptist Missionary in India: containing a few of his early poetical productions, and a monody to his memory. By Samuel Stennett. 12mo. 6s.

THEOLOGY.

Personal Election and Divine Sovereignty; a discourse, with an Appendix containing Notes and Observations on collateral Subjects. By Joseph Fletcher, A.M. Third edition. 8vo. 3s.

A Letter to the Editor of the Quar-

terly Review, occasioned by its animadversions on a work entitled "Divine Influence." By the Rev. T. Biddulph, Minister of St. James's, Bristol. 8vo. 1s.

Thoughts on Antinomianism. By Agnostos, Author of "Thoughts on Baptism." 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Discourses delivered at the Settlement of the Rev. W. Orme, at Camberwell, Oct. 7, 1824, by the Rev. Jos. Fletcher, Greville Ewing, and Robert Winter, D.D. 2s. 6d.

A new Selection of more than 800 Evangelical Hymns for Public and Family Worship, being a complete Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. By John Dobell. Roy. 24mo. 5s. 6d. bound.

The Ordination Services at the Settlement of Rev. J. Price at Devonshire-Square. 8vo. 2s.

Erratum in the January Number.

At page 12, line 2, for from sin read within.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR MARCH, 1825.

Art. I. *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.*
By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, of the Academy of Arts of
Geneva, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the Original, by Thomas
Roscoe, Esq., with Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 8s. Lond. 1823.

WE did not notice in our Journal, M. Sismondi's work upon the literature of the South of Europe, when it first appeared. But we do not regret the omission, since it has enabled us to examine it in a very competent and correct translation. In many respects, the original is considerably a gainer, as it comes from the hands of its translator; especially as Mr. Roscoe has embellished the extracts of M. Sismondi (which, from the refractory spirit of French poetry, he was obliged to present through the lifeless medium of French prose) with elegant metrical versions into English. These, to an English reader, must considerably augment the value of this important portion of literary history.

These volumes comprise a rapid sketch of the Arabian literature, the language and poetry of the Provençals of Langue d'Oc, the Trouvères of Langue d'Oil, and the Italians. A very interesting branch of the Author's extended undertaking,—the literature of the Western Peninsula of Europe, will occupy the sequel.

To those who are desirous of making accurate researches into the literary history of Italy, the origin of its language is a necessary inquiry. But the solution of the problem has long divided the learned. M. Sismondi and M. Ginguené concur in attributing the rise of the languages now spread over the south of Europe, to the tenth century. But neither of these writers has, in our opinion, traced the gradual melting down of the ancient into the modern tongue with satisfactory clearness. It is not our aim to supply the defect, for it is a task too minute for the rapid pen of a reviewer. Yet, we cannot abstain

from a few remarks on a subject of so interesting and curious speculation. That all the southern dialects of Europe were derived from the Latin, is too obvious to require proof. That language had been gradually substituted, in consequence of the Roman conquests in those countries, for the original dialects, which were, it is supposed, for the most part, Celtic. But the Latin thus introduced into these provinces, and nearly effacing their mother tongues, could not, if it obeyed the law of all languages when they come into vernacular and provincial use, preserve either the primitive purity of its pronunciation, or its usual conformity to its written sounds. Even in Italy, it did not escape the common fate of languages, and was, of course, exposed to the corruptions of popular speech;—corruptions which, in the declining days of the empire, became the more licentious from the decay of learning, the only standard by which common discourse can be rectified. The restraint, therefore, on ungrammatical anomalies and arbitrary licences, being thus removed, every province capriciously innovated upon the Latin, which followed the natural proneness of all living languages to that abbreviation of words, and that melting down of its consonants, which are found so convenient for colloquial ease and rapidity. When the barbarous nations obtained a footing in those provinces, least of all was it to be expected, that the elegant precision of the Latin inflexions would have stood uninjured. From the analogies of the northern dictions, the use of the auxiliary verbs became more frequent. Then followed the passive auxiliary, and the words *habeo* and *teneo*, also, as auxiliaries in the conjugation of verbs. Then, from the same Teutonic examples, came the usage of the definite and indefinite articles, the want of which was too sensibly felt by those rude conquerors, not to be speedily supplied.

Still, however, the Latin language existed, and the barbarous settlers agreed to take it in exchange for their own. Yet, no language, whatever may be its intrinsic vigour, can long withstand those successive invasions and conquests which are alike the scourge of idioms and of nations. It remained, however, in substance, from the age of Constantine to the twelfth century, and was the language of all public records even to a later period; but the Latin was no longer in common use, and the corrupt jargon, or '*lingua volgare*,' began, at that time, to assume the shape of a distinct language, and to acquire, by degrees, the form in which it was found by the creative genius of Dante, who first smoothed its chaotic and elemental rudeness into symmetry and beauty.

In the meanwhile, the Latin language had declined in France at a much earlier period. Beyond the seventh century, it had

ceased to be spoken in its southern provinces; and so early as the eighth, the *lingua Romana rustica* had acquired a distinct and substantive character, whose birth preceded that of the Italian by at least 350 years. In a council held at Trent,* in 813, the bishops were ordered to have certain homilies of the Fathers translated into the rustic Roman. The origin of the Provençal language may be dated, therefore, from a much earlier period than the reign of Bozon at Arles, which is the period assigned to it by M. Sismondi.

We fully concur in the philosophical view which the Genevese Professor has taken of those singular phenomena attending the Provençal language,—its sudden rise and its equally sudden extinction.

‘When in the tenth century,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘the nations of the south of Europe attempted to give a consistency to the rude dialects which had been produced by the mixture of the Latin with the northern tongues, one of the new languages appeared to prevail over the others. Sooner formed, more generally spread, and more rapidly cultivated than its rivals, it seemed to assume the place of the forsaken Latin. Thousands of poets flourished, almost contemporaneously, in this new language, who gave it a character of originality which owes nothing to the Greeks or the Romans, or to what is called classical literature. They spread their reputation from the extremity of Spain to that of Italy; and they have served as models to all the poets who afterwards succeeded them in other languages, even to those of the North, and, amongst these, to the English and the German. All at once, however, this ephemeral reputation vanished. The voice of the Troubadours was silent; the Provençal was abandoned, and, undergoing new changes, again became a mere dialect, till, after a brilliant existence of three centuries, its productions were ranked amongst those of the dead languages. From this period, it received no additions.’

‘The high reputation of the Provençal poets, and the rapid decline of their language, are two phenomena equally striking in the history of the cultivation of the human mind. That literature, which has given models to other nations, yet, amongst its crowd of agreeable poems, has not produced a single masterpiece, a single work of genius destined to immortality, is the more worthy of our attention, as it is entirely the offspring of the age, and not of individuals. It reveals to us the sentiments, the imagination, and the spirit of the modern nations, in their infancy. It exhibits what was common to all and pervaded all, and not what genius, superior to the age, enabled a single individual to accomplish. Thus the return of the beautiful days of spring is announced to us, not by some single wonder of the gardens, in the production of which the artificial exertions of man have

seconded the efforts of nature, but by the brilliant flowers of the fields, and by the prodigality of the meadows.'

The rise, progress, and decline of Provençal poetry, are discussed at great length by M. Sismondi. But the poetry of the Provençals was not coeval with their language. The capture of Toledo, in 1083, by Alonzo VI. of Castile, and the succession of Raymond Berenger to the county of Provence, fifty years later, have been respectively assigned as the periods of its birth. M. Sismondi evidently dates it from the latter of these events; but each, in its turn, must have considerably influenced it. Toledo, when it was conquered, was one of the most celebrated seats of Arabian literature. No persecution was let loose upon those who professed the Mussulman faith. The former inhabitants were encouraged to remain; their religion was protected, and their schools and colleges were preserved with all their endowments and privileges: a beneficent and wise policy, and worthy of the imitation of more enlightened ages! The character of the conquered people was essentially poetical. At the same time, a very large proportion of those who followed the fortunes of the Castilian king, were adventurers from the south of France. In all probability, therefore, the first poetical efforts of the *Provençaux* are referrible to this period. But the accession of Raymond Berenger to the throne of Provence, gave a new direction to the national spirit, by the mixture of the Catalans with the Provençals. Their language was nearly the same, and was called by the natives, from the name of a French province, Llemosi, or Limousin. The Catalans had, indeed, long before derived considerable cultivation from their commercial intercourse with Eastern nations; and thus the court of Barcelona imbibed the spirit of chivalry and freedom, and acquired a strong relish for the luxury, refinement, and elegance of the Arabians. The migration, then, of so splendid a court to Provence, introduced into that country its tastes, pursuits, and studies, and gave birth to the poetical spirit which, to use M. Sismondi's words, shone over Provence and all the south of Europe, like a sudden electric flash through palpable darkness.

'At the same time with the Provençal poetry, chivalry had its rise. It was, in a manner, the soul of the new literature; and the character which is thus given to the latter, so different from any thing in antiquity, and so rich in poetical invention, is one of the most important matters of observation in the history of modern literature. We must not confound chivalry with the feudal system. The feudal system may be called the real life of the period of which we are treating, possessing its advantages and inconveniences, its virtues and its vices. Chivalry, on the contrary, is the ideal world, such as it ex-

isted in the imaginations of the Romance writers. Its essential character is devotion to woman and to honour. But the poetical notions which then prevailed, as to the virtues which constituted the perfection of knights and ladies, were not entirely the fictions of the brain. They existed amongst the people, though perhaps without being carried into action; and when at last they acquired greater stability by the heroic songs in which they were inculcated, they began to assert a more practical influence over the people who had given them birth, and the realities of the feudal system became identified with the fictions of chivalry.'

* * * * *

' Frankness and loyalty, which are essentially chivalric virtues, are in general the consequences of strength and courage; but, in order to render their practice general, it is necessary that some chastisement or disgrace should attend their violation. But, in the midst of their castles, the lords were devoid of all fear, and public opinion had no influence over men to whom social life was unknown. The middle ages, consequently, display more examples of scandalous treachery, than any other period. Love, it is true, had assumed a new character, which preserved the same shape under the operation of the realities of the feudal system and of the romantic fictions of chivalry. It was not more tender and passionate than amongst the Greeks and the Romans, but it was more respectful, and something of mystery was mingled with its sentiment. Some remains of the same religious veneration continued to be felt for women, which the Germans evinced towards their prophetesses. They were considered rather as angelic beings than as dependants and inferiors. The task of serving and protecting them was considered honourable, as though they were the representatives of the divinity upon earth; and to this worship, an ardour of feeling and a turbulence of passion and desire were superadded, little known to the Germans, but peculiar to the people of the South, and the expression of which was borrowed from the Arabians. Amongst the chivalrous, love always preserved this pure and religious character. But, where the feudal system extended its influence, the most extreme disorder prevailed, and, in the literature of that time, we find more scandalous instances, than at any other period, of the corruption of manners. Neither the *servantes*, nor the *cansos* of the Troubadours, nor the *fabliaux* of the Trouvères, nor the romances of chivalry, can be read without a blush. The licentious grossness of the language is equalled, in every page, by the shameful depravity of the characters, and by the immorality of the incidents. In the south of France, more particularly, peace, riches, and a court life, had introduced, amongst the nobility, an extreme laxity of manners. Gallantry seems to have been the sole object of their existence. The ladies, who only appeared in society after marriage, were proud of the celebrity which their lovers conferred on their charms. They were delighted with becoming the objects of the songs of their Troubadour; nor were they offended at the poems composed in their praise, in which gallantry was often mingled with

licentiousness. They even themselves professed the *Gay Science*, *el Gai Saber*, for thus poetry was called; and, in their turn, they expressed their feelings in tender and impassioned verses. They instituted Courts of Love, where questions of gallantry were gravely debated, and decided by their suffrages. They gave, in short, to the whole south of France the character of a carnival, affording a singular contrast to the ideas of reserve, virtue, and modesty, which we usually attribute to those good old times.'

Chivalry is justly considered by M. Sismondi as an entirely poetical invention. It is worthy of remark, that the same era that is recorded by contemporary historians as marked by the general profligacy of high and low, is, after the lapse of ages, adorned by the poets with the most splendid fictions of grace, virtue, and valour. Whatever period is assigned to chivalry, when we examine it, we find it necessary to antedate it still higher, till we lose sight of all authentic history or credible tradition. This is a just and ingenious remark, which has escaped the long series of writers who have busied themselves in details and illustrations of a supposed state of society, which, though abounding in heroic spirits, has no claim to the proud distinction of a universally diffused chivalry. At the commencement of their career, however, the Provençals were unacquainted with the chivalrous fictions: the compositions of their Troubadours were entirely lyrical. But when, in the games called *Tensons*, they combated in verse before illustrious princes, or before the Courts of Love, they discussed questions of the nicest delicacy and the most exalted gallantry. The spirit of chivalry resided in their poetry, which has the high credit, amid all the vices of the age, of preserving the essential principles of chivalry—a respect for honour, and a high, enthusiastic feeling. M. Sismondi attributes the delicacy of sentiment and the mysticism of love, observable in the Troubadour verses, to the Arabian poetry, and to Eastern manners.

'The passion of love,' he says, 'displays itself, amongst the people of the South, with a more lively ardour, and a greater impetuosity, than in the nations of Europe. The Musulman does not suffer any of the cares, or the pains, or the sufferings of life, to approach his wife. He bears these alone. His harem is consecrated to luxury, to art, and to pleasure. Flowers and incense, music and dancing, perpetually surround his idol, who is debarred from every laborious employment. The songs in which he celebrates his love, breathe the same spirit of adoration and of worship which we find in the poets of chivalry; and the most beautiful of the Persian *ghazels* and the Arabian *cassides* seem to be translations of the verses or songs of the Provençals.

'We must not judge of the manners of the Musulmans by those of the Turks of our day. Of all the people who have followed the law of the

Koran, the latter are the most gloomy and jealous. The Arabians, while they passionately loved their mistresses, suffered them to enjoy more liberty; and of all the countries under the Arabian yoke, Spain was that in which their manners partook most largely of the gallantry and chivalry of the Europeans. It was this country also which produced the most powerful effects on the cultivation of the intellect, in the south of Christian Europe.'

Notwithstanding the objections of A. W. Schlegel to the hypothesis, we have no doubt whatever of the influence of the Arabian literature on that of the south of Europe. We go further; for we consider this to be the true parentage of the Provençal poetry. The strongest proof of filiation is the adoption of rhyme; a form, we apprehend, emphatically Arabian. This, indeed, has been ascribed to a Latin, a German, and a Scandinavian origin; erroneously, we are convinced; for the Latin rhymes of the middle ages, are posterior to the mixture of the Latins and the Arabians. The German rhymes are long subsequent to the early poetry of the Arabians, which was uniformly rhymed; and those of the Scandinavians and Goths were not rhymes, but alliterations; in other words, repetitions of the same sound at the commencement, not at the termination of words. *Assonance*, or the rhyming of the terminating vowels, is peculiar to the poetry of the Southern nations. But the Arabians combined their rhymes in various ways, to please the ear, and it was introduced in all its varieties by the Troubadours into the Provençal poetry. But they did not adhere to the Arabic forms. They varied their rhymes still more, crossing and intertwining their verses, so that the return of the rhyme was kept through the whole stanza. M. Sismondi enters into some dry and tedious details upon this part of his subject; but they are not unimportant, because the laws of versification discovered by the Troubadours, are of very general application, and have been adopted by all the countries of the south, and by most of the people of the north of Europe. Upon this subject, M. Sismondi makes the following judicious and elegant remarks.

'This structure of the verse, this mechanical part of poetry, is singularly connected, by some secret and mysterious associations, with our feelings and our emotions, and with all that speaks to our imaginations and our hearts. It would be wrong, in studying the divine language of poetry, to regard it merely as the trammels of thought. Poetry excites our emotions, and awakens or captivates our passions, only because it is something which comes more home to our bosoms than prose; something, which seizes upon our whole being, by the senses as well as by the soul, and impresses us more deeply than language alone could do. Symmetry is one of the pro-

perities of the soul. It is an idea which precedes all knowledge, which is applicable to all the arts, and which is inseparable from our perceptions of beauty. It is by a principle anterior to all reflection, that we look, in buildings, in furniture, and in every production of human art, for the same proportion which the hand of nature has so visibly imprinted on the figure of man and of the inferior animals. This symmetry, which is founded on the harmonious relation of the parts to the whole, and is so different from uniformity, displays itself in the regular return of the strophes of an ode, as well as in the correspondence of the wings of a palace. It is more distinguishable in modern poetry than in that of antiquity, in consequence of the rhyme, which harmonizes the different parts of the same stanza. Rhyme is an appeal to our memory and to our expectations. It awakens the sensations we have already experienced, and it makes us wish for new ones. It encreases the importance of sound, and gives, if I may so express myself, a colour to the words. In our modern poetry, the importance of the syllables is not measured solely by their duration, but by the associations they afford; and vowels, by turns, slightly, perceptibly, or emphatically marked, are no longer unnoticed, when the rhyme announces their approach and determines their position. What would become of the Provençal poetry, if we perused it only to discover the sentiment, such as it would appear in languid prose? It was not the ideas alone which gave delight, when the Troubadour adapted his beautiful language to the melodious tones of his harp; when, inspired by valour, he uttered his bold, nervous, and resounding rhymes; or, in tender and voluptuous strains, expressed the vehemence of his love. The rules of his art, even more than the words in which he expressed himself, were in accordance with his feelings. The rapid and recurring accentuation, which marked every second syllable in his iambic verses, seemed to correspond with the pulsations of his heart, and the very measure of the language answered to the movements of his own soul. It was by this exquisite sensibility to musical impressions, and by this delicate organization, that the Troubadours became the inventors of an art, which they themselves were unable to explain. They discovered the means of communicating, by this novel harmony, those emotions of the soul, which all poets have endeavoured to produce, but which they are now able to effect, only by following the steps of these inventors of our poetical measures.'

M. Sismondi has inserted in his elegant work, many specimens of Troubadour poetry, which are admirably rendered by Mr. Roscoe. We insert a song by Clara d' Andusa, one of the ladies who sate in the Courts of Love. The chief beauty of the original is to be found in the harmony of the verse.

' Into what cruel grief and deep distress
The jealous and the false have plunged my heart,
Depriving it by every treacherous art
Of all its hopes of joy and happiness :

For they have forced thee from my arms to fly,
Whom far above this evil life I prize;
And they have hid thee from my loving eyes.
Alas! with grief, and ire, and rage I die.

‘ Yet they, who blame my passionate love to thee,
Can never teach my heart a nobler flame,
A sweeter hope, than that which thrills my frame,
A love, so full of joy and harmony.

Nor is there one—no, not my deadliest foe,
Whom, speaking praise of thee, I do not love,
Nor one, so dear to me, who would not move
My wrath, if from his lips dispraise should flow.

‘ Fear not, fair love, my heart shall ever fail
In its fond trust—fear not that it will change
Its faith, and to another loved one range;
No! though a hundred tongues that heart assail—
For Love, who has my heart at his command,
Decrees it shall be faithful found to thee,
And it *shall* be so. Oh, had I been free,
Thou, who hast all my heart, hadst had my hand.

‘ Love! so o’ermastering is my soul’s distress
At not beholding thee, that, when I sing,
My notes are lost in tears and sorrowing,
Nor can my verse my heart’s desires express.’

We must not linger any longer in those parts of the work, in which the Author appreciates the merits, and describes the character of the Provençal poetry. In truth, we must be permitted to remark, with due deference to M. Sismondi, that the fame of the celebrated Troubadours, rests far less upon their positive excellence, than on the darkness of the preceding ages, which gave them every advantage of contrast to the unpoetical dulness which had so long prevailed; and above all, on their permanent influence upon the poetry of succeeding ages. Several hundred of these versifiers seem successively to have swarmed like insects, from William the ninth count of Poictou to their extinction about the end of the next century. Of these, Millot has collected the lives of one hundred and forty-two, and the names of many more. M. de Sainte-Palaye also has reviewed the productions of nearly two hundred. The result of this examination is, that a uniform mediocrity of merit prevails in the Provençal poetry from its earliest to its last specimens. The same hyperbolical gallantry, the same false conceits, the same portraiture, tame and at second-hand, of female beauty, without one particle of real feeling, are throughout discernible. The sudden decay of such a poetry might be accounted for by internal causes only. Add to these, the reli-

gious fury and sacerdotal persecution which desolated that delightful portion of Europe about the same period, and the disappearance of the Muses of Provence will no longer appear enigmatical. The dreadful storm which fell upon Languedoc and Provence in the crusade against the Albigenses, scattered the light flowers of Provençal verse; and when tranquillity was restored, poetry had found a soil equally kindly, in which she was destined to bloom with more lasting luxuriance. To sum up the merits of Troubadour poetry, it was conversant only with occasional and temporary subjects: no chivalrous tales or romances are to be found in it. That boldness of genius and fervor of imagination which are characteristic of the poetical efforts of the rudest period of society, are not to be found in the productions of the Troubadours. They were poetical compositions of that class which is most nearly allied to melody:—they acted upon the ear, rather than the soul, by the mere fascination of numbers, and owed their popularity chiefly to the voluptuous sensibility with which the inhabitants of those favoured provinces, during the long interval of national prosperity, felt the united charms of verse and music. The language itself, as a literary language, soon expired; and no relic of the *science gaie* was preserved, but in the Floral Games at Thoulouse, which ineffectually attempted to revive it.

We must pass over the literature of the *Troutéres* altogether, for we must hasten to Italy—and to Dante. While the language and poesy of Provence attained its highest state of cultivation, and Spain and Portugal had already produced poets of great celebrity, the Italian was not yet numbered among the European dialects. Its native richness and harmony were wasted upon a merely popular speech, and no writer of sufficient talent or fame had yet supplied the means of rightly appreciating its beauties. It was reserved to the greatest of modern poets, in the thirteenth century, to immortalize this neglected tongue, and, by the mere force of his unaided genius, to advance it to the highest perfection. The obscure versifiers and sonneteers who were the precursors of Dante, need not detain us. ‘It is principally with a view to the history of the language and its poetry, that we turn over,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘the pages of Ciullo d’ Alcamo, Frederick the Second, and Pietro de Vineis, his Chancellor, Mazzeo di Ricco, and other poets of the same class.’ The *lingua cortegiana*, or language of the court, had already been cultivated in Sicily, and was distinguished as the purest of the Italian dialects. Previously to the end of the thirteenth century, it was generally adopted in Tuscany, and polished by several writers of that country

both in prose and verse. The history of Florence by Ricordano Malaspina in 1280, may even now be pronounced not inferior in composition to the best Italian works extant.

Dante's genius has reached an eminence which disdains every vulgar rule of measurement. His wonderful poem is a creation which stands alone in literary history.

'No poet,' observes M. Sismondi, 'had yet arisen, gifted with absolute power over the empire of the soul; no philosopher had yet pierced into the depths of feeling and of thought; when Dante, the greatest name of Italy, and the father of her poetry, appeared, and demonstrated the mightiness of his genius, by availing himself of the rude and imperfect materials within his reach, to construct an edifice assembling, in magnificence, that universe whose image it reflects. Instead of amatory effusions, addressed to an imaginary beauty; instead of madrigals, full of sprightly insipidity, sonnets laboured into harmony, and strained or discordant allegories, the only models, in any modern language, which presented themselves to the notice of Dante; that great genius conceived, in his vast imagination, the mysteries of the invisible creation, and unveiled them to the eyes of the astonished world.'

'In the century immediately preceding, the energy of some bold and enthusiastic minds had been directed to religious objects. A new spiritual force surpassing in activity and fanaticism all monastic institutions before established, was organized by Saint Francis and Saint Dominick, whose furious harangues and bloody persecutions revived that zeal which, for several centuries past, had appeared to slumber. In the cells of the monks, nevertheless, the first symptoms of reviving literature were seen. Their studies had now assumed a scholastic character. To the imagination of the zealot, the different conditions of a future state were continually present; and the spiritual objects, which he saw with the eyes of faith, were invested with all the reality of material forms, by the force with which they were presented to his view in detailed descriptions, and in dissertations displaying a scientific acquaintance with the exact limits of every torment, and the graduated rewards of glorification.'

'A very singular instance of the manner in which these ideas were impressed upon the people, is afforded by the native city of Dante, in which the celebration of a festival was graced by a public representation of the infernal tortures; and it is not unlikely that the first circulation of the work of that poet gave occasion to this frightful exhibition. The bed of the Arno was converted into the gulf of perdition, where all the horrors, coined by the prolific fancy of the monks, were concentrated. Nothing was wanting to make the illusion complete; and the spectators shuddered at the shrieks and groans of real persons, apparently exposed to the alternate extremes of fire and frost, to waves of boiling pitch and to serpents.'

'It appears, then, that when Dante adopted, as the subject of his immortal poem, the secrets of the invisible world, and the three kingdoms of the dead, he could not possibly have selected a more popu-

lar theme. It had the advantage of combining the most profound feelings of religion, with those vivid recollections of patriotic glory and party contentions, which were necessarily suggested by the re-appearance of the illustrious dead on this novel theatre. Such, in a word, was the magnificence of its scheme, that it may justly be considered as the most sublime conception of the human intellect.'

We know not how far we ought to coincide with M. Sismondi, that the first hint of the *Inferno* was taken from this singular spectacle, or whether, as is more probable, the spectacle was represented in honour of the Poem. It shews at least the superstitious notions of the time, which the writer of a popular poem would not have done well to overlook. It is, however, in his style and sentiments, that the greatness of Dante's mind is most displayed. In the cold and frigid conceits of preceding versifiers, where could he have looked for that lofty, austere, and yet graceful dignity, the solemn sounds of which we hear as we approach the portals of his sublime fabric?

' Per me si va nella Città dolente,' &c.

The dreadful inscription on the gates of hell arrests the two bards (Virgil and Dante) on their progress to its dismal shades. Mr. Roscoe has judiciously adopted Mr. Cary's unrivalled translation in the extracts from this great poet; though we must always lament the absence of rhyme in a translation of Dante. We shall insert his spirited version of this celebrated passage.

' Through me you pass into the city of woe :
Through me you pass into eternal pain :
Through me, among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me, things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

We could have wished, however, that Mr. Roscoe had done due justice to M. Sismondi's version, which he has unaccountably omitted. It is not often that the unpoetical language of France has been found capable of so much strength and majesty. We shall not therefore apologize for inserting the corresponding passage from the original work.

*' Par moi l'on entre la cité du crime,
Par moi l'on entre l'affreuse douleur,*

Par moi l'on entre l'éternel abîme ;
 Vois ! la justice animait mon auteur ;
 Par moi s'unit à la haute puissance,
 Le sage amour du divin créateur.
 Rien de mortel n' a pu pouvoir destructeur.
 VOUS QUI PASSEZ, PERDEZ TOUTE ESPÉRANCE.'

The first part of the Purgatory is replete with the most delicious poetry. Dante's flight seems to be winged through a more ethereal region, and he disports himself after his sojourn in the accursed climes whence he has just escaped, in all the luxuriance of a creative genius. All his figures are taken from the cheerful and pleasing images of nature. The liveliest interest, moreover, is excited by the personages whom he meets on his first entrance into Purgatory. M. Sismondi mentions among these, the meeting of the Bard with the musician Casella, for whom he had cherished the tenderest friendship. It did not perhaps occur to the Author, that Milton, in his sonnet to Harry Lawes, the musician, has also consecrated the memory of Casella.

' Dante must give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.'

The Paradise is probably the least read ; and we shall here take leave to insert M. Ginguené's very beautiful and just criticism on this part of the poem.

' The Paradise offers none of the resources of the Inferno and the Purgatorio. All there is light and splendour. An intellectual contemplation furnishes its only enjoyment. Solutions of difficult questions, and explanations of mysteries, are the steps by which we arrive at the intimate knowledge and eternal perception of the sovereign good. All this is, no doubt, admirable, but it is too disproportionate to the weakness of the understanding, too foreign from the human affections, which eminently constitute the nature of man, —in a word, too purely celestial perhaps for poesy, which, in the first ages of the world, was, it is true, exclusively consecrated to the affairs of heaven, but which can no longer treat them successfully, if it does not take care to mingle them with terrestrial objects, interests, and passions.' Ginguené, tom. 2, p. 197.

In the last circle of the infernal regions, Dante beholds those who have betrayed their country, entombed in everlasting ice. Two heads, not far distant from each other, raise themselves above the surface. One of these is that of Count Ugolino, who had made himself master of Pisa. The other is Ruggieri, archbishop of that state, who, by means equally criminal, had ruined the Count, and having seized him with his four children, had left them to perish in a prison by hun-

ger. Dante shudders as he sees Ugolino gnawing the arm of his murderer, which lies before him. He inquires into motives of this savage enmity; and the thirty-third commences with the Count's heart-rending narrative. This passage has been rendered by M. Sismondi into French very corresponding, as nearly as was practicable, to the *terza rima* of the original;—a luckless experiment, and we will not inflict upon our readers the penance of perusing it. Mr. Roscoe of greater felicity has tried the same experiment upon our language; and we insert it as a skilful and beautiful specimen of versification.

‘ His mouth upraising from his hideous feast,
And brushing, with his victim's locks, the spray
Of gore from his foul lips, that sinner ceas'd :
Then thus : “ Will'st thou that I renew the sway
Of hopeless grief, which weighs upon my heart
In thought, ere yet my tongue that thought betray?
But, should my words prove seeds from which may start
Ripe fruits of scorn for him, whose traitor head
I gnaw, then words and tears, at once, shall part.
I know thee not ; nor by what fortune led
Thou wanderest here ; but thou, if true the claim
Of native speech, wert in fair Florence bred.
Know, then, Count Ugolino is my name,
And this the Pisan prelate at my side,
Ruggieri.—Hear, now, my cause of grief—his shame.
That by his arts he won me to confide
In his smooth words, that I was bound in chains,
Small need is, now, to tell, nor that I died.
But what is yet untold, unheard, remains,
And thou shalt hear it—by what fearful fate
I perish'd. Judge, if he deserves his pains.
When, in those dungeon-walls emmew'd, whose gate
Shall close on future victims, called the Tower
Of Famine, from my pangs, the narrow grate
Had shewn me several moons, in evil hour
I slept and dream'd, and our impending grief
Was all unveil'd by that dread vision's power.
This wretch, methought, I saw, as lord and chief,
Hunting the wolf and cubs, upon that hill
Which makes the Pisan's view towards Lucca brief.
With high-bred hounds, and lean, and keen to kill,
Gualandi, with Sismondi, in the race
Of death, were foremost, with Lanfranchi, still.
Weary and spent appear'd, after short chace,
The sire and sons, and soon, it seem'd, were rent
With sharpest fangs, their sides. Before the trace

Of dawn, I woke, and heard my sons lament,
 (For they were with me), mourning in their sleep,
 And craving bread. Right cruel is thy bent,
 If, hearing this, no horror o'er thee creep ;
 If, guessing what I now began to dread,
 Thou weep'st not, wherefore art thou wont to weep ?
 Now were they all awake. The hour, when bread
 Was wont to be bestow'd, had now drawn near,
 And dismal doubts, in each, his dream had bred.
 Then lock'd, below, the portals did we hear
 Of that most horrible Tower. I fix'd my eye,
 Without one word, upon my children dear ;
 Harden'd like rock within, I heav'd no sigh.
 They wept ; and then I heard my Anselm say,
 ' Thou look'st so, Sire ! what ails thee ? ' No reply
 I utter'd yet, nor wept I, all that day,
 Nor the succeeding night, till on the gloom
 Another sun had issued. When his ray
 Had scantily illum'd our prison-room,
 And in four haggard visages I saw
 My own shrunk aspect, and our common doom,
 Both hands, for very anguish, did I gnaw.
 They, thinking that I tore them through desire
 Of food, rose sudden from their dungeon-straw,
 And spoke ; " Less grief it were, of us, O Sire !
 If thou would'st eat—These limbs, thou, by our birth,
 Didst clothe—Despoil them now, if need require."
 Not to increase their pangs of grief and dearth,
 I calm'd me. Two days more, all mute we stood :
 Wherefore did'st thou not open, pitiless Earth !
 Now, when our fourth sad morning was renew'd
 Gaddo fell at my feet, outstretch'd and cold,
 Crying, ' Wilt thou not, father ! give me food ?'
 There did he die ; and as thine eyes behold
 Me now, so saw I three, fall, one by one,
 On the fifth day and sixth : whence, in that hold,
 I, now grown blind, over each lifeless son,
 Stretch'd forth mine arms. Three days I call'd their names ;
 Then Fast achiev'd what Grief not yet had done."

Vol. I. pp. 400—404.

We take a reluctant leave of this interesting subject. The
 space which we have devoted to it, will be readily excused ;
 for every lover of letters and of poesy will linger with delight
 upon so verdant and flourishing a spot in the history of human
 genius. The poem of Dante has this pre-eminent distinction,
 that it is completely *sui generis*, formed upon no antecedent
 model, and owing nothing to the conventional beauties which
 are the common property of ordinary poets. Nor must it be

forgotten, (a peculiarity which we endeavoured, in a former article,* to impress upon our readers,) that Dante was himself the *creator* of the language in which he imbodyed his conceptions. When he wrote, there was no definite Italian tongue. Different dialects had arisen contemporaneously in Italy, among which he had to make his choice. Perhaps, no small portion of the emotions he inspires, may be ascribed to the varied and composite diction which he adopted, and which at once echoed the delicious melodies of Provençal verse, the lofty and dignified tones of Virgil, and the native eloquence of those vernacular idioms which, though employed upon ordinary and ignoble uses, are generally found not to be deficient in vigour, nor incapable of sustaining high and noble conceptions.

We now arrive at Petrarch, whom we shall rapidly dismiss, having dwelt somewhat at length upon his poetical characteristics in the article just referred to. Like Dante, he was exiled from his native city. He was born at Arezzo in 1304, and he died at Arquà in 1374, so that his life may be said to include the whole literary history of the fourteenth century. His reputation is chiefly founded upon his compositions in the newly-created language which he found prepared for his hand;—but letters owe him infinite obligations for his enthusiasm in the restoration of ancient learning, his treatises on philosophy and ethics, and the elegant and flowing rhetoric which pervade all his Latin writings. By these exertions, Petrarch gave a new impulse to the rapid progress of the human mind.

‘The prodigious labours of Petrarch,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘to promote the study of ancient literature are, after all, his noblest title to glory. Such was the view in which they were regarded by the age in which he lived, and such also was his own opinion. His celebrity, notwithstanding, at the present day, depends much more on his Italian lyrical poems, than on his voluminous Latin compositions. These lyrical pieces, which were imitated from the Provençals, from Cino da Pistoia, and from the other poets who flourished at the commencement of that century, have served, in their turn, as models to all the distinguished poets of the South. I would gladly make my readers acquainted with some of these poems, if, in my translations, any of those beauties which so essentially depend upon the harmony and colouring of their most musical and picturesque language, could possibly be preserved.’

‘It is singular that Petrarch, who was nurtured by the study of the ancients, and who was so much attached to the Roman poets,

* Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. XX, p. 103.

should never have attempted to introduce the ode into the Italian language. Neglecting the models which Horace has left, and with the value of which he was so well acquainted, Petrarch has clothed all his lyrical inspirations in two measures, both of which are far more strict and fettered : the sonnet, borrowed from the Sicilians, and the canzone of the Provençal. These two forms of versification, which have been consecrated by him, and which, down to the present day, are much used in Italy, confined even his genius in their bonds, and gave a less natural air even to his inspiration. The sonnet, more especially, seems to have had a fatal influence on the poetry of Italy. The inspiration of a lyric poet, however it may be confined as to form, should surely have no limitation as to its length. But this bed of Procrustes, as an Italian has ingeniously called it, confines the poet's thoughts within the stated space of fourteen verses. If the thought should be too short for this extent, it is necessary to draw it out, till it fills the common measure ; if, on the contrary, it be too long, it must be barbarously curtailed, in order to introduce it. Above all, it is necessary to set off so short a poem with brilliant ornaments ; and, as warm and passionate sentiments demand a considerable space in which to display themselves, ingenious conceits have usurped, in a composition so essentially lyrical as this, the place of feeling. Wit, and frequently false wit, is all that we meet with.

‘ The sonnet is composed of two *quatrains* and two *tercets*, and has generally four, and never more than five rhymes. Its admirers discover the most harmonious grace in the regularity of the measure ; in the two *quatrains*, which, with their corresponding rhymes, open the subject and prepare the mind of the reader ; and in the two *tercets*, which, moving more rapidly, fulfil the expectation which has been excited, complete the image, and satisfy the poetical feeling. The sonnet is essentially musical, and essentially founded on the harmony of sound, from which its name is derived. It acts upon the mind rather through the words than by the thoughts. The richness and fulness of the rhymes constitute a portion of its grace. The return of the same sounds makes a more powerful impression, in proportion to their repetition and completeness ; and we are astonished when we thus find ourselves affected, almost without the power of being able to ascertain the cause of our emotion.

‘ The brevity of the sonnet, has, no doubt, been the cause of much labour and care being bestowed on that kind of composition. In a long poem, the portions which connect the more important parts, are often necessarily devoid of interest. The poet, in all probability, calculating upon the inattention of his readers, is negligent in this part of his task ; an indulgence which is frequently fatal to the language and to the poetical spirit of the piece. When Petrarch, however, gave to the world a short poem of fourteen lines, in this isolated form, which was to be appreciated by its own merits, he bestowed the utmost care upon it, nor suffered it to appear, unless he deemed it worthy of his fame. Thus, the Italian language made a most rapid progress between the times of Dante and Petrarch. More

exact rules were introduced; a crowd of barbarous words were rejected; the nobler were separated from the more vulgar expressions; and the latter were excluded for ever from the language of verse. Poetry became more elegant, more melodious, and more pleasing to the ear of taste: but it lost, at least according to my apprehension, much of the expression of truth and nature.' Vol. I. pp. 418—424.

The ruling influence of Petrarch's life was his passion for Laura. It is to his sufferings and his servitude under this equivocal and hopeless passion, that we owe the melodious complainings of his melancholy lyre. The two leading characteristics of his sonnets, in which their excellence principally lies, are his entire command over the music of his native language, and his finished perfection of style: not more than two words that he has used, have been rejected by later writers. His polished elegance is attributable in some measure to the perpetual study of Virgil. Not one instance of grossness occurs in the Poet of Vacluse; and the austere moralist cannot regret the influence of a poet over the imagination, who never seeks to corrupt the heart. His great defect is, that want of original conception, which tempted him towards the affected and overstrained manner of the Provençal and earlier Italian poets. Of his sonnets, those written subsequently to the death of Laura are, we think, decidedly the best; but the standing reproach of all his sonnets is, the constraint of the measure, which deprives them alike of the graceful flow of the *canzone*, and the vigorous compactness of the *terza rima*. We extract the exquisite Sonnet beginning '*Movesi' l' vecchiarel canuto e bianco*,' which Mr. Roscoe has thus beautifully rendered.

• With hoary head and locks of reverend grey,
 The old man leaves his youth's sweet dwelling place,
 And grief is mark'd on each familiar face,
 Which watches him, as forth he takes his way:
 And he departs, though from his latest day
 Not distant far, and with an old man's pace,
 With right good will, he enters on the race,
 Though travel-tired and broken with decay:
 And now, accomplishing his last desires,
 In Rome, he sees the image of that One,
 Whom to behold in Heaven his soul aspires:
 Even so have I, sweet lady! ever gone
 Searching, in others' features, for some trace
 Approaching thy long-lost peculiar grace.'

The Sixty-ninth Sonnet, '*Ed altri col desio folle*,' was written when the beauties of Laura began to fade.

' Waved to the winds were those long locks of gold,
 Which in a thousand burnish'd ringlets flow'd,
 And the sweet light, beyond all measure, glow'd,
 Of those fair eyes, which I no more behold;
 Nor (so it seem'd) that face, aught harsh or cold
 To me (if true or false, I know not) shew'd:
 Me, in whose breast the amorous lure abode,
 If flames consumed, what marvel to unfold?
 That step of hers was of no mortal guise,
 But of angelic nature, and her tongue
 Had other utterance than of human sounds;
 A living sun, a spirit of the skies,
 I saw her—Now, perhaps, not so—But wounds
 Heal not, for that the bow is since unstrung.'

(To be completed in the Next Number.)

Art. II. *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.*
 By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xvi, 764. Price
 1l. 4s. London, 1824.

IF singularity of opinion and an adventurous spirit of paradox be just measures of literary merit, Mr. Landor is entitled to a very high reputation; for we scarcely recollect having seen a production more thickly studded over with disputable assertions, or more intersected with intellectual problems and historical doubts. With spells of no mean potency, the Author evokes old and forgotten questions from the grave, in which the universal consent and traditionary acquiescence of mankind had left them to repose; and raises new ones, where the common sense of the world, which is by no means a fallacious oracle, has never yet discovered an ambiguity. For ourselves, we are inclined to treat the case of Mr. Landor in respect of these symptoms, rather as a disorder of the intellect, than of the heart;—as engendered less by the overstrained love of truth, which so often sends us in quest of specious fallacies, than by an inordinate self-love, whose omnivorous appetite finds a repast in all that sickens and offends a healthier palate. The pursuit of truth makes even its aberrations respectable; but the writers of this sect, pursue her only seemingly and in show. They are hypocrites to her genuine worship; they mutter her name, while they are in reality sacrificing to their own vanity.

To this polluted source, must be referred the pertinacity with which Mr. Landor flies in the face of facts resting upon the indisputable faith of historians, and the concurrent testimony of tradition. Monsters, at whose name humanity in-

stinctively trembles, who, while they lived, were the scourges of their insulted species, and have since been canonized to everlasting infamy, are, at the touch of his spear, transformed into the benefactors and ornaments of mankind. To call into doubt the historical verdict which has so long been passed upon Tiberius, is a most wanton freak of scepticism. The vices of that emperor have been indeed depicted by the glowing pencil of Tacitus; but even Tacitus could give only faint and inadequate sketches of the gloomy, unfathomable recesses of a mind alike darkened by dissimulation and hardened by cruelty. According to Mr. Landor, this amiable prince retired to the Isle of Capræ, not, as is vulgarly supposed, to veil his hideous sensualities from the reproachful gaze of Rome, but—to indulge amid its solitudes, a tender melancholy for the loss of his wife! Much injured Nero! A stroke of Mr. Landor's pen sets every thing right, redeems that imperial buffoon from the calumnies of Tacitus and Suetonius, and converts one of the worst tyrants of antiquity into 'a most virtuous and beneficent prince.' Nor are these outrageous propositions stated as mere historic doubts, like the deformity of Richard the Third, or the adventures of Bosworth-field, but passingly and parenthetically, as if they were undeniable facts, which the Author thinks it beneath him to prove. We are not at any time disposed to shew much forbearance even to sportive violations of truth; yet, had they been hazarded as mere trials of intellectual gladiatorship, we might have endured them. But he who calls into unjust suspicion the fixed memorials of history, violates in so far forth, the sanctity of that important oracle, and annuls the force of its most instructive lessons. If it be done in jest, it is a 'poisoning in jest,'—a savage jocularly,—a horse-play railery, which the sober part of the community, parents, husbands, teachers, would do well to discountenance.

Upon questions of a literary nature, Mr. Landor is perhaps entitled to more latitude. But here again, he riots without modesty or self-control. Never did a more furious iconoclast break into the temple of fame, or more capriciously pull down from their niches the most consecrated reputations. These perversions of literary taste, however, may be endured, or left to the natural penalty they entail; for he who accuses all the world of bad judgement, is sure to convict only himself. Yet, though we are far, very far from blindly idolizing French literature in general, and French poetry much less,—we confess to a little failure of patience, when we observed the best tragedy of the French theatre, the *Zaire* of Voltaire pronounced to be 'a wretched imitation of Shakspeare;' for, whenever we

have perused this play, we have been disposed to exclaim of Voltaire as a tragic writer, '*Si sic omnia dixisset.*' It was here, that he seems to have given the full reins to his imagination, and to have been borne by a genuine poetical inspiration far above the conventional barriers of his national drama. The *Zaire* does not, perhaps, display the finished versification and the artful but mellifluous softness of Racine, nor the scrupulous exactness of his plot, nor the gentle and easy gradation of his sentiment; nor does it reach the lofty imagination and the stern grandeur of Corneille. But it has something surpassing these;—the warm, rapid utterance of the heart, a tone faithful to nature, a winning, resistless beauty of thought and of expression. Nor do we join in Mr. Landor's most contemptuous censures of Boileau. No poetry could endure the bed of torture on which he has pinched and squeezed that unfortunate satirist. But there is a want of common equity in making him liable to rebuke or ridicule, for the vices and absurdities of French versification. Boileau took the French verse as he found it; and the untuneable instrument on which he had to play, ought not, in fairness, to be a reproach to the poet. Mr. Landor, indeed, overflows with spleen against every thing that is French;—French government, French literature, and French staircases. Such undistinguishing antipathies are great deformities in moral and philosophical discourse. They are symptoms of a mind that has surveyed mankind from a narrow horizon, and is little versed in the great and extended code of our nature.

We wish, however, that we had not more serious ground of quarrel with the style and spirit of the "*Imaginary Conversations.*" Profane language is one of the surest indications of coarse manners. More splendid graces of composition than any which Mr. Landor has at command, would not half expiate them. We ask, whether the following sentence, which occurs in the dialogue between Louis the Fourteenth and Father La Chaise, his confessor, and which is put into the mouth of the latter, is a becoming mode of discoursing concerning that Being whose name we are forbidden to desecrate, but whose name cannot but be desecrated, when it is connected with low, and vulgar, and unhallowed associations? '*They*' (speaking of heretics) '*hardly treat God Almighty like a gentleman, 'grudge him a clean napkin at his own table, and spend less 'upon him than upon a Christmas dinner.'*' (Vol. II. p. 120.) Similar instances might be adduced, but we desist from so ungrateful a duty. Indelicacy of expression also is but a meagre substitute for wit. The book opened at random might supply us with various offences of this description. We point only

to the dialogue between Middleton and Magliabeschi, and to a few vulgar expressions uttered by Oliver Cromwell in his conversation with Walter Noble, which, how characteristic soever of the plain and uncircuitous phrase of the Protector, have long since been banished from social life, and are never seen in any printed books that are suffered to lie on a drawing-room table. Besides all this, a spirit of gloomy, discontented republicanism is perpetually struggling for vent in every page of the work. Mr. Landor is the indefatigable reviler of thrones and dignities. All eminence, every thing, in a word, that breaks the flat level of social equality, is sure to excite a contemptuous or peevish remark. These are unamiable sentiments, and disfigure a literary production, (which, generally speaking, is written with much elegance,) like the frowns and wrinkles of discontent lurking amid the charms of the female countenance. In truth, they are some of the worst modifications of a selfish vanity. The hatred of all that overtops ourselves, is rarely found in company with ingenuous or noble feelings. The heart that has systematically trained itself to hate the high, is not one whit the more sensitive to the sufferings and supplications of the low. In Mr. Landor's book, whatever happens to be the theme of the dialogue, the growl of his thorough-bass is rarely intermitted. Kings, emperors, English diplomatists are perpetually assailed by an ambushed and unsuspected warfare, though the subject of disquisition may not have the slightest connexion with any thing which he lays to their charge.

These are serious blemishes in a work which, in various parts, evinces considerable talent. We might pass over the affected orthography which pervades it; and although it has alternately provoked our smile, and exhausted our patience, we are disposed to let him adjust his own quarrel with Dyche and the grave authorities of our tongue, against whom he rises in such wanton rebellion. The same idle attempt was made by Middleton, by Mitford, and by Ritson; but none have enlisted under their standard, and their senseless innovations have disfigured only their own pages. We gladly pass on to the more agreeable office of pointing out passages which do more credit to the good-sense and ingenuity of the Author; premising that Mr. Landor, like many other respectable persons who are more agreeable companions abroad than at home, becomes more pleasing the further he gets from his own times and from the political and religious abuses with which, in his apprehension at least, they are teeming. We have travelled with him pleasantly enough through some of the disquisitions, in which the wise and good of past ages hold a share, and in

which we have not been offended with the querulousness and the sarcasm with regard to which we have just used some slight freedom of remonstrance. But even this commendation must not go unqualified. For instance, while we cordially allow that the dialogue between Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey is exquisitely wrought, and that it displays no ordinary beauties both of sentiment and language,—we cannot with equal readiness admit, that he has identified himself with the spirit, or transfused into his pages the diction of antiquity with the felicity for which more than one of our contemporary Journalists have given him credit. The conversation between Cicero and his brother Quinctus, for instance, bears no resemblance to the manner of the great orator, or to that which we should attribute to one who had pursued the same studies, and must have been deeply tinctured with his style and sentiment. How widely remote from the unrestrained flow of language, the easy correctness, the graceful and swelling redundance of Tully in his public and philosophical discourses, and even in his epistles, where, to use his own phrase, he made use of a lighter and less forensic diction—*‘leviore quodam sono usus, et ‘qui impetum orationis non habet,’*—are the antithetical sentences contained in the following passage selected from that dialogue ! Quinctus had been comparing Cæsar with Sertorius, observing that, having acted upon a more splendid theatre, he might, perhaps, appear at a distance a still greater character. To this Marcus replies :

‘He will seem so to those only, who place temperance and prudence, fidelity and patriotism, aside from the component parts of greatness. Cesar, of all men, knew best when to trust fortune : Sertorius never trusted her at all, nor marched a step along a path he had not explored. The best of Romans slew the one, the worst the other: the death of Cesar was that which the wise and virtuous would most deprecate for themselves and their children ; that of Sertorius what they would most desire. And since, Quinctus, we have seen the ruin of our country, and her enemies are intent on ours, let us be grateful that the last years of life have neither been useless nor inglorious, and that it is likely to close, not under the condemnation of such citizens as Cato and Brutus, but as Lepidus and Antonius. It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cesar. O ! had his heart been unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succour his country as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great were he ! Then perhaps at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse ; for no man ever tempered so seasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he ! how unguarded ! His whole character was uncovered ; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods. Him I shall see again ; and, while

he acknowledges my justice, I shall acknowledge all his virtues and contemplate them unclouded. I shall see again our father, and Mutius Scevola, and you, and our sons, and the ingenuous and faithful Tyro. He alone has power over my life, if any has, for to him I confide my writings. And our worthy M. Brutus will meet me, whom I will embrace among the first ; for if I have not done him an injury I have caused him one. Had I never lived, or had I never excited his envy, he might perhaps have written as I have done ; but, for the sake of avoiding me, he caught both cold and fever. Let us pardon him ; let us love him ; with a weakness that injured his eloquence, and with a softness of soul that sapped the constitution of our state, he is still no unworthy branch of that family, which will be remembered the longest among men.

‘ O happy day, when I shall meet my equals, and when my inferiors shall trouble me no more !

‘ Man thinks it miserable to be cut off in the midst of his projects : he should rather think it miserable to have formed them : for the one is his own action, the other is not ; the one was subject from the beginning to disappointments and vexations, the other ends them. And what truly is that period of life in which we are not in the midst of our projects ? They spring up only the more rank and wild, year after year, from their extinction or from their change of form, as herbage from the corruption and dying down of herbage. I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause, for no other reason than that my dignity was to depend on it.’ Vol. II. pp. 353—5.

Our objection does not apply with equal force to that part of the dialogue in which Cicero discourses upon parental affection with great truth and feeling.

‘ *Quinctus*.—Proceed my brother. In all temptations of mind and feeling, my spirits are equalized by your discourse ; and that which you said with rather too much brevity of our children, soothes me greatly.

‘ *Marcus*.—I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken. And yet—ah Quinctus ! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the Gods.

‘ They, who have given us our affections, permitt us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like every thing else immoderate, is useless and pernicious ; but if we did not tolerate, and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season, much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius would be stifled and extinguished.

‘ When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections, I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. If he were humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and to reprove ; and if he were wise, he would con-

sider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that Philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better for being so, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.

‘ My eloquence, whatever (with Pollio’s leave) it may be, would at least have sufficed me to explore these tracts of philosophy, which the Greeks, as I said, either have seldom coasted or have left unsettled. Although I think I have done somewhat more than they have, I am often dissatisfied with the scantiness of my stores and the limits of my excursions. Every question has given me the subject of a new one ; the last has always been better than the preceding, and, like Archimedes, whose tomb appears now before me as when I first discovered it at Syracuse, I could almost ask of my enemy time to solve my problem.

‘ Quintus ! Quintus ! let us exult with joy : there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forwards, and without exertion, thither where we shall know all we wish to know, and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or in Formiæ, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn.’ Vol. II. pp. 384—386.

We were, however, not a little surprised at hearing Cicero, in the same conversation, talk of the laws of perspective ; for we have reason to be convinced that the ancients were ignorant of the linear branch of that study. ‘ I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing, resemble the laws of perspective : they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch.’

The dialogue between Roger Ascham and his accomplished and interesting pupil, we will not injure by a mutilated extract. It breathes the charm of innocence and simplicity, and is in the Author’s very best manner.

‘ *Ascham*. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state ; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it so ; submit in thankfulness.

‘ Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honour in a greater : it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted minds... Alas ! alas !

‘ *Jane*. What aileth my virtuous Ascham ? what is amiss ? why do I tremble ?

‘ *Ascham*. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, although thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love

hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence, but it is because thy tender heart having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

'I once persuaded thee to reflect much; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and stedfastly on what is under and before thee.

'*Jane*. I have well bethought me of all my duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, wouldst thou command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Polybius? the others I do resign unto thee: they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk: but leave unto me, I beseech thee, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

'*Ascham*. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy childbed, on thy deathbed. Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well! These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane, whom God shall one day smile upon in thy chaste bosom...Mind thou thy husband.

'*Jane*. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. O never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

'*Ascham*. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

'*Jane*. He is contented with me and with home.

'*Ascham*. Ah Jane, Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

'*Jane*. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard! I will conduct him to treasures...O what treasures!...on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

'*Ascham*. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well, sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheeks; and if ever he meditate on power, go, toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

'Teach him to live unto God and unto thee: and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.' Vol. II. pp. 51—54.

We do not instance the Conversation between Lord Bacon and Hooker as a successful imitation of the manner of either of those great men. In this respect, we think it is a failure;—if, indeed, Mr. Landor had not in view, as we are willing to believe, the enforcement of a high morality, rather than a mere

miniucy of language. We omit the absurd and inapplicable remarks of Hooker on the properties of the dittany.

' *Bacon*.—Hearing much of your worthiness and wisdom, Master Richard Hooker, I have besought your comfort and consolation in this my too heavy affliction; for we often do stand in need of hearing what we know full well, and our own balsams must be poured into our breasts by another's hand. Withdrawn as you live from court and courtly men, and having ears occupied by better reports than such as are flying about me, yet haply so hard a case as mine, befalling a man heretofore not averse from the studies in which you also take delight, may have touched you with some concern.

' *Hooker*.—I do think, my lord of Verulam, that, unhappy as you appear, God in sooth has foregone to chasten you, and that the day which in his wisdom he appointed for your trial, was the very day on which the king's majesty gave unto your ward and custody the great seal of his English realm. And yet perhaps it may be, let me utter it without offence, that your features and stature were from that day forward no longer what they were before. Such an effect do power and rank and office produce even on prudent and religious men.

' A hound's whelp howleth if you pluck him up above where he stood: man, in much greater peril of falling, doth rejoice. You, my lord, as befitteth you, are smitten and contrite, and do appear in deep wretchedness and tribulation, to your servants and those about you; but I know that there is always a balm which lies uppermost in these afflictions, and that no heart rightly softened can be very sore.

' *Bacon*.—And yet, master Richard, it is surely no small matter, to lose the respect of those who looked up to us for countenance, and the favour of a right learned king, and, O master Hooker! such a power of money! But money is mere dross. I should always hold it so, if it possessed not two qualities; that of making men treat us reverently, and that of enabling us to help the needy.

' *Hooker*.—The respect, I think, of those who respect us for what a fool can give and a rogue can take away, may easily be dispensed with: but it is indeed a high prerogative to help the needy; and when it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of it, let us believe that he foreknows our inclination to negligence in the charge entrusted to us, and that in his mercy he has removed from us a most fearful responsibility.

' *Bacon*.—I know a number of poor gentlemen to whom I could have rendered aid.

' *Hooker*.—Have you examined and sifted their worthiness?

' *Bacon*.—Well and deeply.

' *Hooker*.—Then must you have known them long before your adversity, and while the means of succouring them were in your hands.

' *Bacon*.—You have circumvented and entrapped me, master Hooker. Faith! I am mortified—you the schoolman, I the school-boy!

' *Hooker*.—Say not so, my lord. Your years and wisdom are abun-

dantly more than mine, your knowledge higher, your experience richer. Our wits are not always in blossom upon us. When the roses are overcharged and languid, up springs a spike of rue. Mortified on such an occasion! God forefend it! But again to the business...I should never be over-penitent for my neglect of needy gentlemen, who have neglected themselves much worse. They have chosen their profession with its chances and contingences. If they had protected their country by their courage, or adorned it by their studies, they would have merited, and, under a king of such learning and such equity, would have received in some sort their reward. I look upon them as so many old cabinets of ivory and tortoiseshell, scratched, flawed, splintered, rotten, defective both within and without, hard to unlock, insecure to lock up again, unfit to use.

' *Bacon*.—Methinks it beginneth to rain, master Richard. What if we comfort our bodies with a small cup of wine against the ill temper of the air.

' Wherefor in God's name are you affrightened?

' *Hooker*.—Not so, my lord, not so.

' *Bacon*.—What then affects you?

' *Hooker*.—Why indeed, since your lordship interrogates me—I looked, idly and imprudently, into that rich buffet; and I saw, unless the haze of the weather has come into the parlour, or my sight is the worse for last night's reading, no fewer than six silver pints. Surely six tables for company are laid only at coronations.

' *Bacon*.—There are many men so squeamish, that forsooth they would keep a cup to themselves, and never communicate it to their neighbour or best friend; a fashion which seems to me offensive in an honest house, where no disease of ill repute ought to be feared. We have lately, master Richard, adopted strange fashions; we have run into the wildest luxuries. The lord Leicester, I heard it from my father—God forfend it should ever be recorded in our history—when he entertained queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth-castle, laid before her Majesty a fork of pure silver. I the more easily credit it, as master Thomas Coriatt doth vouch for having seen the same monstrous sign of voluptuousness at Venice. We are surely the especial favorites of Providence, when such wantonness hath not melted us quite away. After this portent, it would otherwise have appeared incredible, that we should have broken the Spanish Armada!

' Pledge me: hither comes our wine.

' Dolt! villain! is not this the beverage I reserve for myself?

' The blockhead must imagine that malmsey runs in a stream under the ocean, like the Alpheus. Bear with me, good master Hooker, but verily I have little of this wine, and I keep it as a medicine for my many and growing infirmities. You are younger; weaker drink is more wholesome for you. The lighter ones of France are best of all accommodated by Nature to our constitutions, and therefor she hath placed them so within our reach, that we have only to stretch out our necks, in a manner, and drink them from the

rat. But this y, this malmsey, flies from centre to circumference, and makes youthful blood to boil.

* * * * *

' *Hooker*.—I know my poor weak intellects, most noble lord, and how scantily they have profited by all my hard painstaking. Comprehending few things, and those imperfectly, I say only what others have said before, wise men and holy; and if, by passing through my heart into the wide world around me, it pleaseth God that this little treasure shall have lost nothing of its weight and pureness, my exultation is then the exultation of humility. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things; nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory. And this wisdom, my lord of Verulam, cometh from above.

' *Bacon*.—I have observed, among the well informed and the ill informed, nearly the same quantity of infirmities and follies; those who are rather the wiser keep them separate, and those who are wisest of all keep them better out of sight. Now examine the sayings and writings of the prime philosophers; and you will often find them, master Richard, to be untruths made to resemble truths: the business with them is to approximate as nearly as possible and not to touch it: the goal of the charioteer is *evitata fervidis rotis*, as some poet saith. But we who care nothing for chaunts and cadences, and have no time to catch at applauses, push forward over stones and sands straightway to our object. I have persuaded men, and shall persuade them for ages, that I possess a wide range of thoughts unexplored by others and first thrown open by me, with many fair inclosures of choice and abstruse knowledge. I have incited and instructed them to examine all subjects of useful and rational inquiry: very few that occurred to me have I myself left untouched or untried. One however hath almost escaped me, and surely one worth the trouble.

' *Hooker*.—Pray, my lord, if I am guilty of no indiscretion, what may it be?

' *Bacon*.—Francis Bacon.' Vol. II. pp. 59—66.

We must make room for the dialogue between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sydney in the first volume. It is very happily imagined, and calls up the purest images of happiness, friendship, rural enjoyment, and 'home-bred delight.'

' *Brooke*.—I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

' *Sidney*.—Welcome, welcome! And now, Greville, seat yourself under this oak; since, if you had hungered or thirsted from your journey, you would have renewed the alacrity of your old servants in the hall.

' *Brooke*.—In truth I did so; for no otherwise the good household.

would have it. The birds met me first, affrightened by the tossing up of caps, and I knew by these harbingers, who were coming. When my palfrey cyed them askance for their clamorousness, and shrank somewhat back, they quarreled with him almost before they saluted me, and asked him many pert questions. What a pleasant spot, Sidney, have you chosen here for meditation ! a solitude is the audience-chamber of God.—Few days, very few in our year, are like this : there is a fresh pleasure in every fresh posture of the limbs, in every turn the eye takes.

‘ Youth, credulous of happiness, throw down
Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln
With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,
That tires thee with its wagging to and fro :
Thou too wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age,
Who lackest heart to laugh at life’s deceit.

‘ It sometimes requires a stout push, and sometimes a sudden resistance, in the wisest men, not to become for a moment the most foolish. What have I done ! I have fairly challenged you, so much my master.

‘ *Sidney*.—You have warmed me : I must cool a little and watch my opportunity. So now, Greville, return you to your invitations, and I will clear the ground for the company : Youth, Age, and whatever comes between, with all their kindred and dependencies. Verily we need few taunts or expostulations ; for in the country we have few vices, and consequently few repinings. I take especial care that my young labourers and farmers shall never be idle, and supply them with bows and arrows, with bowls and ninepins, for their Sunday-evening, lest they should wench, drink, and quarrel. In church they are taught to love God ; after church they are practised to love their neighbour ; for business on work-days keeps them apart and scattered, and on market-days they are prone to a rivalry bordering on malice, as competitors for custom. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity : for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment : the course is then over ; the wheel turns round but once ; while the re-action of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

‘ *Brooke*.—You reason justly and you act rightly. Piety, warm, soft, and passive, as the æther round the throne of Grace, is made callous and inactive by kneeling too much : her vitality faints under rigorous and wearisome observances. A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper and leaves a barren bed.

‘ *Sidney*.—Desire of lucre, the worst and most general country vice, arises here from the necessity of looking to small gains. It is the tartar that encrusts economy.

‘ ——— Avarice

Grudges the gamesome river-fish its food,
And shuts his heart against his own life’s blood.

' *Brooke*.—O that any thing so monstrous should exist in this profusion and prodigality of blessings! The herbs are crisp and elastic with health; they are warm under my hand, as if their veins were filled with such a fluid as ours. What a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it, Sidney, the smallest do seem the happiest?

' *Sidney*.—Compensation for their weaknesses and their fears; compensation for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle: they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.

' *Brooke*.—Are not also the little and lowly in our species the most happy?

' *Sidney*.—I would not willingly try nor overcuriously examine it. We, Greville, are happy in these parks and forests: we were happy in my close winter-walk of box and laurustinus and mezereon. In our earlier days did we not emboss our bosoms with the crocusses, and shake them almost unto shedding with our transports! Ah my friend, there is a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly, but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish and the best begin anew; and we are all desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We may in some measure frame our minds for the reception of happiness, for more or for less; but we should well consider to what port we are steering in search of it, and that even in the richest we shall find but a circumscribed, and very exhaustible quantity. There is a sickness in the firmest of us, which induces us to change our side, though reposing ever so softly; yet, wittingly or unwittingly, we turn again soon into our old position. God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented; hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius: what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. Sometimes we are insensible to its kindlier influence, sometimes not. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us: perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with all I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment. We are notes in the midst of generations: we have our sunbeams to circuit and climb. Look at the summits of all the trees around us, how they move, and the loftiest the most so: nothing is at rest within the compass of our view, except the grey moss on the park-pales. Let it eat away the dead oak, but let it not be compared with the living one.

‘ Poets are nearly all prone to melancholy ; yet the most plaintive ditty has imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind ; the senses in both cases are confused and perverted.

‘ *Brooke*. Merciful heaven ! and for the fruition of an hour’s drunkenness, from which they must awaken with heaviness, pain, and terror, men consume a whole crop of their kind at one harvest-home. Shame upon those light ones who carol at the feast of blood ! and worse upon those graver ones who nail upon their escutcheon the name of great. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind ; none of them surely for their admiration. Only some cause like unto that which is now scattering the mental fog of the Netherlands, and is preparing them for the fruits of freedom, can justify us in drawing the sword abroad.

‘ *Sidney*. And only the accomplishment of our purpose can authorize us again to sheathe it ; for, the aggrandisement of our neighbours is nought of detriment to us ; on the contrary, if we are honest and industrious, his wealth is ours. We have nothing to dread while our laws are equitable and our impositions light : but children fly from mothers that strip and scourge them. We are come to an age when we ought to read and speak loudly what our discretion tells us is fit ; we are not to be set in a corner for mockery and derision, with our hands hanging down motionless and our pockets turned inside-out. Let us congratulate our country on her freedom from debt, and on the economy and disinterestedness of her administrators ; men altogether of eminent worth, afraid of nothing but of deviating from the broad and beaten path of illustrious ancestors, and propagating her glory in far-distant countries, not by the loquacity of mountebanks, or the audacity of buffoons, nor by covering a tarnished sword-knot with a trim shoulder-knot, but by the mission of right-learned, grave, and eloquent ambassadors. Triumphant and disdainfully may you point to others.

‘ While the young blossom starts to light,
And Heaven looks down serenely bright
On Nature’s graceful form ;
While hills and vales and woods are gay,
And village voices all breathe May,
Who dreads the future storm ?

‘ When princes smile and senates bend,
What mortal e’er foresaw his end
Or fear’d the frown of God ?
Yet has the tempest swept them off,
And the oppress, with bitter scoff,
Their silent marble trod.

' To swell their pride, to quench their ire,
Did venerable Laws expire,
And sterner forms arise ;
Faith in their presence veil'd her head,
Patience and Charity were dead,
And Hope. . . beyond the skies.

' But away, away with politics ; let not this city-stench infect our fresh country-air.

' *Brooke*. To happiness then, and unhappiness, since we can discourse upon it without emotion Our unhappiness appears to be more often sought by us, and pursued more steddily than our happiness. What courtier on the one side, what man of genius on the other, has not complained of unworthiness preferred to worth ? Who prefers it ? his friend ? no. his self ? no surely. Why then grieve at folly or injustice in those who have no concern in him, and in whom he has no concern ? We are indignant at the sufferings of those who bear bravely and undeservedly ; but a single cry from them breaks the charm that bound them to us.

' *Sidney*. The English character stands high above complaining. I have heard the French soldier scream at receiving a wound ; I never heard ours : shall the uneducated be worthy of setting an example to the lettered ? If we see, as we have seen, young persons of some promise, but in comparison to us as the colt is to the courser, raised to trust and eminence by any powerful advocate, is it not enough to feel ourselves the stronger men, without exposing our limbs to the passenger, and begging him in proof to handle our muscles ? Only one subject of sorrow, none of complaint, in respect to court, is just and reasonable ; namely, to be rejected or overlooked when our exertions or experience might benefit our country. Forbidden to unite our glory with hers, let us cherish it at home the more fondly for its disappointment, and give her reason to say afterwards, she could have wished the union.'

We must now close our extracts and our remarks. With regard to the spirit which too frequently breaks forth in the course of Mr. Landor's volumes, we know not whether we ought to express ourselves in terms of reprehension, so much as of concern and regret. The overweening self-love that could delude him into the imagination, that his individual efforts contributed to the fall of Bonaparte, and persuade him, that his pen alone was omnipotent enough to render an infamous name immortal, is beyond the reach of rebuke or remonstrance. Lest we may be suspected of exaggerating or misrepresenting these hallucinations of egotism, we subjoin the following sentences. In a note, speaking of the French Emperor, he remarks : ' Although I did my utmost in pursuing this tyrant to death, recommending and insisting on nothing less, yet, I

' acknowledge that I am sorry he is dead.' He thus speaks in his own person, in a conversation with the Marchese Palavicini. The Marchese having remarked that the English houses of Parliament ought to have animadverted upon the conduct of a certain English General, Mr. Landor exclaims: ' These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?' These are errors incidental, we believe, to a secluded and unsocial life. They who stand aloof from the softening intercourses of society, or, like Walter Landor, can exclaim with a self-complacent satisfaction, ' that they never accepted a letter of introduction, nor expressed a wish for any man's society,' are but too apt to place themselves in the centre of the universal system, and to imagine that they have sufficient intellectual strength to communicate an impulse to the moral and intellectual world, which, instead of revolving around them, as they idly dream, is fixed within its own orbit, and governed by its own laws. Intelligence is, no doubt, a mighty power; but the unaided mind of one man can effect but little. And if the reading and literature of Mr. Landor have taught him to indulge in these disordered reveries of intellectual sovereignty, we should not regret to hear that his books had suffered the fate to which those of Don Quixote were consigned by the friendly hands of his niece and his house-keeper. A little self-knowledge, and a correct estimate (which is its best result) of the limitation of our own faculties, would soon dissipate these idle visions, and we strenuously recommend Mr. Landor to lose no time in acquiring it.

' Tecum habitas, et noris quam tibi sit curta supeller.

We observe with pain, that modern politicians are shadowed under the names of Anædestatus, Chlorus, and Metanyctius, and that dissembled allusions are made, in many of the dialogues between ancient personages, to modern topics of political controversy. We say, with pain; because there is something unfair and underhand in assailing public characters under the protection of a mask, and because literary discourses lose a great deal of their grace and unity, by so discordant and foreign an admixture.

Art. III. *Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary*, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamtchatka. By Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 758. London, 1824.

UN Grec du Bas Empire—was, if we recollect a right, the sarcastic epithet applied to the Emperor Alexander, by Napoleon; and the recent measures of the Russian Government, subversive of all the expectations which had been awakened by the concessions to liberal principle that distinguished the earlier period of the present reign, seem to have fixed an equally unfavourable sentiment in the public mind. We must say, that we exceedingly doubt the justness of this feeling. We regret, in common with every enlightened observer of passing events, the change of system which appears to have been adopted by the Tsar. Nothing can be more deplorable than the perpetuation of feudal slavery, and the stern and unyielding maintenance of a military despotism, which seem to be the object of his present counsels. The recent disposition to religious persecution, and to the repression of all efforts to raise the moral and intellectual character of his subjects, exhibit the character of the Muscovite monarch under a very unattractive aspect. It is, however, a circumstance by no means to be overlooked, that every thing we hear of Alexander in private life, is directly opposed to these manifestations of public character. Miss Hawkins has preserved several anecdotes which attest his amiable and liberal disposition, his recollections even of trivial accommodations, and his generous compensation of slight and remote services. The volumes before us owe their existence to the frank and unrestricted license of free movement granted to Captain Cochrane by the Emperor, who seemed personally anxious to afford every facility of investigation, and even made repeated offers of pecuniary aid. It ought, in fact, never to be forgotten, that the Russian autocrat, though the most despotic in theory of any monarch in Christendom, is, in reality, thrall'd and controlled by a formidable combination of powerful and unprincipled nobles, to whom, it is well understood, that his liberal views were exceedingly unpalatable. The annals of his empire contain much matter for gloomy retrospection; and the fate of his father and grand-father shews the readiness with which conspiracies are formed, and the ferocity with which the agents of murder pursue their desperate purpose. Strange stories are told of pithy hints given to Alexander himself; and it is perfectly notorious, that there is little harmony of character, whatever there may be of fraternal attachment, between his

brother Constantine and himself. Whether the removal of the excellent Galitzin, and the favour at present enjoyed by a general officer whose character is held in very different estimation, are to be considered as matters of personal choice, or of expedient concession to external influence, we have no means of determining; but we think it highly probable, that much of what is questionable both in the general and the domestic policy of the Emperor, is attributable to his situation, rather than to his deliberate preferences. The system itself, with its holy alliances against all that tends to emancipation and free institutions, is detestable; but we would hope that its adoption on the part of its principal supporter, is in opposition to his better feelings, and in reluctant subserviency to imperious circumstances.

The immense tracts of partially cultivated territory which make up the vast empire of Russia, comprising so many distinct races of men, a wide variety of climates, and regions as yet imperfectly explored, offer strong temptations to an adventurous traveller; and it appears to be the present disposition of the Government, to allow, at least, if not absolutely to encourage, the investigations of the scientific, and the wanderings of the restless. Nothing could be more liberal than the conduct of the higher officers of administration in the case of Captain Cochrane; and the only opposition he had to encounter, arose from the jealous apprehensions of the Russian company engaged in the fur trade. The offer of pecuniary aid, Captain C., with proper and dignified feeling, declined; but he cheerfully accepted every facility, in the shape of passports and recommendations, which imperial courtesy was willing to afford, and which it became a British officer to receive. An invidious attempt, prompted by motives not to be mistaken, has been made, to give an unfavourable colouring to this transaction, as far as Captain Cochrane was concerned. The weakness of the attack is not less conspicuous, than its unfairness; and that enterprising and high-minded traveller will sustain no abatement of reputation from insinuations, of which the intention cannot for one moment be mistaken.

We have as much relish as our neighbours for travelling in a common way, and find no difficulty in submitting to the ordinary casualties and inconveniencies of the road. Hard beds, lean larders, crabbed landlords, and negligent waiters, fail to disturb our philosophic equanimity; nor do we shrink, on occasion, from manifesting a sturdy independence on post-chaises and stage-coaches, by a vigorous and protracted exercise of our pedestrian energies. We confess, however, that we are quite unable to sympathize with the hero of the narrative

before us. He seems prepared to encounter all climates and all varieties of condition. Empty pockets and a wardrobe all but primitive, are, with him, the very rudiments of pleasant and effective travelling. He states broadly, that he 'was never so happy as in the wilds of Tartary;' and, notwithstanding his rough journey from London, through France, Germany, Poland, Muscovy, and Siberia, to the shores of the sea of Kamtchatka, he expresses himself as having 'never been so anxious to enter on a similar field as at this moment.'

Having journeyed on foot through France, Spain, and Portugal, at the conclusion of the late general peace, Captain Cochrane began to meditate more distant and more important excursions, and, as his first essay, endeavoured to obtain from the Admiralty, encouragement to undertake an exploratory trip to the Niger. Among his other qualifications for this enterprise, he mentions that of having 'been roasted in some of the worst corners of the West Indies, during a period of nearly ten years' service, without a head-ache.' Failing in this application, he determined on making an attempt to circumambulate the globe, as far as practicable, by traversing Europe, Asia, and America, in their higher latitudes, with the specific intention of tracing the shores of the Polar Sea, along the American coast. Early in February, 1820, he landed at Dieppe, and passing through Paris, made the best of his way for Germany. Little of interesting detail occurs until his arrival on the Prussian frontier, where his greeting was of a most inhospitable kind.

'My passport demanded, myself interrogated by a set of whiskered ruffians, obliged to move from one guard to another, the object of sarcasm and official tyranny, I wanted no inducement, fatigued as I was, to proceed on my journey; but even this was not permitted me. A large public room full of military rubbish, and two long benches serving as chairs to an equally long table, were the place and furniture allotted me. I asked the landlord for supper; he laughed at me;—and to my demand of a bed, grinningly pointed to the floor, and refused me even a portion of the straw which had been brought in for the soldiers. Of all the demons that have ever existed or been imagined in human shape, I thought the landlord of the inn the blackest. The figure of Gil Perez occurred to me, but it sunk in the comparison with the wretch then before me, for ill-nature and personal hideousness. His face half covered with a black beard and large bristly whiskers; his stature below the common; his head sunk between his shoulders, to make room for the protuberance of his back; his eyes buried in the ragged locks of his lank, grisly hair;—added to this a club-foot, and a voice which, on every attempt at speech, was like the shrieking of a screech-owl, and you have some faint idea of this mockery of a man. For some time he strutted about wrapped up with

furs, which ill concealed the ragged testimonials of his wretched poverty, and taking immense quantities of snuff. The oaf at length deliberately opened a large box, and, placing in it a pillow and some straw, wrapped a blanket round him, and committed his person to this rude but novel species of bed, shutting the lid half way down with a piece of wood apparently kept for that purpose. I confess, my indignation was so strongly excited, that had materials been at hand, I had the strongest inclination to nail the monster down in his den. My feelings resolved into a determination to run all risks for an escape; and accordingly, getting out at the window in the middle of the night, I took the road to Wittenberg, where I arrived at eight o'clock in the morning, after travelling over fifteen miles of sandy common.' Vol. I. pp. 26—28.

Mr. Rose, the British ambassador to the court of Berlin, seems to have accommodated himself with much kindness to the peculiarities of his eccentric guest, and obtained for him blank passports from the Russian envoy. After a series of adventures, some pleasant, and others requiring both patience and exertion, Captain Cochrane reached Narva, whence he obtained a conveyance to Petersburg in a very singular way. 'A black gentleman,' who was travelling with two carriages, offered him the accommodation of the supernumerary vehicle which followed the one occupied by himself. During the journey, while taking breakfast at Kipene, 'my companion,' says Captain C.,

'asked me whether I was furnished with a passport. I replied in the affirmative. He requested to see it; and, observing my name, inquired if I was related "to Admiral *Kakran*, who was in de West Indies, at de capture of de Danish Islands in 1807?" Being informed I was the Admiral's nephew, he asked, "Are you de son o. Massa *Kakran Jahnstone*?"—"Yes, I am"—"You are den," said he. "dat lilly Massa Jonny I knew at de same time." It now turned out that this black gentleman with the two carriages and four horses each, had been my father's and my uncle's servant thirteen years before. Having talked over old matters, he remarked that he could never have recognised me, from the alteration that time had made in my features. I proceeded to inquire his history, but, as he did not seem inclined to be communicative on this head, I did not press him; and we proceeded, both in the same carriage; my friend no longer considering me as a *menial follower*.' Vol. I. pp. 54, 5.

Captain Cochrane's endeavours to ascertain the present situation and abode of his companion were unsuccessful; but a little subsequent inquiry solved the enigma. The 'gentleman' was the servant of a Russian nobleman, in care of his master's travelling equipage.

We have already adverted to the liberal conduct and munifi-

cent offers of the Emperor Alexander, and to the limitations under which Captain Cochrane availed himself of the official facilities afforded him. He quitted the Russian capital on the 24th of May, and on his route, witnessed the conflagration which destroyed the splendid palace of Tzarsko Selo. Soon after this, he was plundered and stripped by robbers, and travelled, literally *sans culottes*, as far as Novogorod, where he accepted from the governor a shirt and trowsers. At Moscow, he received the most hospitable attentions; but, on the road between that ancient capital and the city of Vladimir, he encountered the effects of fanatical inhospitality in the shape of a 'sound drubbing' inflicted by a mob of women armed with 'broom-sticks.' These peremptory ladies belonged to the sect of 'Raskolnicks, or Schismatics,' who are described as most intolerant towards all out of their own pale; refusing even the common offices of social life to those that are without. The Traveller's passage from the European to the Asiatic region, was marked by a different treatment: the good borderers gave him fruit and cream, and he received their friendly offerings, 'standing with one foot in Asia, and the other in Europe.'

The eastern side of the Uralian chain looks out on scenery which evidently belongs to a different climate. The first station in Siberia at which the Captain halted, was Ekaterinebourg, a large and well-built town, principally remarkable for its iron and copper founderies. In this place, he again found his worthy friends, the Raskolnicks; and he avails himself of the rencontre to introduce the following specimen of liberal sentiment. These sectarians, it seems,

'some time ago, sent one of their own body to purchase permission to build a church for the free exercise of their own abominable tenets. The zealous *missionary* was also charged with four hundred thousand roubles, to make good his way: but neither missionary, nor licence, nor money, have been since heard of. This conduct, I should think, might be expected from such *zealous and intolerant unitarians of faith*; for whether Greek, Catholic, Protestant, or Methodist, it is one and the same thing—he who *attempts* to interfere with an established religion, is no tolerant, but a bigot, and what are the most civilized part of the community about?' Vol. I. pp. 130, 1.

Half-drowned by incessant rain, Captain Cochrane entered Tobolsk, where a hospitable greeting, in the shape of a 'pipe' and a glass of punch, made him fancy himself 'any where' rather than in the capital of Western Siberia. This large and ancient city, advantageously situated on the confluence of the Irtysh and the Tobol, both tributaries to the Ob, is distinguished by the excellence of its society. As a place of exile

for the higher orders of *disgraciés*, officers and others, who, by political or slight offences, have incurred disfavour without loss of rank or honour, it brings together in its domestic or convivial associations, men of education and polished manners, among whom may be found some of the highest and most accomplished in intellect and character. Tomsk and Nertchinsk are the *depots* for malefactors and degraded criminals.

‘ I visited the celebrated fortress built by Yermak, the discoverer and conquerer of Siberia. Several old swords, muskets, and the like, are deposited there, which, for size and weight, might vie with the more famous sword in Dumbarton castle. I also attended an examination at the public military and the provincial schools on the Lancasterian system. The children seemed to have made considerable proficiency in the first rudiments: the schools, however, are yet in their infancy, though nearly one thousand boys attend. It was, indeed, gratifying to a patriotic heart, to see the institutions of Old England adopted in the heart of Siberia:—an adoption equally honourable to us, and creditable to Alexander.

‘ The view of the surrounding country from the residence of the Governor, is really sublime, preserving still its ancient wild magnificence. In front are the noble Irtysh and Tobol, joining their waters from the east and south, and continuing their united course through the black and impenetrable forests, till lost on the verge of the horizon: the numerous pasture-lands on the opposite bank of the river, with here and there a smoking chimney, enliven the scene, and render the place, with all its surrounding but distant descents, a really enviable retreat. Immediately under the eye, is the river and lower town, with its regularly intersecting streets; all these afford ocular demonstration, that Tobolsk is far from being a dull place; yet, even in summer, the situation is very cold and bleak, being in the latitude of near 59°, and the thermometer, during winter, at times falling as low as 40° and 43° of Reaumur: while, on the other hand, it is not always free from the opposite unpleasantness of extreme heat.

‘ The climate of the province, generally speaking, is inhospitable, no part but the southern producing grain. The soil is chiefly marl and chalk, except to the north, which is covered with immense tracts of sand. The wood is for the most part stunted in its growth; and such is the poverty of this province, which contains more than a million of souls, that the government receives from it but three millions of roubles nett revenue, or one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Its extent is immense, being from the latitude of 50° to the Frozen Sea, and near one thousand miles in width. The northern districts are inhabited by Samoiedes and Ostiaks, a wild, barbarous race, who live by fishing and hunting, enduring all the rigours of winter, sometimes even without fuel. Fishing is also an active pursuit at Tobolsk, nearly two thousand people being employed upon the Irtysh and Tobol. The practice is, to ascend the streams before the winter commences, catching and drying the fish as they go, and returning to the city with the breaking up of the ice. This employ-

ment, besides providing for the maintenance of those engaged in it, yields a very remunerating profit. The embroidery of muslins is also brought to considerable perfection at Tobolsk, introduced originally by the daughters of exiled officers, who had felt the deprivation of their former means of subsistence, and it is now the prevailing fashion among the ladies. The poor classes, however, are indolent, and will seldom work beyond what is immediately necessary for the procurement of food; and this may in part account for their suffering some of the richest and most beautiful lands in the world, on the banks of the Irtysh, and towards the Chinese frontiers, to lie waste, while they prefer the deserts and forests of the north. To this inducement, however, must be added, that of obstinacy and false pride, and, perhaps, some portion of laudable attachment to their native city, which is termed the grand and ancient capital of all Siberia, and which has been the scene of achievements, equal, if not superior to those of Cortez.'

Yermak, the chieftain referred to in the preceding extract, was originally a leader of banditti, who, after a series of romantic adventures, submitted, in 1581, to the increasing power of the Muscovites. Engaged in continual and successful wars with the Tartars, he was at last surprised and defeated by one of their Khans. Flying for his life, he attempted to cross a river, and was drowned by the weight of his armour.

At Malaya-Narymka, Captain Cochrane crossed the Russian frontier, and stood on the territory of the Celestial Empire.

'An officer and a few men placed here, are all that are left to mark the boundaries of two such mighty empires as Russia and China. I forded the little stream which forms the actual limit, and seating myself on a stone on the left bank, was soon lost in a reverie. It was about midnight; the moon, apparently full, was near her meridian, and seemed to encourage a pensive inclination. What can surpass that scene, I know not. Some of the loftiest granite mountains spreading in various directions, enclosing some of the most luxuriant valleys in the world; yet, all deserted!—all this fair and fertile tract abandoned to wild beasts, merely to constitute a neutral territory.'

At Irkutsk, Captain C. was introduced to Mr. Gedenstrom, a gentleman of considerable talent, whose enterprising ventures on the Arctic ice have enabled him to survey all the islands distinguished by the name of New Siberia, as far north as latitude 76°. The journey from Irkutsk to Yakutsk along the Lena, was effected partly by land, and partly by water. The river here varies in width, according to the season, from two and a half to four miles. Yakutsk appears to be the great mart for skins. A stay here of three weeks, enabled Captain Cochrane to make the requisite preparations for his subsequent movements, which he commenced on the last day of October,

with the thermometer 'at 27° of frost.' After various casualties and much suffering from cold, he reached Vishney Kolymak on the river Kolyma, in the near vicinity of the Frozen Sea, where he took up his quarters with Baron Wrangel, an officer in the Russian navy, occupied in discoveries to the north-eastward, and whose adventurous exertions we shall have occasion briefly to notice. Our countryman offered to accompany the Baron in his enterprise, but the proposal was inadmissible from a foreigner without the special permission of Government. Failing in this scheme, he determined to visit the fair of the Tchukutchi, with the view of obtaining a passage through their country, and of crossing the Straits of Behring for America. In this too he failed; whether from the suspicions or the avarice of the natives, does not clearly appear: Captain Cochrane supposes the latter. The fair itself was a busy and amusing scene; the Russians bartering various articles, principally hardware and tobacco, against the skins and sea-horse teeth of the Tchukutchi, who exercise a shrewd and unrelaxing vigilance that baffles every effort to defraud them. Captain C. now determined on making by the shortest route for Okotsk, in opposition to the remonstrances of his companions, who recommended as the only safe and practicable measure, a previous return to Yakutsk. Unfortunately, every way, the young Cossack appointed to attend him, had been recently married, and his lovesick yearnings after home, made him a reluctant and injurious associate. The difficulties and danger of the journey seem, however, to have fully justified the unwillingness of the Cossack. The way was impassable but by intense and well-nigh hopeless exertion. Ice-hills and formidable precipices lay in the line of route, which could be surmounted only by perseverance and exhausting fatigue. At length, they reached the 'romantic and fertile' valley of the Omekon, whence, with much unnecessary obstinacy, Captain Cochrane chose immediately to depart, in defiance of seasons and inundations, though a delay of three weeks would have insured the subsidence of the rivers, and the cheerful aid of the natives. He arrived safe, however, at Okotsk on the north Pacific, through many perils, and at the cost of much privation and inconvenience, which might easily have been avoided.

We do not very distinctly understand Captain Cochrane's motives for declining the prosecution of his journey beyond Kamtchatka. Those which he assigns, are so utterly inadequate to the explanation of his change of conduct, that we can only refer it to caprice, or to some interference of policy or intrigue, by which he was trammelled, though he does not feel himself at liberty to disclose it.

In Kamtchatka, however, did Captain Cochrane discover the female who was destined to become his wife, and the patient companion of his homeward journeyings ! Whether she was handsome or rich, learned or witty, or all or none of these, does not appear ; and we are left to conjecture the extent of those accomplishments which could induce forgetfulness of European attractions, and put aside all considerations of inconvenience or danger on the homeward journey.

We shall not accompany Captain Cochrane on his return route, as the major part was over the same track. It will, however, be read with interest in the full-length narrative.

An ' Appendix ' is devoted to the statement of a transaction in which Captain Cochrane feels himself entitled to complain of uncourteous and illiberal treatment on the part of the Royal Society. In the winter of 1820, 21, while on the shores of the Frozen Ocean, he addressed to the officers of that association, a communication in which he impugned certain theories of Capt. Burney, laid down in his work on north-eastern discovery. Of this, as well as of another paper, no notice was taken, until the return of Captain C., when, in reply to an application made by him for that purpose, he received one only of the documents in question, without any explanation respecting the other, and without any answer to his request for information respecting the precise time when his letter reached the Royal Society. Bodies of men, *learned* bodies especially, are apt, notwithstanding the folly of such behaviour, to give themselves lofty and supercilious airs ; and the R. S. seems to have been doing this, or something worse, in the present instance.

Captain Cochrane's paper is not well written, nor are its statements very distinct ; but its matter is important, and the treatment he has recently experienced in a certain quarter, awakes the suspicion that *it has been made use of* : it would not be a solitary instance of unfair conduct on the part of the writers to whom we refer.

Baron Wrangel, to whom we have referred, appears to have conducted himself with much talent and intrepidity, in his attempts to give a definite form to the maps of north-eastern Asia. Within a term of three years, he undertook five expeditions on the ice ; two of them having for their object the determination of the position of the north-eastern Cape, or Shelatskoi Noss, and the remainder being directed to the discovery of land by crossing the ice on a northern course. The first succeeded ; the latter were not only unsuccessful, but accompanied by circumstances of extreme peril. The boundary coast of Asia appears now to have been completely traced.

Art. IV. *A New Family Bible, and Improved Version, from corrected Texts of the Originals ; with Notes, critical and explanatory, and short Practical Reflections on each Chapter : together with a general Introduction, on the Authenticity and Inspiration of the Sacred Books ; and a complete View of the Mosaic Laws, Rites, and Customs. By the Rev. B. Boothroyd, Editor of the Biblia Hebraica. Vol. II. 4to. Huddersfield. (Printed for the Author.)*

A TRANSLATOR of the Bible is in many respects not on an equality with a translator of a classic author. He is restrained by feelings of veneration for his originals, and of fear in regard to the interpretations that he may propose, which cannot influence the latter ; and the rules by which he must proceed, are much more restrictive, denying him the aids of which without offence the other may avail himself. In both instances, indeed, there is a common measure which the translators must alike adopt ; as there are difficulties which in the same manner affect the author of a Biblical version, and the translator of an ancient classic. The acquirement of a language which has ceased to be spoken, and the knowledge of which is to be obtained only from books, is requisite in either case ; but, as the facility of understanding the terms and comprehending the structure of a language, is in proportion to the extent of the means afforded by the compositions which have preserved it, the scanty limits of the Hebrew language render its acquisition peculiarly difficult. Its great antiquity, the rare occurrence of many of its terms, and our ignorance of many of the circumstances which gave existence and meaning to its words and idioms, have superinduced peculiar obscurities on the study of this language. The Biblical translator, in proceeding through the books of the Old Testament, becomes acquainted, only as he advances, with the magnitude of his undertaking, and with the obstructions which are to be surmounted before it can be completed. Engaged in the preparation of a work which must necessarily innovate on preceding translations, he is aware, and his difficulties are not a little increased by the circumstance, that any deviations from modes of expression sanctioned by long established usage, will excite prejudice ; and there is some danger lest this should induce a spirit of excessive timidity, and embarrass the freedom of his judgement. To substitute a proper and intelligible expression in the place of ' leasing'—a word which but few readers of the Scriptures understand,—or to remove ' Easter' from the page of Luke, who knew nothing of the term, that the correct expression ' the passover' may take its place,—would be the occasion of offence and alarm to some worthy persons : they

would regard with suspicion such alterations, though they are necessary corrections, and real and essential improvements; and would discountenance a translator who should exhibit the sacred text with such emendations. Disregard of unreasonable prejudices is, in a translator of the Scriptures, an indispensable virtue. His primary duty is, to lay before us the genuine meaning of the sacred oracles; and this duty he must fulfil, by using such words and phrases as may most perspicuously and exactly convey the sense of the originals. We commend Dr. Boothroyd to the approbation of our readers as exemplifying this virtue. He has not hesitated to denominate his work an 'Improved Version,' although he must have been aware that, in some quarters, such a title would be obnoxious; and he has never permitted an improper or an unmeaning expression to retain a place in his text, of which no better account could be given, than that it was of venerable age. In other respects too, the qualifications of the present Translator are very respectable. The numerous instances in which, since the publication of Lowth's Isaiah, different portions of the Scriptures have been sent abroad in new versions by Hebrew Scholars, must considerably facilitate the labours of a translator, whose services indeed, to a great extent, it would be more correct to describe as those of an editor selecting from the works of his predecessors, rather than of a translator. If, however, these aids supply advantages to the author or editor of a version in this respect, they increase his perplexities in another, and impose a task upon his judgement which he will not always be able to fulfil to his own satisfaction. And of these advantages he can avail himself safely and effectually, only as he shall be sufficiently qualified by the possession of appropriate learning and skill to appreciate the merits of those who have laboured, and into whose labours he has entered. A fastidious critic might, we doubt not, find fault with Dr. Boothroyd as a translator of the Bible; and we shall have to shew that he has not uniformly escaped errors in his version; but we are glad that the business of providing a revised edition of the Holy Scriptures from corrected texts of the original, was undertaken by so competent a person, and we congratulate him on the completion of his labours. We shall at present notice the second volume, which includes the books of the Old Testament not comprised in the first, namely from Job to Malachi inclusive, reserving to some future occasion our examination of the third volume, which comprises the books of the New Testament.

Instead of quoting a number of detached passages as specimens of the Translation before us, we shall extract the entire

chapter which contains the prayer of Habakkuk, and which our readers may compare with Newcome and the public version. We shall then prosecute our task by citing some passages which appear to us to be inadequately rendered, or which, in other respects, may be objectionable, that the Translator may have the benefit of our strictures, or our doubts, in the revisal of his labours.

CHAPTER III.

' A review of God's ancient works done for his people ; and from hence the prophet infers that God will fulfil his promises.

- 1 [A prayer of Habakkuk, the prophet, upon Shigionoth.]
- 2 I have heard, O Jehovah, thy speech ;
I have feared, O Jehovah, thy work !
As the years draw near, thou hast shewn it ;
As the years draw near, thou makest it known ;
In wrath thou rememberest mercy.
- 3 God came from Teman,
And the Holy One from Mount Paran.
His glory covered the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.
- 4 And his brightness was as the light ;
Rays streamed forth from his head :
And there was the hiding-place of his power.
- 5 Before him marched the pestilence ;
Birds of prey followed his foot-steps.
- 6 He stood and measured the land ;
He beheld and dispersed the nations,
And the everlasting mountains were broken :
The eternal hills bowed down :
The eternal paths were trodden by him.
- 7 The tents of Cushan thou sawest in affliction ;
The curtains of the land of Midian trembled.
- 8 Was Jehovah enraged against the rivers ?
Was thy wrath against the floods ?
Was thine indignation against the sea,
When thou didst ride upon thy horses,
And upon thy chariots of salvation ?
- 9 Thy bow made bare was directed ;
According to the oath to the tribes, even the promises.
- 10 Thou didst cleave the streams of the land.
The mountains saw thee, and trembled :
The overflowing of the water passed away :
The deep uttered its voice,
And lifted up its hands on high.
- 11 The sun and moon abode in the horizon,
By their light thine arrows went abroad ;
By their brightness, the glittering of thy spear.

- 12 Thou didst march through the land in indignation ;
Thou didst tread down the nations in anger.
- 13 Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,
Even for the salvation of thine anointed ones ;
Thou didst wound the chief in the house of the wicked ;
Thou didst lay bare the foundation unto the rock. *Selah*.
- 14 Thou didst pierce with thy rod the heads of his villages :
They came out as a whirlwind to scatter us :
Their rejoicing was as to devour the poor secretly.
- 15 Thou didst march through the sea with thy horses,
Through the heap of mighty waters.
- 16 When I heard thy speech, my bowels trembled ;
At the sound of *thy words* my lips quivered :
Rottenness entered my bones, and I trembled in myself,
Because I shall be brought to the day of trouble :
To go up to the people who will invade us.
- 17 But although the fig-tree shall not flourish,
And there shall be no fruit on the vines ;
The produce of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no food ;
The flocks shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls :
- 18 Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah,
I will exult in the God of my salvation.
- 19 The Lord Jehovah is my strength,
And he will make my feet like hinds' feet,
And he will cause me to tread on my higher places.

[To the chief singer on Neginoth.]

The Book of Job, with which the second volume of this 'Improved Version' commences, is considered by Dr. Boothroyd as the most ancient composition in the Hebrew Scriptures, and is attributed by him, in common with many other writers, to Moses. We observe with pleasure, that the text of this book in the work now before us, is much more conformable to that of the Public Version, than, from the numerous readings proposed for adoption in the "Biblia Hebraica," we were prepared to expect. King James's Translators are entitled to great praise for the very admirable manner in which they have executed this portion of their labours, especially when we consider their limited means of performing the task. To both Schultens and Scott, but particularly the latter, the present Translator acknowledges his obligations. In this discrimination of merit, we agree with him. The real advantages conferred by the extensive and erudite labours of Schultens on this book, have been considerably over-valued. A reading is sometimes proposed by him, which is apt to strike us by its novelty, but which, when divested of this attraction, and esti-

mated by its intrinsic merits, is found to be too deficient in solidity to claim adoption. Dr. Boothroyd, we have already remarked, has in several instances exhibited readings in the part of his *Improved Version*, varying essentially from readings to which he had given the preference in the *Notes* to his edition of the Hebrew Bible; the readings which he has finally adopted, being either in agreement with the *Common Version*, or more conformable to it than those which he had formerly marked with his approbation. We shall cite some examples of the variation. On chap. xii. 6, the Editor of the "*Biblia Hebraica*" remarks, that, 'every critic is obliged to Reiske for rejecting the ו and reading וְאֵלֶּה these things, "Of him who hath brought forth these things with his hand."' In the *Improved Version*, the reading of the C. V. is adopted: "Into whose hand God bringeth abundance." On v. 15, in the *Note* to *Bib. Heb.*, the Editor declares himself to be at a loss to determine why the expression וְיָבֵשׁ should be so generally rendered, as it has been, "And they dry up." In the *Improved Version*, "And they dry up," the reading of the C. V., is retained. On chap. xxxiv. 17, Schultens's reading is *frenabit*, where the C. V. reads *govern*, and the Editor of the *Bib. Heb.* prefers the former, remarking, that this verb never means 'to govern,' but 'to curb,' 'to check.' 'Shall he who hateth right become a Check.' In the *Improved Version*, we have, 'Shall he who hateth right, govern?'

Joh. chap. i. v. 3.—*she-asses*. So the *Common Version*, and Dr. Boothroyd, with the translators generally. But why not *asses* without distinction of kind? Because, it may be said, the original word is of the feminine gender. Why then do they not give us *male-camels* in the preceding part of the verse, where the word for camel in the Hebrew text is masculine? The distinctive appellation was probably applied according to the kind of which, in each case, there was the greater number. Virgil's description of Galæsus, *Æn.* 7. 535, is strikingly in correspondence to this of Job.

—————' justissimus unus
Qui fuit, Ausoniisque olim ditissimus arvis :
Quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant
Armenta, et terram centum vertebat aratris.'

In our Number for Feb. 1816, (Vol. V. p. 140.) we proposed a new version of a passage in chap. i. v. 5, which Dr. Boothroyd has honoured us by adopting, as the reader may perceive by the following extract, which contains his translation and notes.

" — it may be that my sons have sinned, though they bless God in their heart."

‘ ——— As there is nothing said which establishes or even hints at the idolatry of Job’s children, I consider this (Parkhurst’s and Miss Smith’s translation) a forced and improper version. My version arises from giving another sense to the *vaw*, a sense which it is acknowledged to have in many other places. See Noldius. Job, according to this version, admits that his sons might have been guilty of some failures in duty at such seasons; there might have been some improprieties in their conduct, for which he offered sacrifices. And what good man has not often to renew his prayers to God, on account of such things?’

V. 11. ‘ But stretch forth thy hand now and destroy all that he hath : will he then, indeed, bless thee to thy face?’ The reading of the Common Version—“ *touch* all that he hath,” is literal and proper, and is very unnecessarily deserted by Dr. Boothroyd, who has given to the verb a meaning which it never bears, and has substituted a rendering which is much less forcible in expression. In chap. ii. 5, ‘ and *touch* his bone and his flesh,’ would be strangely connected, if ‘ *touch*’ were exchanged for ‘ *destroy*.’ On referring to Dr. Boothroyd’s Bible for this passage, we were surprised to find that it is omitted. The omission must be entirely accidental and inadvertent, though, as we shall have to notice, it is not a solitary instance of a defective text in the Family Bible.

V. 13. ‘ *Elder* brother.’ In v. 18, we have ‘ *eldest* brother.’

Chap. ix. 28. For the reading of the Common Version, “ I am afraid of all my sorrows,” Dr. Boothroyd’s version exhibits, ‘ Then do I shudder in all my limbs ;’ but we look in vain in the notes for any explanation of the alteration.

‘ CHAPTER XII.

- 1 ‘ Then Job answered and said,
- 2 “ Truly ye are people of *knowledge*,
And with you is the perfection of wisdom !
- 3 Yet I have understanding as well as you ;
I deem not myself inferior to you ;
For who knoweth not such things as these ?
- 4 A derision to his friend am I ;
“ He calleth on God. and let him answer him ;”
The just and upright man is a derision.
- 5 Contempt is prepared for calamity,
In the thoughts of him who is at ease ;
For those who slip with their feet.
- 6 Peaceful are the tents of robbers,
And secure are those who provoke God,
Into whose hand God bringeth abundance.’

The rendering of the 4th and 5th verses, is adopted from Scott, and has the merit of being more intelligible than that

of the Common Version ; it is consistent too with the design of the speaker. These portions of the text are, in the original, exceedingly obscure, and the variations of the ancient versions afford no effective aid to a translator. If such corrections as these do not always fully satisfy us, they come recommended to us by their being made without any tampering with the text, either by transposition or conjectural emendation.

Chap. xiv. 22. For the reading of the Common Version, " But his flesh upon him shall have pain, and his soul within him shall mourn," Dr. Boothroyd gives

' But his flesh upon him shall be corrupted ;
And his inward frame shall be wasted away.'

' Not only shall his flesh be corrupted in the grave, but the inward vital parts shall be wasted,' We question the propriety of this translation of a very perplexing passage. Does נפש when placed correlatively with בשר ever mean the inward vital parts of the human body ?

Chapter xv. 34. ' For the assembly of the impious shall be solitary,' B. We notice this deviation from the Common Version, for the sake of remarking on the variety of expression which Dr. Boothroyd has used in translating the Hebrew אִיִּם. ' Impious,' is its representative in chap. xx. 5. xxvii. 8. In chap. xxxiv. 30. ' profligate man' is the reading of the Family Bible ; while in chap. xxxvi. 13 we have ' depraved in heart.' But in chap. viii. 13, and in chap. xiii. 16, the rendering of the Common Version, ' hypocrite,' is retained.

Chap. xix. 20. ' My bones cleave through my skin and my flesh.' Dr. Boothroyd remarks, that the sense given to צ, *through*, seems necessary. This remark is altogether superfluous, the verb being frequently construed with that preposition, but it never takes the sense which is here attributed to it. It never means, when followed by צ, to cleave through, but invariably signifies to cleave to, to press upon, to adhere to. In Ps. cii. 5, Dr. Boothroyd translates the same expression, ' My bones cleave to my skin.' Verses 25 to 27 of this chapter are rendered in accordance with the reading of the Common Version as follows ; and in the notes, which are somewhat copious, the application of them to a future life and Resurrection is vindicated.

- 25 ' For I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And shall at last stand upon the earth.
- 26 If after my skin this body be destroyed,
Yet in my flesh shall I see God ;
- 27 Whom I shall see on my side,
And mine eyes, and not another's shall behold ;
Accomplished shall be the desires of my breast.'

Chap. xxxvi. 32, 33. 'With clouds he covereth the light,
' and commandeth it *not to shine*, by *the cloud* that cometh
' between. The noise thereof sheweth concerning it, the
' cattle also concerning the vapour.' C. V.

- 32 'The lightning covereth the whole skies,
But he chargeth it as to whom it may strike.
33 He announceth to it who is his friend;
But it possesseth wrath against the impious.' Boothroyd.

These versions are very unlike each other, and could scarcely be supposed to represent the same original. The text of the Public Version is remarkably obscure. Dr. Boothroyd's reading is intelligible, and contains no meaning unsuitable to the connexion of the passage; we cannot, however, perceive how it has been obtained from the Hebrew Text.

We proceed to the Book of Psalms, that treasury of religious instruction and consolation, of exalted sentiments and noble diction, to which the literature of antiquity can exhibit nothing equal, and which, by its superiority to all the productions of heathen literature displays the evidence of an origin of which they cannot boast. In this portion of his labours, Dr. Boothroyd has had the assistance of Ainsworth, Green, Geddes, Street, and several others.

The following is Dr. Boothroyd's Version of the first Psalm.

- 1 'Happy the man,
Who walketh not after the counsel of the wicked,
Nor treadeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the company of scoffers;
- 2 But whose delight is in the law of Jehovah;
And who on his law meditateth day and night.
- 3 Truly he is like a tree planted by water streams,
That yieldeth its fruit in its proper season,
And whose foliage never fadeth:
Thus, whatsoever he doeth, prospereth.
- 4 Not so are the wicked,
But are like chaff which the wind driveth away!
- 5 Hence the wicked shall not stand in judgment,
Nor sinners in the assembly of the just.
- 6 For Jehovah approveth the way of the just;
But the way of the wicked is destructive.'

This is not a faultless translation. We object, in the first place, to the rendering '*treadeth*,' which is a meaning altogether foreign from the import of the original, though it has the sanction of Geddes in its favour. עָמַד invariably means '*to stand*,' in the various senses in which *standing* may be predicated of the subject to which it is applied; but it never

denotes '*to tread*,' which is as unsuitable an expression to be its representative as would be *to fly*, or *to run*. Secondly, we differ from Dr. Boothroyd when he conceives that in this line we have the same sentiment as in the preceding. To the sense of a passage in the third verse, which we shall presently consider, he objects, that it makes the author guilty of an unmeaning tautology, and thus furnishes us with an argument against the reception of his own rendering in the example before us. The perspicuity and beauty of this Psalm are preserved by taking the words in their strict import; they are both lost in Dr. Boothroyd's version. In describing the felicity of the pious man by negative circumstances, the author of the Psalm has marked the progressive stages of impiety. The fourth line is certainly not coincident with the third: as little as this in agreement with the second, *To walk in the counsel* of the wicked is, to adopt their maxims, and to follow their instructions; (2 Chron. xxii. 4, 5.) *to stand in the way* with sinners, denotes fellowship and familiarity with them; and *to sit in the assembly* of scoffers, is, to attain the last degree of impiety. We shall now examine the passage, in the third verse, to which we have already adverted; and as we are inclined to regard the sense of it which the present Translator has rejected, as the true one, we shall assign the reasons which induce us to give it the preference. The pious and the irreligious are contrasted in the third and following verses; and the emblems by which they are represented, are introduced by the copulatives of likeness: the righteous (v. 3.) is like a tree, &c.; the wicked (v. 4.) are not so. We should therefore consider the entire passage intervening between the particles of comparison as describing the emblem, and not the subject illustrated by it; particularly as there is no parallelism in the fourth verse corresponding to the concluding line in the third as given by Dr. Boothroyd, after the Common Version. Dr. B.'s translation contains a double comparison, and is thus tautological:—"Truly he is like"—"Thus, whatsoever he doeth, prospereth." The first and second lines of verse third, compare the pious to a tree planted by water-streams, and yielding its fruit at the proper season. But, though a tree may bear fruit at the proper season, the fruit may be blighted, and the verdure of the tree may perish; the author of the Psalm, therefore, proceeds, and finishes the picture;—the foliage shall not fade, the fruit shall be mature. 'Withered foliage,' and 'blighted fruit,' are expressions which occur in Isaiah xxxiv. 4, in Dr. B.'s version.

' PSALM II.

- ' 1 Why are the nations tumultuous,
And why do the peoples rage in vain?'

In the note to this passage, *to rage* is assigned as the radical sense of the verb דגה; a meaning which we venture to question:—to rage is never, we believe, included in any of its applications. Dr. Boothroyd has again followed Geddes, and is again in error. The second of these lines is thus made identical in meaning with the first. But nothing can be more evident than the difference which the original exhibits between them. דגה expresses the tumultuous assembling of the people; דגה the suggesting among themselves of the purpose for which they were associated. The Common Version is sufficiently correct, and should not be deserted, unless the marginal reading be followed; ‘*imagine a vain thing,*’ or ‘*meditate a vain thing.*’

‘ PSALM IV.

- 6 Many were saying, “ Who will shew kindness to us ? ”
Lift up, Jehovah, the light of thy countenance upon us.
7 Thou hast given gladness to my heart,
Since their corn and wine have increased.’

The first of these lines, Dr. Boothroyd considers as the language of David’s friends expressing their fears; and the seventh verse he refers to the supplies furnished by Barzillai and others of his adherents. So Geddes explains the passage.

In the lines prefixed to Psalm XIV. as a summary of its contents, there is a singular inconsistency of statement.

‘ David describes the depravity of men. The Psalm was probably composed on the rebellion of Absalom, when David was first called to the court of Saul, where he beheld nothing but impiety and profligacy.’

In this sentence, remote circumstances are strangely connected. The rebellion of Absalom occurred long after the death of Saul, and the transfer of the kingdom to David.

‘ PSALM XXXVI.

- 1 The oracle of transgression to the wicked
Is within, even his own heart ;
There is no fear of God before his eyes :
2 Yea, in his own eyes he flattereth himself,
Instead of finding out his iniquity to detest it.’

The Hebrew text of these verses has perplexed every translator; and the real difficulties which they present to a critical reader, may be apprehended from the varied interpretation which is found in the several versions of this Psalm. ‘ Rebellion dictates to the wicked man;’ so Green. ‘ Rebellion

'lodgeth in the heart of the wicked;' Geddes. 'The sinner saith with impiety within his heart;' Street. The Common Version is certainly obscure. We doubt the propriety of rendering עַל by 'oracle.' The reading of the Common Version in v. 2. is not 'lest,' as Dr. B. in his note supposes, but 'until.'

We cannot approve of the liberty which the present Translator has taken with parts of Psalm XXXVII. We shall transcribe the verses in question, together with the notes which belong to them.

- '21 Surely the wicked shall be destroyed !
The enemies of Jehovah, like the fat of rams,
- 22 Shall be consumed—as smoke they shall vanish ;
And their seed shall beg their bread.
- '27 I have been young, but now am old ;
Yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken.
- 28 He is daily merciful and lendeth ;
And bringeth on his seed a blessing.

'21, 22. I have followed the text, only reading with the versions קעש as smoke, instead of *in* or *into* smoke. There are two comparisons, but one connected with the other: "They shall be consumed as the fat, the choicest part of rams; and as the smoke arising from the altar they shall vanish." With Dimock I have transposed the redundant line of the 25th verse here, as necessary, where it is more appropriate, than in the place it now occupies in the common version. As it there stands; it has created almost insuperable difficulties to commentators. In this connexion it represents a simple fact; that when God punishes the wicked, and deprives them of what they had unjustly acquired or sinfully abused, their offspring are thereby left in poverty and misery. Compare Job xx.'

'27. *The righteous forsaken*. Ainsworth says nothing on this verse. He perhaps knew not what to make of the last line of the present text. "And his seed begging bread." For it is contrary to fact that the seed of good men are never reduced to poverty and under the necessity of begging. Eli was a good man, but his seed were wicked, and they were reduced to beg their bread; 1 Sam. ii. 36. The line as transposed and connected with the punishment of the wicked, has no difficulties. The righteous themselves shall never be forsaken of the God whom they love and serve. Compare 2 Cor. iv. 9.'

In these notes, there appears to us to be nothing in the shape of a solid reason for the transposition in question, while the consideration of the evil to which the practice of thus violently disordering the text would lead, furnishes a very sufficient argument against such disruptions. If difficulties ever so great exist in the text, it were better that they should re-

main, than that such means of removing them should be adopted. We are speaking of difficulties which are evidently real ones, and of arbitrary transpositions like the one before us. Against the new connexion of the latter part of the 27th verse, we have, however, to object, that the relation is not a grammatical one. The passage is, as part of the 27th verse, in accordance with the terms to which it is then referred; but it is altogether irregular as concluding verse 22d :—‘ his seed,’ *וְרֵעֵי*, a noun with a singular pronominal suffix, is referred to plural nouns, and a participle ‘ begging,’ *מִבְּקָשׁ*, is transformed into the future of a verb. On the other hand, in verse 27, *וְרֵעֵי* ‘ his seed’ is directly related to *זֶרַע* a noun singular, the regular antecedent, and *מִבְּקָשׁ* harmonises with the preceding participle *נִעְבְּרָה*. ‘ *And their seed shall beg their bread,*’ is certainly not a translation of the words; but ‘ *And his seed begging bread,*’ is a perfectly correct rendering. Dr. Boothroyd has not diminished the difficulties of the text by his remark, that ‘ it is contrary to fact, that the seed of good men are never reduced to poverty, and under the necessity of begging.’ This, however, is more than the text asserts; it records only the observation which the personal knowledge of the writer of the psalm had enabled him to deliver; and it must be remembered, that it refers to times and persons less distantly related to an economy of temporal sanctions than our own. The case of Eli does not, in our judgement, furnish any powerful objection against the application of this part of the text.

Psalm XLIX. 14, is another of those passages which in the original are perplexingly obscure, and on which we find great diversity of reading among critics and commentators. Dr. Boothroyd gives the following version as the result of much time and reading.

‘ 14 They also, like sheep, are placed in hades:
 Death is their shepherd;
 And the upright, in the time of judgment,
 Shall have dominion over them,
 When their frames, wasted in hades,
 Shall come forth from their habitation.’

This, we fear, will be classed with the many unsatisfactory translations which have been given of this verse. Because it was the custom to hold courts of justice in the morning, Dr. Boothroyd, instead of *morning*, gives ‘ time of judgement.’ But this is manifestly an improper liberty taken with the text, which in other respects savours more of paraphrase than of translation. The noun rendered *frames*, is singular, and so is the final pronoun of the verse, both of which Dr. Boothroyd

has rendered in the plural, as he has also gratuitously supplied the words in Italics. Is 'When their frames, wasted in 'hades, shall come forth,' an intelligible form of expression?

Ecclesiastes, Chap. xi. 1, 'Sow thy bread-corn before the 'rains come.' This, we pronounce without hesitation to be an inadmissible version. The Common Version is correct, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." The words, though Dr. Boothroyd has stated that they will bear the turn given, can have no such meaning: the face, 'the surface of the waters,' is the only sense of which they admit, and the allusion, probably, is to the mode of sowing rice in inundated savannahs.

In the prophetical parts of the Old Testament, Dr. Boothroyd has largely availed himself of the labours of his predecessors in Biblical translation, Lowth, Blaney, Newcome, and others, whose several versions he has generally followed. Not, however, without judging for himself of the propriety of their rendering, which he sometimes deserts and occasionally censures. In many instances, his sentences present an improved verbal arrangement, and his phraseology will, we apprehend, be considered as reflecting credit upon his perception and judgement.

Isaiah i. 12. Dr. Boothroyd follows Lowth in reading, 'Tread my courts no more; bring no more a vain oblation;' a reading which cannot be made out either from the Hebrew text, or from the Septuagint, which they professedly adopt. The Common Version is unobjectionable.

v. 20. Here we meet with another omission, the words 'For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,' being left out.

v. 25. 'And with potash I will smelt away thy dross,' B.

Chap. ii. 22. 'Trust no more in man,

Whose breath is in his nostrils;

For of what account is he to be made?

This verse is retained by Lowth, but is rejected by Dodson: the present Translator has included it in brackets, as of doubtful authority. To us, the authority is not doubtful, nor is any reason sufficiently strong assigned by Dr. Boothroyd in his note to the passage for its removal. Its being wanting in the Septuagint and Arabic Versions, is not sufficient to warrant its exclusion. We are not of the Translator's opinion, that 'it does not seem to have any connexion with the subject; but rather to interrupt the narrative.' An exhortation to cease from human trust, does appear to us to have at least some connexion with a passage, which describes the removal, by Divine judgements, of the mighty man and the man of war; the judge, and the prophet, and the sage, &c., and no other measure is

necessary to give the passage the utmost force of propriety, than to read it as the commencement of the third Chapter.

Chap. vii. 7, 8. Dr. Boothroyd agrees with Dodson in adopting the arrangement suggested by Dr. Jubb. See Lowth's Note.

Chap. ix. 5. This verse is, in the present Version, connected with the preceding, and is referred 'to what occurred 'when the Midianites were destroyed.' The rendering of Lowth is adopted in the succeeding verse; only, 'Father of the everlasting age,' is exchanged for 'Father of the future age.'

Chap. xxiv. 4. Here we notice another omission: the final clause, 'The lofty people of the land do languish,' is left out.

Chap. xxvii. 1. 'Leviathan the flying serpent.' Is this a proper epithet? In Job xxvi. 13, Dr. Boothroyd has given 'shooting serpent.'

Chap. lii. 1. Dr. Boothroyd deserts the Common Version and Lowth, in reading 'put on thy glorious attire,' where they render 'put on thy strength.' It is indisputably incorrect to translate *ἰσχυρ*, which means *strength*, by 'glorious attire.' This may be quite proper to appear in the notes of an Expositor, as an interpretation of the sense of the passage, but it is inadmissible in a version.

Chap. lxiv. 4. 'Behold thou art wroth, for we have sinned: in those is continuance, and we shall be saved.' Lowth has pronounced this text to be utterly unintelligible, and remarks on this translation of the Common Version, that 'such forced interpretations are equally conjectural with the boldest critical emendations.' In this judgement there is certainly truth; but, if such interpretations are not to be allowed, neither, we should think, are the boldest critical emendations to be admitted into the sacred text. The reading which Lowth proposes, and in conformity to which he has formed his version of the passage, though ingenious and even plausible, is not wanting in boldness; but we should prefer adhering to the Original text, whatever be its state, to the adoption of such conjectures. Dr. Boothroyd follows Lowth, partially, in constructing the text of his version, which is as follows:

'Lo! thou art angry; for we have sinned;
Because of our deeds; and can we be saved?'

Jeremiah, Chap. i. 10. 'To root up and to pull down; to build and to plant.' Boothroyd.

'To root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.' C. V.

The words of the Common Version, omitted by Dr. Boothroyd, are struck out as being a supposed gloss on the prece-

ding, and as wholly synonymous; and because the antithesis justifies the omission. In this omission, the present Translator follows Houbigant,—improperly, we think, because conjecture is not authority. The reasons which Dr. B. assigns from the synonymous and antithetical character of the passage, he himself has set aside by his version of Chap. xviii. 7-9, 'plucking up, casting down, and destroying—building up and planting;' and of Chap. xxxi. 28, 'To pluck up, and to pull down, and to overthrow, and to destroy—To rebuild, and to replant.'

Chap. ii. 33. 'Thou hast taught the wicked ones thy ways.' C. V. 'Thou hast taught thy neighbours.' Boothroyd. 'Therefore have I also taught calamities.' Blaney.

Chap. iii. 17. This verse presents another instance of those omissions which we have already noticed: the words, 'neither shall they walk any more according to the imagination of their evil heart,' do not appear, though they are an integral part of the text.

Chap. iv. 13. 'Star-chariots.' Boothroyd. No reason is given for this novel reading, and we are entirely unable to conjecture on what ground it has been inserted.

Chap. vi. 27. 'I have set thee for a tower, *and* a fortress among my people: that thou mayest know and try their way.' C. V.

'I have set thee a prover, a tryer of my people,
That thou mayest know when thou hast proved their way.'

Boothroyd.

'I have appointed thee to make an assay among
my people as to the gold thereof;
Thou shalt know, when thou shalt have proved,
their way.' Blaney.

Chap. x. 24. 'Correct me, O Jehovah, but with moderation.' Boothroyd, after Blaney. A reading much preferable to that of the Common Version, which, as we have known it to be, may easily be misapplied.

Chap. xii. 9. The Common Version reads, 'Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird.—Blaney has, 'As the ravenous bird Tseboa hath my heritage been to me.' Dr. Boothroyd's Version reads differently from both: 'The hyena hath digged up my heritage for me.'

Chap. xv. 18. —'wilt thou be altogether as a liar, and as waters that fail?' C. V. 'Wilt thou be altogether unto me as the lying of waters that are not sure.' Blaney. 'Wilt thou be to me as a failing spring? as waters which are never sure?' Boothroyd.

Chap. xvii. 18. The last two members of this verse do not

Chap. xx. 7. Dr. Boothroyd adopts the sense of the marginal reading of the C. V.—‘enticed.’

'Thou didst encourage me and didst prevail.'

Chap. xxxi. 22. In the Biblia Hebraica, Dr. Boothroyd questions the correctness of Blaney's Version, which he now adopts,—

A woman shall put to flight the mighty man.'

Chap. xx. 25. 'Wherefore I gave them also statutes that were not good, and judgements whereby they should not live.' C. V. 'Wherefore I gave them up also to observe statutes that were not good, and judgements whereby they could not live.' Boothroyd. The text he considers as elliptical, and thinks that וְשִׁמְרָם, or some synonymous verb, should be supplied. But, were this ellipsis filled up in the proposed manner, the sense which the Translator has given, could not be obtained from such construction of the original; the only proper rendering of the passage would then be, 'Wherefore I also gave to them statutes to observe that were not good.'

'12. *As yet ruleth with, &c.* Maintained the laws of God and adhered to his worship professedly; and were in comparison of Israel a faithful people. I have given the version of these ambiguous lines, which seems most suitable to the context and the obvious sense of the words. I consider the second line parallel with the first, and, with the Septuagint, Arabic, and many moderns, consider עַם not as a preposition, but a noun, and take קָדְשִׁים as it is rendered, Prov. ix. 10.; xxx. 3. Newcome joins Judah with the preceding line, "And the house of Israel and Judah with deceit; But hereafter they shall come down a people of God, Even a faithful people of saints." The construction does not favour this version.'

In the Biblia Hebraica, note *in loc.* Judah is said to be properly construed as belonging to the preceding line. On

turning to Prov. ix. 10., xxx. 3., we find ~~our~~ rendered by Dr. Boothroyd very differently from the translation given of the term in the text of Hosea. In both instances, the expression is not, Most Holy One, but 'holy things.'

It might be exacting from a Translator more than is necessary, to require undeviating uniformity of expression in his version, when the original terms and combination of words are the same. The Common Version is not remarkable for the constancy of its readings in such cases; and where the sense of the phrase is correctly and perspicuously conveyed, it may not be of moment that it is presented to us, in one connexion, in a verbal dress somewhat varying from that which is given to it in another. But the case is different, when a translator is professedly guided in his preference of certain words and phrases by reasons which he regards as weighty, and for which he would take credit with his readers. In those examples of identical or similar verbal expression in his original, in respect to which a translator adopts one mode of rendering, rather than another, for reasons that appear to him important, uniformity of expression should be preserved. We shall illustrate these remarks by reference to Dr. Boothroyd's Biblical labours in the work before us, from which we take the following examples. In some passages, we have apple of the eye; (Ps. xvii. 8. Zech. ii. 12,) but, in Lam. ii. 18, the same phrase is rendered daughter of the eye, where it is explained, (improperly, we think,) as meaning tears. *Harlotries* is a euphemism which the Translator has substituted for the corresponding word used in the Common Version; but in Jeremiah, Chap. xiii. 27, the reading of the latter is retained. In Lament. i. 8, we read 'Jerusalem hath sinned greatly, therefore is she removed;'—in verse 17, 'Jerusalem is become as one set apart for uncleanness.' In Jeremiah viii. 11, we find, 'the wound of the daughter of my people;' in verse 22, 'the health of my people.' 'The oracle concerning Babylon which was revealed to Isaiah:' Isa. xlii. 1; but in Hab. i. 1, it is, 'The prophecy which Habakkuk the prophet did see.' 'The oracle concerning Tyre,' Isa. xxiii. 1. 'The prophecy concerning Nineveh,' Nahum i. 1. We find one word translated four several ways; viz. 'sea-monster,' Job xxx. 29; 'serpent,' Psalm xlv. 19; 'dragon,' Isa. xlii. 20; and 'jackal,' Micah i. 8. In Isa. li. 9, we find crocodile inserted in the text; in Ezek. xxix. 3, the common reading 'dragon' is retained, and is explained in a note as denoting the crocodile. In Psalm lxxviii. 57. 'They turned back like a bow unstrung,' is the reading of Dr. Boothroyd's text; and in the note he remarks, that 'it is difficult to form any notion of deceit as applied to a bow. Some

‘ explain a *warping bow* which shooteth awry, and so deceiveth ;
 ‘ but what is meant by this, I do not understand.’ In Hosea vii. 16, occurs the reading which is thus pronounced to be unintelligible, ‘ They have been like a deceitful bow.’ In Lament ii. 2, we have ‘ swallowed ;’ in verse 6, ‘ swallowed up.’

The filling up of passages really defective or assumed to be so, by supplementary expressions, has probably been the means of introducing not a few errors into the text of ancient authors. An editor or translator, therefore, should be extremely cautious in venturing to complete any portion of the sacred text by the addition of words which he may imagine to be wanting : in many cases, it will be most advisable to leave the ellipsis to be supplied by the reader. In Dr. Boothroyd's version, we have observed passages furnished with supplementary *Italics*, which could have occasioned no difficulty to a common reader, and where, therefore, they were not wanted ; and in others, the insertion of these auxiliary expressions has perhaps given a meaning which was not intended to be conveyed. Such examples as the following may be cited as very questionable modes of translation.

‘ Psalm lxxvi. 5. The stout-hearted have been spoiled :

They now sleep their sleep :
 Nor did any of those men of might
 Find their hands *sufficient to save them*.

‘ Psalm lxxxiv. 3. Yea, as the sparrow findeth a house,
 And the swallow a nest for herself,
 Where she may lay her young,
So I seek thine altars, Jehovah, God of hosts,
 My king and my God.’

The *Italics* of the following passages are totally unnecessary.

‘ Psalm cxxvi. 5. They who sow with tears,
 Shall, *at last*, reap with joy.’

We have already noticed passages in which the maturer judgement of the Translator has decided in favour of the reading of the Authorised Version. The credit of that Version, indeed, will suffer much less on being compared with the present translation, than an inexperienced reviser of the sacred text might imagine : to the beauty and excellence of its diction, ample homage is paid. Still, however, the Public Version has numerous errors which require correction, and many blemishes which ought to be removed from its text. The work before us will shew to what extent emendations of the Common Version by a modern translator may be admitted. For the first time, the multifarious accumulations of criticism applied

to the improvement of the English Bible are brought together. We have had numerous versions of detached books of the Scriptures by different Authors, but this is the only edition of the Bible in the English language, which includes improved versions of all the Books; and, as Dr. Boothroyd has largely drawn on the works of his predecessors, it may be considered as combining the results of the labours of all preceding translators. Its value may be estimated by this circumstance. With the substance of its contents, every Christian teacher at least should be acquainted; for it never can reflect credit upon one who has voluntarily undertaken to be an expositor of the Scriptures, that he is incompetent to discuss the question of the integrity of its text. But, unless he be amply furnished with critical editions of the Bible, (which, we believe, are not always to be found in the libraries of divines,) Dr. Boothroyd's volumes may be recommended to him as almost indispensable. Their Author has become entitled by his labours to the gratitude of many; and we trust that he will meet with such remuneration as shall at least be a token of public approbation. Before we lay down the pen, we must, however, remark, that less time appears to have been employed on the work, than its magnitude and importance demanded. The marks of haste which we have detected in the present volume, confirm us in the opinion, that the faults of this Improved Version would have been fewer if it had been less hastily despatched.

Art. V. *An Account of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Fever lately Epidemical in Ireland, together with Communications from Physicians in the Provinces, and various Official Documents.* By F. Barker, M.D. and J. Cheyne, M.D. F.R.S. Ed. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1821.

2. *An Historic Sketch of the Causes, Progress, Extent, and Mortality of the Contagious Fever Epidemic in Ireland, during the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819; with numerous Tables, Official Documents, and Private Communications, &c.* By W. Harty, M.B. 1 vol. 8vo. Dublin. 1820.

THE history of Epidemics is a subject of deep and interesting inquiry to every one who feels an enlightened and benevolent interest in the happiness of mankind. The terror and dismay which the appearance of an Epidemic spreads over the whole community, the acknowledged obscurity of the origin of such diseases, the fearful extent of suffering and calamity which attends their progress, the wretchedness and desolation which they bring into the families of the poor, and the over-

whelming extent of physical and moral suffering which they occasion, all contribute to give subjects of this nature a very powerful interest. In the earlier ages of the world, Epidemics appear to have been regarded as direct manifestations of Divine vengeance or displeasure; and under these feelings, it ought not to surprise us, that no attempts were made to investigate their causes, or to connect them with the physical circumstances of social life. Of the existence of some connexion of this kind, no doubt can now be entertained. It was natural, perhaps, that, during the long period of more than midnight darkness, both moral and intellectual, which preceded the blessed light of Christian Revelation, the appearance of Epidemic diseases should produce no other feelings than those of overwhelming terror and dismay; and that the human mind should direct its views to the means of averting the calamity, by the rites of superstition, rather than endeavour, by the exercise of calm observation and correct reasoning, to determine by what causes, and under what circumstances they had been produced. The most superficial acquaintance with the state of the human mind during the early ages of the world, would prove the utter impossibility of any attempts of this kind being successfully made at that period. And we find that, down to a comparatively recent period, they are adverted to by those writers who recognized the existence of a Providential agency, as events having very little connexion with the ordinary occurrences of nature. If any thing beyond this was hazarded, it was more in the way of conjecture, than of legitimate inquiry. Our illustrious countryman Sydenham, for example,—a man who cannot be named without feelings of veneration,—satisfied himself with referring them to the influence of an atmosphere rendered pestilential by being loaded with mineral exhalations issuing from the bowels of the earth; and notwithstanding the perspicuity of his mind, and his fidelity as an observer of nature, he did not attempt the solution of a problem which appeared to him to be involved in impenetrable obscurity. It appears obvious, in fact, that no successful investigation of this subject could be attempted, until some important subdivisions of physical science had attained to a considerable degree of advancement. It was necessary, for instance, that the constitution of the atmosphere should be known, before it could be determined, whether the aeriform fluid on which all animal existence immediately depends, might not, by some unknown source of contamination, become itself the prolific source of this destructive agency. The progress of science has consequently reduced the question within the limits of more practicable investigation and inquiry; and it would

appear to be surrounded no longer by any very formidable difficulties, to ascertain by what links these appalling visitations of human suffering are connected with the great occurrences which from time to time are observed to take place in the physical and moral world. In this way, truths, of the utmost importance to the happiness of man, may be rendered obvious; and the records of past suffering may be made instrumental to the security and happiness of future generations. It is however evident, that no great progress can be made in an inquiry of this kind, until the spirit of an enlightened and comprehensive observation shall have determined and recorded the peculiar circumstances under which Epidemic periods occur. The various and ever changing circumstances of social and domestic life; the influence of those moral causes by which the happiness of millions is so deeply affected; and the physical circumstances connected with, and arising from peculiarities of season; ought all to be known with considerable precision, before we can attempt to estimate the relative influence of each in the production of these calamitous periods. The works the titles of which we have prefixed to the present Article, are valuable documents of this kind, evidently drawn up with great care and accuracy; they present the results of a very extensive correspondence with a large proportion of the Physicians practising in the different districts in Ireland, and many of them connected with Public Hospitals, or with Institutions appropriated to the reception of persons afflicted with fever. They embrace, therefore, a wide sphere of inquiry; and record the impartial results of observation, conducted by men of accomplished education, of enlightened experience, of enlarged views, and mature habits of philosophical investigation. We do not think that any Epidemic was ever before observed by so large a body of competent medical observers; and the public, not less than the profession, have reason to rejoice that their labours will form so important an accession to our medical literature.

Although the influence of the various circumstances connected with the recent Epidemic period, were certainly experienced to a great extent in many parts of Europe, and in no inconsiderable degree in the British Islands; yet, it may be confidently asserted, that they were no where felt with more unmitigated severity than in Ireland. There is no portion of Europe in which Epidemic fever has prevailed more frequently, or has had a wider diffusion; and on the present occasion, its causes, whether necessary or concurrent, and its progressive diffusion, extensive prevalence, and characteristic features, were no where more strikingly displayed, nor ob-

served with greater fidelity. The history of the Epidemic as it occurred in Ireland, is consequently *à fortiori* to be received as applicable to the British Islands; and probably, to a considerable degree of the European Continent, where it is certain that fever prevailed to a great extent, for some time after the termination of the late war. It is, indeed, impossible to segregate this event, of which the influence was so powerfully felt through the nations of Europe, from the painful details of suffering and wretchedness which succeeded it, and which might appear to render it doubtful to a superficial observer whether even peace itself was on this occasion a blessing. Strongly, however, as we deprecate war, as one of the greatest of all calamities, and as an embodied epitome of all the moral evils which can be poured out on human society, yet, more ought not to be attributed to it, than falls to its due proportion of evil. Certainly, its termination aggravated greatly the baneful influence of other circumstances, which it had not the most remote share in producing. The effect of unfavourable seasons must be felt whenever they occur, and the more severely in proportion to the indigence of the country in which they happen, and the absence of circumstances by which they may be in some measure counteracted. It was the peculiar character of this period, that several circumstances, having a most extensive influence on the public prosperity, were coincident;—the termination of a war of unexampled duration and extent; ungenial seasons; and changes connected with these, which produced unexampled moral depression through all ranks of Society.

It is obvious, that the events which we have enumerated, were of so general a nature, that their influence would be felt over the whole of the United Kingdoms. The winter of 1814 was a season of unusual severity over the whole Kingdom. The frost began in London with a fog of very uncommon density, extent, and duration, which continued without diminution for six days. It appears to have been equally severe and extensive in Dublin, and was followed by a fall of snow more severe than had been ever known before, and by a frost extraordinary in intensity and duration. Epidemic fevers have frequently been observed to succeed seasons of unusual severity. It is remarked by Sydenham, that the Plague of 1666, followed the extraordinary winter of 1665. The Epidemic fever of 1684, succeeded the winter of 1683, when, we are informed by Sydenham, the Thames was frozen over, as it was in the winter of 1814. The great Epidemic of 1740, 41, was preceded by a winter of unusual severity; as that of 1800 followed the extraordinary winter of 1799. The inference then, that the

occurrence of Epidemic fever, has a certain degree of dependence on winters of unusual severity, rests on numerous facts of unquestionable authenticity. It is probable, that this connexion is established by the obvious effect which winters of great and unusual coldness must have in producing a failure in the crops of the following year, the refrigerating effect of the cold having a very injurious influence on the soil and atmosphere of the following season. For it has been determined by very accurate observation, that the cold of a season of very low temperature penetrates the earth to the depth of many feet; a diminution of temperature, the effect of which must remain for a long time. The winters of 1814, 15 and 1815, 16, were both severe. The temperature in the early part of the year 1816, was below 0° in many parts of England. It appears from the meteorological registers kept in Dublin, that the average temperature of the season from February to October, was in 1816, $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below the average range of the same months in the year preceding. The results of observations made in other countries, corresponded to those made in the British Islands: it was the case in France, Italy, and America; and it is probable, that the temperature of the whole Northern Hemisphere was, in that season, several degrees below its average range. The quantity of rain, too, that fell in 1816, from July to October, was excessive, and the humidity during the whole of the season of harvest was excessively great. The effects of this unusual degree of cold, humidity, and cloudiness, were very injurious on the productions of the soil as well in England as in Ireland. In some situations, corn remained unreaped in the latter part of October and November, and much was wholly lost. Great part of that which was preserved, had germinated in the husk, as happens in seasons of great humidity. Much of the wheat had undergone this change, and the whole was injured in a greater or less degree. Flour made from wheat injured in this manner, does not produce wholesome bread; the evolution of sugar during the process of germination injures its nutritious quality, and it undergoes the pannary fermentation, in a very imperfect manner. The nutritious quality not only of the wheat, but of other descriptions of grain, was greatly injured, and it was found very difficult during that season, to keep horses in good condition. It was not from the productions of the soil alone, that the poor were destined to suffer; the wetness of the season rendered it impossible for them to obtain an adequate supply of fuel, in consequence of its being impracticable to cut and dry the peat, which is their only fuel. Hence their cabins, which are at all times proverbially wretched and destitute, became

unwholesome from humidity; their clothing was not unfrequently wet; and their bedding, commonly straw, which they had not the means of replacing as it decayed, retained the humidity which it had once absorbed. The condition of the labouring class was not much improved by the state of the succeeding season; for the summer and autumn of 1817 were also cold, humid, and ungenial; and agricultural produce, with the exception of potatoes, was generally deficient.

It will be evident, that such a state of things must have fallen with peculiar severity on that part of the population which depended for the support of themselves and their families, on their own personal exertion. It is, however, extremely gratifying to reflect, that, in the present improved state of all the arts and economic arrangements which minister to the comfort and convenience of civil society, the privations incident even to such seasons as these, do not necessarily give occasion to the degree of suffering and disease which arose on the present occasion. The political events which arose out of the French Revolution, had given rise to a war unexampled in extent and duration, in which England had sustained her share with an energy proportioned to the wonderful extent of her resources, and to the fortitude of her national character, and which was brought to its termination about this period. The peculiar circumstances which resulted from that extraordinary contest, and the influence which its duration had in modifying, in so remarkable a degree, nearly all the relations of society, occasioned the return of peace to bring in its train a series of numberless calamities. Among them, the evils inflicted on agriculture were in the highest degree distressing. Tenants became incapable of paying their rents; farmers could no longer give employment to the same number of labourers as they had formerly required; wages fell so low (we speak of Ireland) as sixpence, and even fourpence a day, without food, while provisions of all kinds were exorbitantly high; and that kind more especially used by the peasantry, did not supply its average degree of nutriment. Despondency consequently became universal; it reached even the higher classes; it was deeply felt through all the gradations of society, but fell with the most dreadful severity on the poor and the unprotected, who found themselves involved in the disastrous consequences of events over which they had no control, and in the production of which they had been in no degree instrumental. Accustomed as they were to personal misery, and familiar with all the ordinary forms of domestic wretchedness, they were appalled at the prospect of famine; and it is certain,

that if the liberality of the government, and the humanity of the middle and higher classes of the community, had not interposed, they must have experienced the extremity of human suffering.

The causes to which we have thus briefly adverted, had an extremely disastrous influence on the whole population of the United Kingdoms; but that influence was modified by the circumstances of each particular country. The prevalence of fever as an epidemic, was great in England; in Scotland, its influence was still more extensive and distressing; but, from the condition of the labouring classes being in ordinary times one of great comparative comfort, it was by no means in its severest degree. We may form some idea of its influence in Ireland from the following extract.

‘The failure of the crops in 1816, was not much felt till the spring of the following year; but scarcity then became general, attained its greatest height about midsummer, and extending to all the productions of the earth, occasioned extreme distress. In some places, the poorer classes were compelled to the sad necessity of collecting various esculent wild vegetables,—nettles, wild mustard, and others of the same kind, to support life; and in places distant from Dublin, wretched beings were often seen exploring the fields with the hope of obtaining a supply of this miserable food. In districts contiguous to the sea, marine plants were had recourse to for the purpose of allaying the cravings of hunger; and we have been informed, that on the sea coast, near to Ballyshannon, many of the poor, during several months of this period, subsisted, either chiefly or altogether, on cockles, muscles, limpets, or even the putrifying fish they could procure on the shore. In some districts, seed potatoes were taken up from the ground, and the hopes of the future year were thus destroyed for the relief of present necessity; and the blood drawn from the cattle in the fields, and mixed with oatmeal when this could be procured, has not unfrequently supplied a meal to a starving family.’

It was in Ireland, therefore, (that portion of our country where circumstances such as we have described might be expected to produce their fullest effect,) that the measure of public calamity was completely full. In that unhappy country, fever always prevails among the indigent part of its population. And the augmentation of their habitual wretchedness, by a failure in the productions of agriculture from an unfavourable season, occasions, as one of its natural consequences, an increased prevalence of fever. On the present occasion, the coincidence of a deficient crop, from a very unfavourable season, with the great political events to which we have referred, appears to have converted what, under different circum-

stances, might have proved merely an increased prevalence of fever, which perhaps might have passed almost unobserved, into an extensive and destructive Epidemic.

An increase in the number of cases of fever admitted into the different fever hospitals, appears to have been observed from the year 1810; although it was by no means so great as to excite apprehension or alarm; but, from that period until it appeared as an Epidemic, the annual admissions were greater than usual. It is not easy to point out the precise period at which fever may have become Epidemic, in a country in which it is never wholly extinguished. From the communications obtained from resident physicians in every part of Ireland, it appears, however, that, after the severe winter of 1814—15, and the deficient harvest of the following year, the causes were in operation, which were to extend its prevalence over every part of the Island. Its increase was not in the first instance sudden. The experience of many intelligent members of the community, and more especially of the medical profession, led them to anticipate the consequences of the unusual distress which prevailed, with serious and painful apprehension; and the managers of some of the Dublin hospitals, with laudable foresight and feeling, had endeavoured to prepare those valuable establishments with the means of affording additional relief to the exigencies of the poorer classes. The events which soon followed, proved that these expectations were the rational deductions of an enlightened experience. During the autumnal and winter months of 1816, fever had become unusually prevalent in the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. For a short period about the depth of the winter, it subsided in some degree; but, during the first four months of 1817, its progressive increase was rapid and alarming. That its extension was owing to causes of very general, if not universal operation, appears from the fact, that its first appearance, in many situations very remote from each other, was nearly simultaneous;—and there were not many places in which it had not appeared and established itself between the beginning of the year and the Midsummer of 1817.

According to the testimony of physicians resident in the respective districts, it appears, that, in a great majority of the places whence communications were received, the decisive indications of its unceasing prevalence were observed during the early months of the year 1817. During that year, it had become universally epidemical: it had appeared in Dublin in the month of September, and the whole country might be considered as under its destructive influence. There were, indeed, a few places to which it did not extend itself, until the following

year; but the number was so small, as to form a very inconsiderable exception to its universality. It does not appear that diversities of local situation presented any impediment to its diffusion: it spread with equal rapidity over mountainous districts, and through the tracts of level country; over districts situated on the coast, as well as in the interior of the country; and through hamlets and villages, as well as through cities and towns inhabited by a crowded population. In many districts, hardly a cabin escaped; and wherever fever once obtained admission, it was common for all the inmates to fall successively under its influence, if the infected individuals were not promptly removed to some public asylum open to their reception. Although a general opinion of its contagious nature prevailed among the poor, and led to the adoption of such means of prevention as were in their power; yet, in numerous instances, so utterly destitute were they of any effectual means of preventing its diffusion, that the members of a family confined by fever lay on the same bed in which the healthy members slept; and it is extremely painful to record, that, in some instances, in remote parts of the country, the dead remained for several days, stretched by the side of the sick and languishing survivors, all the members of the family being involved in the general calamity.

It is certain, that the evils of poverty aggravated the sufferings of the poor exceedingly, and contributed greatly to the extension of the fever in their dwellings. It ought, however, to be known, that, in some instances of large families, possessed not of the conveniences only, but of the luxuries of life, and having every requisite domestic accommodation, fever extended itself nearly to every individual. Several remarkable instances of this kind are given, resting on testimony which cannot be refused, and proving that all the advantages of competency or wealth, cannot purchase a complete immunity from danger, during visitations such as these. These are strong, if not conclusive proofs in favour of contagion,—a subject to which we shall advert by and by. The instances, however, of the disease spreading in families in the higher classes, were not numerous; in general, it did not, in such situations, extend beyond the individual who might happen to be seized in the first instance; and they must be considered as exceptions only, very remarkable ones certainly, to a general principle founded on very extended observation,—the safety obtained by the complete separation of the sick from the healthy, and their being lodged in large, airy chambers.

It is not easy to form a very accurate estimate of the proportionate number of the population of Ireland which suffered

from the influence of this formidable Epidemic. In some places, it is stated, on the authority of resident medical practitioners, to have amounted to three fourths of the whole population; in very few, is it so low as one sixth: and the average proportion is considered by Drs. Barker and Cheyne to be about one fourth. Estimating the population of Ireland at six millions, this will make the number of persons who suffered an attack of the disease to be a million and a half. Dr. Harty estimates that one eighth part of the population had the fever, making the number who were infected 800,000. The mitigation of this enormous aggregate of suffering by the fever hospitals which were established in different parts of the country, is scarcely to be estimated. It appears that 150,000 persons were received into them, who, but for this humane expedient of enlightened Christian benevolence, might great part of them have perished in utter and hopeless misery and destitution. As these cases were accurately registered, and the termination of each case in death or recovery was carefully noted, the proportionate mortality can be correctly determined. Of those admitted into the different hospitals, the mortality was about 1 in 25; but, as all these individuals had the advantage of excellent accommodation and of judicious medical treatment, it is reasonable to believe, that their circumstances must have been more favourable to recovery, than that of the individuals who went through the disease in the wretched accommodation of their own dwellings. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, to presume, that the average mortality of the whole might be as high as 1 in 20.

It is, however, a great consolation to know, that the mortality of fever does not commonly augment, in an equal degree, with its increasing prevalence during Epidemic periods. This appears from a comparison of different successive years, or different years during the continuance of the same Epidemic; and it results from an estimate of the cases of fever admitted into the fever hospitals in Dublin, Waterford, and Cork, during fifteen years, (the Epidemic period being included,) that, in proportion as cases of fever became more frequent, its mortality diminished. During the period of the Epidemic, the mortality scarcely exceeded one half of the usual ratio at other periods. It has been observed in former Epidemics, that the mortality has been greatest at the commencement, and has diminished as it has advanced and declined. The fidelity of this observation was confirmed in the recent Epidemic. It was more fatal at the commencement, than it was afterwards. In the fever hospital in Cork-street (Dublin), the mortality between the beginning of the year

1817, (at which period the fever may be considered to have been established,) and October 1818, had diminished from 62 in 1000, to 32 in 1000: or fully one half. And taking the results of all the admissions into the Dublin hospitals, the diminution of mortality had fallen, during the same period, from 64 to 54 in each 1000. In Dublin, as well as in Cork, the mortality appears to have been the highest, in the latter part of 1817. The ratio appears then to have diminished, and to have attained its *minimum* within a very short interval of the period when it had attained its greatest extension; so that about that period, the number of deaths, in proportion to the number which sickened, was the lowest. This fever, therefore, like all great Epidemics, of which records have been preserved, was most fatal at the commencement, and became gradually milder towards its termination.

The degree of mortality was modified, however, during the course of the Epidemic, by various circumstances. It was more fatal to males, than to females: in men, the proportion was about 1 in 16; among females, the deaths were about 1 in 20 and a fraction. It was far less fatal in the early periods of life, than in the middle periods, or in old age. Below the adult period of life, or under seventeen years of age, it was not fatal to more than 1 in 102. From that age to 35, it was fatal to 1 in 29. And from 30 to 70, the mortality was so high as 1 in 10. It was far more fatal too in some situations, than it was in others. The difference in this respect was very considerable, and proves that the influence of local circumstances, in rendering it more or less fatal, was exceedingly great. The causes of this, it is not easy always to assign. It may have been connected with diversities of diet; or of humidity or dryness of atmosphere; or with other circumstances less obvious in their nature. These facts refer to the results of extensive observation, made on the poor or labouring class of society, who, under the pressure of disease, seek for admission into public hospitals. Although the Epidemic raged with peculiar severity in this the largest portion of the community, and the establishment of fever hospitals has afforded us many general results of observation drawn from this extensive field, yet, the disease was by no means confined to this class of society. Many individuals belonging to the elevated and opulent class, fell under the influence of the Epidemic. It is important to remark, that the general observation of the Medical profession coincides in the statement, that fever is a much more dangerous disease among them, than among the poor. The proportionate mortality in this class, appears to have been about 1 in 4. This corresponds, we believe, to the general experience of the pro-

fession, and proves how much the danger from fever is augmented by the habits of the class to which the individual may belong, as well as by the cultivation and activity of the intellectual faculties ; for, we believe, it is principally by the occurrence of inflammation of the brain, that fever becomes fatal in the higher class of society. There is no subject connected with the history of fever, more obscure, or on which it is more difficult to arrive at conclusions which satisfy the mind, than the origin of fever, when it prevails as an Epidemic. An opinion has very generally prevailed in the Medical Profession, as well as in the public mind, that a peculiar condition of the atmosphere is required for the prevalence of an Epidemic fever. The existence of such a state of atmospheric influence is constantly adverted to by the best medical observers in their histories of disease, and has, on every recurrence of an Epidemic, impressed the popular feeling with terror and dismay. We believe the opinion to be a gratuitous one. The most refined chemical analysis has not hitherto enabled us to discover any deviation from the ordinary purity of the atmosphere at these periods ; nor has the most accurate observation enabled us to establish, by satisfactory evidence, the existence of any such deviation from its natural and ordinary condition. The opinion appears to us to have been constantly assumed, until it has become, in some measure, established in popular belief, and hesitatingly entertained by great numbers of medical men. It has, however, no support from the evidence of facts. There are, on the other hand, facts which render it exceedingly improbable, inasmuch as they are inconsistent with its being true. The troops in Ireland, for example, from the returns transmitted to the Adjutant-General's office, appear to have suffered in a very small degree from fever, during the Epidemic, when compared with the general state of the civil population. The proportion of those who suffered from fever in the army, does not appear to have exceeded an eighth ; while, in the general population, it was as high as a fourth of the whole. And the average mortality in the army, during the Epidemic, appears to have been rather less than in the year which immediately preceded it. This could not have happened if there had been any peculiar atmospheric influence by which the fever was produced. Large establishments, too, were preserved from fever, by measures of rigorous precaution,—a fact which is equally adverse to this opinion. These opinions have prevailed from a very early period, and they were resorted to to explain the Epidemic prevalence of other acute febrile diseases, which are now known to be propagated by a specific principle of con-

tagion. It is quite remarkable, how extravagant and indefinite were the views of well-informed individuals on this subject, considerably less than a century ago. An eminent physician in the last century, for example, asserted that he had known the small-pox disseminated through the atmosphere, to the distance of thirty miles ; though it has been proved since then, that children who have neither been vaccinated nor inoculated, may be exposed to the influence of a person ill with the small-pox, within a distance of two feet, without receiving the infection, provided that it is done either in the open air, or in an apartment of which the atmosphere is not contaminated by the poison. We believe, therefore, that the cause of the prevalence of fever, when epidemic, is not to be sought in any peculiar condition of the atmosphere, but in the moral and physical circumstances of society. The prevalence of great general despondency in the public mind, in whatever way it may be occasioned, inadequate or unwholesome nourishment arising from unproductive seasons, the absence of that wholesome stimulus which regular and well-rewarded exertion always supplies, inattention to personal and domestic cleanliness, must be regarded as the great predisponent causes of epidemic fever. We believe, however, that they do not, under any circumstances, ever become the immediate exciting causes of fever. But they certainly render the individuals, or society, which may be under their influence, very highly susceptible to the agency of any cause which is capable of producing fever. In what manner, then, it may be asked, does fever originate and become epidemic, under circumstances such as we have described ? We will explain our views as distinctly as we can, referring to facts contained in the volumes before us, in proof of their conformity to the phenomena of nature. ‘ *Opinionum commenta delet dies, natura judicia firmat.*’

No department of human knowledge would afford more instructive illustration of this remark of the Philosophical Historian, than the records of medical science. The origin of fever when epidemic, has always been shrouded in the deepest obscurity ; and medical inquirers, the most philosophical in the cast of their intellect, and the most accurate as observers of nature, have found themselves in the deepest perplexity on this obscure but important inquiry. There are two facts stated by Dr. Harty, which appear to us to throw a very unusual degree of light upon it, and which, resting as they do, on the most unexceptionable evidence, may be referred to with the greatest confidence in determining this question.

The first relates to the principal gaol in Dublin, of which he observes :—

'The cells appropriated to the convicts are twelve in number, beyond which there is no accommodation; the convicts themselves have varied in number from 1 to 120, and upwards. Their cells and bed-clothes are kept in very neat order, and the straw frequently changed; they are never provided with prison dresses, except at the moment of embarkation, nor have I found it possible to establish or enforce any system of personal cleanliness among them: many are in consequence half naked and excessively filthy. After each embarkation of convicts, which seldom leaves more than one tenth of them behind, a considerable interval (from twelve to twenty months) generally elapses before their successors are sent away, in consequence of which there is a gradual accumulation of their numbers, so that cells calculated to accommodate three, are frequently found to receive eight, nine, or ten. Whenever this occurs, as it almost always does, for some time previous to each transportation, fever unequivocally contagious as uniformly appears among the convicts, and is only to be checked in its progress, by the most decisive measures of prevention.' *Harty*, p. 161.

Another fact given by the same Author, and perhaps still more remarkable for its bearing on this subject, is the following.

'A person of some property, residing in a town in our Northern Province, was suspected of confining and ill-treating his wife; these rumours were for some time prevalent before any person ventured to interfere. At length two gentlemen, one of them a clergyman of the Established Church, roused by the nature and extent of the rumours, resolved to ascertain the truth, and having obtained the requisite authority from a magistrate, visited the house, and examined every apartment for the wretched object of their humane search; at first in vain; at length a small closet door arrested their notice, and having insisted on its being opened, both gentlemen eagerly entered, and as precipitately retreated: one was immediately seized with vomiting, the other felt sick and faint. After a little they recruited, and called the wretched woman from her prison, in which she had been for weeks immured. It was a small dark closet without light or air, except what was occasionally admitted through the door, and in it had this miserable being been left, without change of clothes, stretched on a bed of straw, amidst ordure and filth of every description. At the end of a week, both gentlemen were affected by symptoms of febrile indisposition, were confined almost the same day to their beds, from which the benevolent clergyman never arose; the other recovered with difficulty after a severe struggle. His sister, who attended him night and day during the whole course of his illness, and from whom I received the above statement, has several times detailed to me the symptoms and progress of the disease; it would be impossible to mistake it, its character answering in every respect to the worst forms of phrenitic typhus: the case of his friend and companion was in every respect similar, except in the fatal termination.' *Harty*, p. 164.

These facts prove incontestibly the power of an atmosphere loaded with the effluvia of the human body, and in a state of much concentration, to produce fever in healthy persons who may be exposed to it. The existence of any such noxious influence has been resolutely denied by some very eminent medical writers, but a very small number of well-attested facts is sufficient to overbalance any weight of evidence resting merely on opinion. The history of the Epidemic in Ireland abounds with facts which can be explained on no other principle, than the pernicious influence of a close and confined atmosphere, rendered impure by a great number of persons being brought together and remaining within a very confined space. The constancy which we observe in the operations of nature, and the uniformity with which we remark, that diseases of the same type are produced by the influence of the same morbid poison, has led to the opinion that no fever could propagate itself by a contagious influence, unless it had been produced in the first instance by the agency of contagion. This opinion is embraced by Dr. Barker, who attributes the Irish Epidemic to the agency of contagion imported from the Continent, where fever raged extensively during the latter years of the war. The opinion expressed by this individual is, however, unsupported by any kind of proof; and the certainty of the epidemic having had a domestic origin, appears to us to be conclusive. It is unquestionable, that the establishment of affirmative evidence in cases of this nature, is often difficult; but the formation of fever hospitals during the recent epidemic, has afforded opportunities of observation to their medical officers, more precious than ever were placed within the reach of the medical observer. The general result of their testimony appears to us, not to favour merely, but to establish the conclusion, that continued fever, whatever may have been its exciting cause, is capable of diffusing itself by a contagious influence, provided that circumstances favour its spreading in that manner. This conclusion consequently involves the belief in the formation of a contagious principle, or, in other words, of a morbid poison, in cases of continued fever, the origin of which can be distinctly referred to the agency of cold, or of some other atmospheric influence acting under peculiar circumstances. And a morbid poison arising and formed in this way, will, we believe, produce a similar fever in healthy individuals to an indefinite extent. Since the termination of the late Epidemic, we have seen eight persons receive the infection of fever, from a youth who sickened of fever while employed as a ship-builder, and who had been exposed to no known source of contagion. Three of these individuals resided under the same

roof; the others were members of the family, and were merely exposed for a short time, as visitors; and to three of the number it proved fatal.

(*To be continued.*)

Art. VI. *The Importance of an early and decided Attachment to the Concerns of a Future World*: an Address delivered to Young People, Jan. 1, 1825, in Carter Lane, Doctors' Commons. By John Hoppus, A. M. 8vo. pp. 46. London. 1825.

THIS discourse, which comes before us under the modest title of an address, might have been designated, with not less propriety than certain compositions which recently came under our notice, as an oration. We do not mean to intimate that there is any appearance of the writer's having imitated the style or character of those compositions; but it is possible, that the challenge thrown out to the evangelical world by the reverend Orator alluded to, may have suggested this and other similar attempts to give to pulpit addresses a more rhetorical character. We have no objection to such attempts, provided that the main object of the sacred office be not compromised; provided also that our preachers are careful to form their taste by the study of just and holy models. We should be glad to think that Mr. Irving had given an impulse of this kind to the well-directed studies and efforts of our younger ministers, if, at the same time, his waning popularity should prevent their being seduced by his example into a style of declamation far removed from that which alone can permanently affect, or interest, or please. It is certain, that such an impulse has been given to the efforts of many among the clergy. The rulers of the Establishment have begun to awake to a sense of the importance of pulpit eloquence as the only means of giving new life to old forms, and replenishing deserted churches with attentive congregations. At this time, pulpit talents of a commanding kind, are understood to afford one of the surest means of ecclesiastical advancement. We venture to say, that this is as it should be; and we rejoice in this new line of policy on the part of the higher powers, without any solicitude as to its auspicious or inauspicious bearings on the interests of Dissenting congregations. We should rejoice that the Church of England should have again to boast among her living ornaments, of Leightons and Burnets, Tillotsons and Souths, Seckers and Horsleys. Who knows but that this noble competition might call up another 'silver-tongued' Bates, or

philosophic Charnock, a Grove or a Watts, a Baxter or a Whitfield, from among the churches of Nonconformists?

It would not be fair to submit a publication like the present, which makes no ambitious pretensions, but simply differs from a sermon in its form, by avoiding the technicalities of a motto, and formal divisions,—to either minute criticism or invidious comparisons. We shall, therefore, merely lay before our readers a few specimens of this address, which will, we think, amply justify our pronouncing it to be highly creditable to the talents of the preacher; and, if accompanied with an impressive delivery, adapted to be very effective.

‘ The conclusion to be derived from the whole is, that *youth* is the season most proper for the commencement of a religious course; which cannot, without immense disadvantage, to say the least, be deferred till age and its infirmities come on. Remember, now, therefore thy Creator. Harken to this invitation, as to the voice of a gracious and beseeching God, who charges you, in the familiar tone of a most condescending friendship, not to forget him. What then—and is it possible to forget that Being, of whose existence we are reminded more constantly than of that of any other being in the universe? His name stands emblazoned in the heavens above, in characters of the most visible and unfading glory; and on the earth beneath, he crowns the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness. Whatever is fair and good, in the natural, or the moral world, is but, as it were, a portion of infinite perfection, a glimmering of the Divinity, obviously seen, though transmitted through the obscure medium of created things; a ray issuing athwart the clouds and darkness of his pavilion, from that eternal brightness which no man can approach unto. Is it necessary to be reminded of Him, whose power and Godhead are to be inferred from every object around you: who preserves you every instant, and in whom, as in an element surrounding you on all sides, you live and move and have your being? Alas! forgetfulness of God is the great characteristic of our nature. The mind of man loves to frame to itself conceptions of ideal excellence; imaginary combinations of good; visions of perfection and beauty, made up of all the remnants of that paradise which was lost, and which are not to be realized till it is regained; nevertheless, with an inconsistency which can only be accounted for on the principle of our degeneracy, of supreme excellency we are regardless. When the creations of fancy are infinitely more than realised, and stand purified from all earthly concretions in the image of an all-perfect Being, they cease to delight; they have ascended into a region that is too spiritual and refined; and we learn a lesson, humiliating indeed, but which cannot be too deeply impressed, that the absence of the love and cherished remembrance of God, is the great disorder of our nature, the leprosy of the inner man, the plague of the heart; which it requires the perpetual application of the remedy of Christianity to counteract and subdue.

‘Permit me now to lay before you a few hints by way of remembrance, with a view to promote your decision of character in regard to Christian religion; and of which we all so much need to be reminded.—Exercise watchfulness then over yourselves. ‘Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.’ Remember that religion has its throne in the inner man, and begins its reign there. Those therefore who would be submitted to its spiritual dominion, must take the torch of revelation, and explore the chambers of imagery within. Vain thoughts and imaginations are to the soul, what a gangrene is to the body, which, if its progress be not arrested, will diffuse over the whole frame, corruption and death. What health is to the body, such is purity to the mind. It is the well-being of the soul, and to aspire after it, no efforts can be too great, since, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’

* * * * *

‘Endeavour, allow me to repeat it, to obtain right conceptions of religion. Suffer it not to be lowered in your esteem by identifying it with the infirmities of its advocates and professors. Look at its perfect form as exhibited in the word of God, and in the character of Jesus Christ. Do not suppose that evangelical piety is an unsocial, or a puny, weak, spiritless affair. Think not that it will prove a cramp to the native energies of the soul; or that it is not adapted to blend itself most sweetly with all that is exquisite and valuable in the accomplishments of nature. These latter indeed are nothing more than relics of primeval excellency, fragments of beauty and perfection from the ruins of the fall, resembling the disjointed wrecks of a stately temple, which some disaster has levelled in the dust; which convey a faint idea of what it once was; and which it is the great object to restore at length to the elevation and grandeur of the perfect original. Imagine not that the humble piety of the gospel cannot consist of a firm and determined cast of mind, a manly independence of thought and character; or that a decided expression of attachment to an unseen Saviour, is incompatible with that delicacy and gentleness which constitute the principal charm and ornament of the female sex. That religion alone which is distinctly founded on the principle, that humanity is in a fallen, apostate condition, and recognises the need of divine grace, can ever raise the character to true excellence. Without it, the most admirable specimens that our nature has ever furnished, do but resemble marble statues, which, however symmetric in their proportions, and expressive in each several part; though they almost seem to breathe, and to put forth the graceful movements of living agents, are yet nothing but cold, inanimate materialism, without a heart and without a vital principle. They are Promethean images that need to be inspired from heaven with the breath of life. Christianity proposes, not to supersede any one of the good qualities of nature, but having placed them on a right basis, to pervade, to sustain, to illustrate and confirm them all. ‘Whatsoever things are true,’ saith the apostle Paul to the Philippians, ‘whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' "

Such expressions as 'Gothic marauder,' applied to Death, 'the Rubicon of the world,' 'infernal Proteus,' &c. the Author's maturer taste will lead him to avoid. Classic allusions, if ever introduced, should be very classical; for the misfortune is, that unless very trite, they will not be understood; and, if sufficiently hackneyed to be intelligible to a mixed congregation, they lose all their effect as embellishments. After all, they are apt to savour less of the scholar, than of the schoolmaster. Citations from our English poets may sometimes be extemporaneously introduced with the best effect, but they rarely look well in a printed discourse.

Art. VII. *The Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels: or Annual Selections from the most recent and interesting Journals of eminent Continental Travellers, that have not before appeared in an English Dress.* Vol. I. 18mo. Plates. Price 12s. London. 1825.

THIS extremely elegant and interesting little publication, like the poetical "Souvenirs" and "Forget me nots," which it resembles in the style of its appearance, is formed upon the model of a work of the same kind published on the Continent. The late learned Professor Zimmermann, we are told, commenced a similar publication some years ago, which admirably supplied a desideratum in German literature, and met with great and merited encouragement. The Contents of the present volume are as follows: 1. Introduction, comprising a general view of the most important geographical researches and discoveries during the last ten years. 2. Boie's Tour in Norway. 3. The Aurora Borealis. 4. On the Changes in the Climate of the Alps. 5. Manners and Customs of the Russians in the Government of Kasan. 6. Manners and Customs of the Tartars of Kasan. 7. Groupe of Rocks near Adersbach, Bohemia. 8. O Von Richter's Pilgrimages in the East. 9. P. B. Webb, Esq. on the Plain of Troy. 10. Dr. Taucher on the Salt Lake of Inderskoi. 11. Eichfield on the Eternal Fire at Baku. 12. Russian Discoveries. 13. The Oasis of Siwah. 14. Account of the Volcanoes now burning. 15. Baron Minutoli's Travels in Egypt. 16. Life of Baron Von Humboldt. The volume is embellished with a portrait of that indefatigable and accomplished traveller, and with lithographic views of the Aurora Borealis, Rocks at Adersbach, the village of Garah, and the Volcano of Jorullo.

In the introductory sketch, we do not find much novel information, but it presents a useful and comprehensive view of the present state of geographical discovery. After noticing the results of the adventurous voyages of Captain Parry and Mr. Scoresby, and the exploratory travels of Lieutenant Franklin, the Editor proceeds to mention the expeditions sent out by the Russian Government for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in the polar regions. Besides the one sent out in 1820, under Baron Wrangel, to which we have adverted in a preceding article, two expeditions were sent out the preceding year: one under Lieutenant Lasarew, with orders to explore the straits of Waigatz and the coasts of Nova Zembla; the other under Lieutenants Wasilieff and Schischareff to Beering's Straits, with a view to discover a passage eastward. The former failed in the main object, owing to the accumulation of the ice, but it was not wholly unproductive of useful results: the latter was also unsuccessful, but Wasilieff reached the parallel of $71^{\circ} 7'$, and discovered two capes situated further north than Icy Cape. In August 1823, Captain Otto Von Kotzebue was again sent out to Beering's Straits, to make a new attempt to discover a north-east passage. In the mean time, the Golownin and the Baranow, fitted out in 1821, by the Russian American Company, to explore the north-east coast, returned, having accomplished their instructions, and discovered a considerable island in lat. $59^{\circ} 54' 57''$, to which they gave the name of Numirak. In 1819, another Russian navigator, Captain Bellingshausen, was sent out to explore the Southern Icy Sea. Between the 6th and the 19th of July 1820, he is stated to have discovered in the Southern Ocean, about sixteen islands of various magnitudes east of New Zealand; but the latitudes are not specified. On the 10th of Jan. 1821, being in lat. $68^{\circ} 57' 15''$ S. and long. $90^{\circ} 4' 5''$ W., he discovered a high island $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, to which he gave the name of Peter Island; and on the 17th, he descried a high coast in lat. $68^{\circ} 51' 50''$ and long. $73^{\circ} 3' 46''$, which received the name of Alexander Island. From this place he steered towards New South Shetland, sailed round it, and found it to consist of several islands. He discovered seven other islands, in 55° W., long. and lat. $61^{\circ} 10'$; and sailed entirely round Sandwich Land. He returned to Cronstadt on the 24th of July. If the Editor has the means of obtaining further details respecting this voyage, he will confer a service on the public by including an analysis of it in his next volume.

In America, no country has of late years been visited by so numerous travellers as Brazil. Mawe, Lindley, and Koster

were among the first to lead the way ; and scanty as is the information contained in their volumes, they contain almost all that was then known respecting that vast region. Mr. Luccock's heavy but very valuable quarto, furnished a most important addition to our information ; and it comprises at this moment more valuable and accurate matter, than is to be found in any one publication of any other traveller. The travels of Drs. Von Spix, Prince Maximilian, and Mrs. Graham, have very recently been noticed in this Journal. Professor Pohl, who was sent out by the Emperor of Austria at the same time as the two Bavarian academicians, appears to have penetrated further into the back country of Brazil than any preceding traveller. He reached the capital of Goyaz, the central province, in January 1819, where he spent three months, being detained by the rainy season. He then bent his way northward by way of St. Joze de Tocantines as far as Porto Real ; whence he navigated the Maranhão for nearly 500 miles, and eventually returned by Porto Real to Villa Boa, having occupied eight months in the expedition. He made an excursion the following year into Minas Novas, and returned to Rio in February 1821, after a journey of 1300 geographical miles between the 22nd and 7th parallels of south latitude, during which he had forwarded 111 chests, containing the articles of interest he had collected. These are stated to comprise 260 living animals, 4000 kinds of plants, and above 1000 fossils.

About the same period, a M. St. Hilaire, a Frenchman in the suite of the Duke of Luxembourg, ambassador from the court of France to that of Brazil, undertook, successively, three different journeys in that country ; the first, through Minas Geraes to Bahia in 1817, 18 ; the second, along the coast as far north as the Rio Doce,—the track explored by Prince Maximilian ; the third in 1819, to the capital of Goyaz, from which place he took the road to Santo Paulo : leaving his collections at that city, he continued his journey southward through the comarcas of Hitu and Curitiba, and crossing the elevated *Campos*, descended the frightful *serra de Paranagua* to the coast, opposite the island of Saint Catherine. Thence he prosecuted his journey along the sandy shores of Rio Grande to Portalegre, where he passed the winter of 1819, 20. In the following spring, he proceeded to the Banda Oriental, visited Monte Video, and returned through the territory formerly occupied by Artigas, and the country of the missions, to Rio Grande. Between Belem and the Reductions of Uruguay, M. St. Hilaire spent thirteen days in a desert, where there was neither a house nor a beaten road, but only ostriches, stags, and jaguars. After again visiting St. Paulo, he returned

to Europe, with a collection of 2,000 birds, 16,000 insects, and 30,000 plants. The account of these travels would fill up an important chasm in the topography of the South American peninsula, a great part of them being through districts almost absolutely unknown, and inhabited by savage tribes with whom the whites have had little or no intercourse. We strongly recommend the Editor of this "Cabinet," to obtain, if possible, further details.

Little more that is important appears to have been achieved by foreign travellers. Baron Minutoli and Doctors Ehrenberg and Hemprich have been prosecuting researches in Egypt and Nubia. M. Brocchi, a pupil of Werner, has lately gone to Egypt to pursue a geognostical investigation in the vicinity of Thebes. Messrs. Calliaud and Letorzec, who accompanied Ismael Pasha on his military expedition into the interior, penetrated, about five weeks after their departure from Sennaar, as far as Fazidele and Gamanil. The most southern place to which Ismael Pasha penetrated, was Singheh in lat. 10° N. They were unable to sail up the *Bahr el Abiad*, because the water was too low; but M. Calliaud thinks it probable that it will be found to communicate with the Niger.—The Missionary Society of Basle have resolved to send five missionaries into Persia, who are, previously to their settlement, to explore the interior of that vast empire. The Chaplain to the Swedish embassy at Constantinople, the Rev. Mr. Berggren, visited Syria in 1820. The present volume contains an account of 'pilgrimages in the East' performed by Otto Frederick Von Richter in 1815-16; but they add little or nothing to the later accounts of English travellers. In fact, Asia appears to have received of late far less attention from foreign travellers than any other quarter of the globe.

We observe a few errors and marks of haste in this volume. Hunhuetoca, Quertano, and Yrapualo, (at p. 403,) should be Huehuetoca, Queretaro, and Yrapuato; Chilpanzulgo is printed for Chilpanzingo; and several other names are mis spelt. On the whole, the work does credit to the publishers; and should they be so fortunate as to obtain either original contributions or authenticated accounts of unpublished travels for the ensuing volumes, or, in failure of these, if they will supply spirited analyses of such foreign works as have not reached this country,—the publication cannot fail, we think, to become extremely acceptable.

- Art. VIII. *Memoirs of Painting*, with a chronological History of the Importation of Pictures by the great Masters into England, since the French Revolution. By W. Buchanan, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 777. Price 11. 6s. London. 1824.**
2. *Sketches of the principal Pictures in England. With a Criticism on "Marriage a-la-Mode."* Foolscep 8vo. pp. 195. London. 1824.
3. *British Galleries of Art*, Small 8vo. pp. 301. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1824.

THE general diffusion and to a considerable extent, equalization of knowledge in the present day, entails, with many advantages, a few annoyances. The facility and correctness of composition, which characterise the average standard of literary talent, throw a certain class of writers into perfect despair; and sets them, hopeless of a more legitimate distinction, on endeavouring to awaken attention by grimace and affectation. Of this lamentable perversion, we have, in one of the volumes before us, a specimen the less excusable, both as the author is capable of better things, and as the subject called in an especial manner for the utmost simplicity and explicitness of treatment. Jargon is bad enough under any circumstances, but, when applied to Art, it is more emphatically contemptible, since it is wholly at variance both with the severity of scientific principle, and the intelligibility which should reign throughout all the processes of the artist. Connect charlatanism with art, even in the slightest degree, and its mental, as well as its moral elevation is degraded to the dust. What, for example, is the impression produced upon the mind by such elaborate and abortive strainings after something transcendently fine and effective as the following?

‘I should pitch’ (on the supposition of having to make a choice among the Claudes of the Angerstein gallery) ‘upon the landscape with the Mill, that hangs in the right corner of this room, “making a sunshine in a shady place:” and yet, without very well knowing why; unless it be that it pours from every part of it a flood of beauty, into the very depths of the heart; at once soothing the passions of earth to an unearthly stillness, while it makes the blood seem to dance and sparkle within us, to the music of its dark and sparkling waters. To stand before that picture is to be happy, whatever one’s lot may be; and to leave it, is to leave looking into the very heart and soul of Nature.’ *British Galleries.*

Again:

‘The Dcjinira is magnificent. She sits across his knees, with one arm passed round his neck; and from every point of her form there seems to exude, as it were, an atmosphere of desire, which spreads

itself on all the objects present, steeping them all in the pervading sentiment of the scene.' *British Galleries.*

Once more—from the description of Titian's paintings in the Cleveland Gallery, the Diana and Acteon, and the Diana and Calisto.

'In these pictures the expression goes for almost nothing. They are appeals to the senses alone. You can actually, as it were, *taste* the flavour of them on the palate. And if you remember them at all in absence, it is a kind of harmonious chaos of colour, 'without form and void;' or like a chord in music—one sweet sound made up of many—harmony without melody.' *British Galleries.*

Now let the reader try for a moment to extract a plain, tangible meaning from these quaint and tricksey phrases, and if he is able to give substance to that which shape has none, he will be to us, not Davus, but *Œdipus*. Nothing can be more simple than the genuine language of Art, precisely because nothing can be more expressive than simplicity; and every departure from it is neither more nor less than a confession of ignorance. The great skill of a connoisseur lies in knowing what to admire and what to condemn; and this, once discriminated on sound principles, there can be no difficulty in stating with precision.

The subject of these volumes is to us a very delightful one. It relates to a substantial portion of our national wealth, and, in its connected circumstances, it blends itself with just views of our best fame. Too long neglected amid the conflict of parties, and the din of martial preparation, there has been gradually gaining ground among us, a persuasion that the prosperity of a realm is most honourably distinguished by the encouragement of the arts and sciences; and the contents of the volumes before us afford gratifying evidence that active and effectual exertions have followed hard upon that conviction. The history of amateurship in this country includes not a few disheartening points of retrospection. With a few partial glimpses of better feeling, the 'backward view' of our pictorial annals yields little satisfaction until we reach the reign of Charles I., whose encouragement of the arts was enlightened and liberal. Henry VIII., with the ostentation that formed so marked a feature in his character, had welcomed Holbein to his court, and Elizabeth had permitted Zuccaro to transmit her lineaments to posterity; but Charles had given to the arts of design a cordial and decided patronage. Rubens and Vanddyke enjoyed his personal favour, and he formed a collection of painting and sculptures which was unrivalled in that day.

The works of Raffælle, Titian, Correggio, Giorgione, da Vinci, Romano, adorned his palaces; while his favourite, Buckingham, purchased at the price of £10,000, the extensive assemblage of pictures and marbles which had been formed by Rubens for his own use. The times which followed, were unfavourable. The stern warriors and statesmen of the Commonwealth, had neither relish nor leisure for the pursuits of *virtu*; and we could have forgiven them this their want of taste, had they not, with mere sordid, money-making miscalculation, chosen to disperse those inestimable treasures, and dismiss to foreign countries productions of value too great to leave any hope of their re-acquisition. Nor did the restoration of the Stuarts, or the reigns of succeeding monarchs, bring with them any real melioration of this lamentable ignorance. Lely and Kneiler, with their mechanical facility, multiplied portraits; Verrio and Laguerre covered acres of canvas with unmeaning and ill-painted allegories; and Thornhill, though with somewhat superior talent, made inefficient use of advantageous opportunities for which Haydon and Hilton are sighing in vain. What sacrifice would not those admirable artists make, might they but leave the signatures of their genius on the walls of Greenwich Hospital, or the dome of St. Paul's? The reign of George III. was a period of fairer promise than any which had intervened since the death of the first Charles. We shall not invidiously inquire how far the revival of a taste for the Arts may be really due to the late monarch, nor whether his patronage was uniformly bestowed on the worthiest objects. He consented to the institution of the Royal Academy, and he delighted in the productions of Benjamin West.

Next to the alienation of the noble collection of Charles I., the consignment to Russia of the Houghton gallery, is the most disastrous and disgraceful transaction in the whole story of British Vandalism. Of the misconduct of Government, we say nothing: it has been so little the custom for British Monarchs to patronize the arts, that in the dearth of precedents, we can excuse the negligence of Administration. But we have no language strong enough to express our contempt for the want of patriotism and right feeling betrayed by our wealthy countrymen in that business. We have not at the present moment a very distinct recollection of all the circumstances of the transaction; but, if we remember rightly, the sellers themselves—the traffickers, we had almost said, of their country's rights and fame—were not altogether blameless: less precipitancy might have secured a happier result.

In addition to these instances of miserable mismanagement, several minor failures are to be enumerated. Somewhat more

than twenty years ago, Mr. Buchanan offered to Mr. Pitt, as the *nucleus* of a national gallery, a small collection of pictures 'of the very first class.' He expresses his decided conviction, that 20,000*l.* would, at that period, have secured to England the possession of some of the finest works of European art; and there can be no question of the correctness of his opinion, since the agitation of the public mind on the Continent, and the effects of the French invasions of Italy, had so unsettled the permanent value of moveable and damageable property, as to make nearly all the private collections of Lombardy and Rome, disposable. A few years before the time just adverted to, 10,000*l.* would, it is affirmed by Mr. Irvine, have purchased all the good pictures in Genoa. As an example of the then existing depreciation, it may be stated, that three large and valuable paintings, by Guido and Rubens, might have been obtained for three or four thousand Italian livres—at eight-pence the livre! The same absurd economy prevented the acquisition of the marbles of Egina, of which the skill and enterprise of an Englishman had procured the right of refusal. Neither could Mr. Buchanan prevail on the several wealthy individuals to whom he applied, to authorize the purchase of four superb paintings by Raffaele in his third and last manner. They were transferred for sale from Spain to Paris, and might have been secured for this country; but, the negotiation failing, they were reconveyed to Madrid.

'Another picture of the same high class in point of excellence, and coming from the same source, was, indeed, consigned to him (Mr. Buchanan) in the year 1813, with many other fine pictures from Madrid, and was sold in England. It remained in this country for several years; but that picture has again been transmitted to the continent, and is now in the possession of the Prince Royal of Bavaria, a prince well known for his refined taste and just discernment in all matters connected with the arts. His Royal Highness paid for this picture the sum of 5000*l.* sterling. It was this prince who, a few years ago, purchased the Egina marbles, while our people were considering about a few thousand pounds.'—*Buchanan*.

After some just, but obvious observations on the value and importance of a magnificent national collection, Mr. B. proceeds as follows.

'These considerations become probably of more importance in themselves at this moment, in consequence of an opportunity again presenting itself of enriching this Country with some objects which, in point of real consequence, stand second only to the Raphaels above-mentioned, and the loss of which this Country must always regret. The Marechal Soult, Duc de Dalmatie, knowing that the author of these pages had formerly made several most valuable acqui-

tions of works of art in Spain and Italy, and latterly had purchased the collection of Mons. de Talleyrand in France, communicated to him in April last, that he felt disposed to part with his pictures as an entire collection, if the same could be disposed of in that manner. Mr. Buchanan represented to the Marechal the difficulty of placing an entire collection in that way; but stated the probability of the eight celebrated pictures by Murillo being purchased for England, if the Marechal would fix a separate value on them. This, after much difficulty, the Marechal agreed to do, and in obtaining a note of the value of these, with three other very capital pictures which are in the same collection, Mr. Buchanan immediately returned to England for the express purpose of communicating the same to his majesty's ministers, and impressing on them the importance of such an acquisition, these magnificent pictures being already known to every connoisseur as the *chef d'œuvres* of that great master. What the result of such a communication may yet be, he cannot presume to say. The most important acquisition of objects of high consideration which could have been attained for this country in modern times, would have been the four Raphaels above-mentioned; the next to that in point of real consequence, and which can still be drawn from foreign countries to add to the riches of our own, would be the Murillos just named.' *Buchanan.*

We trust that the time of ill-judged parsimony, the constrained result of thoughtless extravagance, is gone by; and that a judicious application of the national resources will obtain for us those advantages, available on the spot, which our students have hitherto been compelled to seek in foreign capitals. Compared with our impoverished state fifty years ago, we are now rich in works of art. The Townley marbles, the 'rich relics' of the Parthenon, of Phigalia, and of the Thebaid, exhibit specimens of unrivalled excellence. The National Gallery, as it is now called, is as yet in its infancy, but it is rich in master-pieces. Few, but first rate—was the admirable system of its original collector; and it is the apt observation of one of the writers before us, that 'the late Mr. Angerstein ' was known all over Europe, and will not soon be forgotten, ' for no other reason than that he possessed ten of the finest ' pictures in the world!' But, highly as we estimate the importance of a public and easily accessible collection, we feel a yet higher gratification in contemplating the immense variety of excellence which is dispersed throughout the kingdom in the private collections of our wealthy amateurs. We should be sorry to have all our fine pictures hanging on the walls of one over-grown room like the gallery of the Louvre. With the exception of the bad taste and worse feeling betrayed in the reference to the battle of Waterloo, there is some justice in the following remarks.

‘ Those who are accustomed to lament that the battle of Waterloo ever took place, either forget, or do not attach a proper value to the fact, that it caused to be dispersed all over the civilized world, those miracles of art which were collected within the walls of the Louvre : and if it did no other good but this, it was worth all that it cost. It is not in human nature duly to appreciate that which it obtains with ease, or can have by asking for; or that which it cannot help seeing if it would. This is one reason why the French artists and critics have not made one progressive step in art, during the last five-and-twenty years. Not that they did not sufficiently *admire* the works of the old masters that were collected in the Louvre; for they thought many of them nearly equal to their own David’s ! They admired, without being able to *appreciate* them. Another reason for this, and one which makes the French artists and critics more excusable, is that, in point of fact, beauty, of whatever kind it may be, does in a great degree counteract itself, when it is present in several different objects in nearly the same degree of perfection. As two perfect negatives in our language destroy the effect of each other, so do two perfect beauties. Two such sights within the same hour as the Venus de’ Medici and the Transfiguration, is what “ no mortal can bear,” to any good effect : not because their influence is too much, but because it is none at all. They *kill* each other, like ill-assorted colours. And this is not a matter of taste, of habit, or even of feeling—as far as consciousness is concerned ; it is a matter of nature, and therefore of necessity. True lovers of nature love the sun, the moon, and the stars, each with a perfect love. But if all were to appear together, they could love neither, except as a part of the whole. And thus it was with the Louvre. As a convocation of all beauty and power in art, it was duly appreciated, even by the French. It was adequately admired as THE LOUVRE. But in this general admiration, all detail was merged and lost ; and of consequence, all the effect of detail was lost too ; for it is not *galleries* that make artists—but *pictures*. Individual efforts alone can produce individual efforts—like can alone engender like. Great national collections of pictures may produce good on the same principle,—by engendering *their* like, and thus collaterally aiding high art, by giving it that encouragement without which it cannot extend itself and flourish. But it is greatly to be feared that, even in this point of view, they are, upon the whole, mischievous, rather than beneficial ; since they are more calculated to diffuse than concentrate the efforts which they may call forth, and thus lose in quality more than they gain in quantity. It is to private collections alone that the lover of art should, perhaps, look for the true encouragement which art needs, and without which it cannot support its due claims to the attention and admiration of mankind : and *these* can never, like the late collection at the Louvre, counteract their natural and proper effect by growing to an inordinate and unnatural size, and, (like Aaron’s rod,) swallowing up all the rest.’

British Galleries.

We cannot attempt to enter minutely into the various and interesting details connected with the different importation
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that have enriched our native land with a large proportion of the most illustrious productions of European art; but we have put at the head of this article, the titles of three works which will give ample information on this head. Mr. Buchanan is any thing but a fine writer, but he narrates with precision, and criticises, generally, with judgement. The great value of his work consists, however, in the information it contains, and this is not only valuable in itself, but diligently collected, and sufficiently well arranged. Of the two small volumes which stand next in order, the first is by far the best.

The first great event in the modern history of Art, in connexion with England, was decidedly the transfer from Paris to London, of the magnificent Orleans collection. Philippe Egalité,—let him be ever remembered by the name of his choice—was compelled, by the expensiveness of his debaucheries and intrigues, to alienate the treasures of his splendid gallery, and they ultimately found their way to this country. The portion which comprised the Italian and French schools, was bought by the Earl of Carlisle, the Marquis of Stafford, and the late Duke of Bridgewater; and the paintings which were not reserved by the proprietors, were sold, part by private contract, and theremainder by public sale. The speculation was a most gainful one, since the purchasers obtained a noble collection of pictures gratuitously, the part sold covering the value of those which were retained.

This enterprise was followed by the importation and sale of the Calonne, Trumbull, Bryan, and other collections of great value and interest; and the effect of these successive dispersions has been to enrich, to an extent unequalled in any other country, excepting perhaps Italy, the private collections of English gentlemen.

The most interesting part of Mr. Buchanan's volumes is, in our preference at least, that which relates to the agencies of Messrs. Irvine and Wallis, who were respectively employed by Mr. B. to purchase, on his account, in Italy and Spain. They seem to have been men of superior ability; and if they had been freely supplied with money, would have made a glorious spoil:—as it was, they did wonders. Mr. Wallis, who visited Spain at a critical period, was, at times, in much personal danger. Under date of Madrid, August, 5, 1808, he writes,

‘ Two days past, in going to examine a fine picture of Rubens in Madrid, I met the populace armed, dragging the naked body of the president of the Havanna, with a cord round his neck, crying, Death to all traitors—long live Ferdinand the Seventh. In going to Loeches, about twenty miles from Madrid, to see the famous pictures of Rubens, painted for that convent of Nuns, and paid for by the

Duke of Olivarez, the people of the town took me for a Frenchman, and with great difficulty I got off with my life. We have seen two most dreadful revolutions; one with the loss of several thousands of French and Spaniards, and of small affairs of danger a vast number.'

Buchanan.

If Mr. Irvine's adventures were less hazardous, the attainment of his object frequently required great management, and the dexterous employment of intermediate agents. He seems, moreover, to have been a good deal trammelled by his instructions; and the following paragraphs contain some pithy criticism on the hints which were thrown out in the communications of his employers.

'As to an oil picture of Raphael on his *great, grand, and broad manner*, not above six, perhaps, exist in the world, and certainly are not to be acquired for *any money*. I may also assure you that another landscape by Rubens cannot be expected *from Italy*. I am rather at a loss to know what is meant by Guido's *striking pictures*, as many of his finest works are not remarkable for striking effect, which is all they look for or understand in England. I am certain, that if Raphael's works in the Vatican were carried there without its being known they were such, *nobody would look at them*.

'As to Sir Richard Worsley's observations, they give a just account of the present low state of taste in England, and his preference of a Magdalen by Guido to the Raphaels, does not surprise me, as that country has always been taken by *sleight of hand*. Guido may *astonish* for awhile, but does not go deep; but Raphael is like a philosopher, who will not mislead the judgement in order to gain general applause, but contents himself with addressing the hearts of the few who have feeling to relish him. Sir Richard is a voluptuary, and judges accordingly.' *Buchanan.*

As a sample of the way in which competitors in *virtu*, endeavour to give each other the *go by*, the following rather long, but amusing detail, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Amsterdam, Aug. 25, 1817.

'After writing to you from Paris, a piece of information came to my knowledge, which has brought me here in all haste. I learnt that the fine Paul Potter, belonging to the Burgomaster Hoguer, would be sold in the course of a few days, and that several amateurs were on the look out for it.

'A few days ago, Monsieur le R. did me the honour of a call, evidently for the purpose of learning my movements for the rest of the season. The conversation turned on the beauty of the South at this season of the year; and fearing that my views might have been directed towards Flanders or Holland, he strongly recommended my seeing the banks of the Loire before leaving France, especially

as the vintage was fast approaching. I told him, that I had long intended to make an excursion to Orleans, Tours, &c. and had some thought of going there before returning to England. This seemed to quiet his suspicions of finding me a competitor in the north; for, having so recently purchased the Talleyrand collection, which excited some degree of jealousy among the Parisians, he imagined to find me his opponent also in Flanders and Holland. I enquired where he meant to spend the Autumn, when he said he was going in the course of a short time, on account of his health, to drink the mineral waters of Mont-d'Or. After some further conversation upon indifferent matters, he then took his leave of me, and we parted, wishing each other *bonne santé et un bon voyage.*

Mr. Buchanan was not a man to lose the effect of all this generalship by sleeping on his laurels. Having made this masterly demonstration on Mont-d'Or, he broke up without an hour's delay, put himself in march for Brussels, and very soon took up his quarters in that city. Having thus gained the start of his opponents, who were following him with 'heavy metal,' he waited only to secure a few valuable pictures then on sale, and set forward for Antwerp.

'We arrived at that city in time to gain admittance, although the gates had been shut, and were re-opened to us per favour; but at the post-house, we were informed, that no one could get out without an order from the Governor of the place. Being determined, however, to make the attempt, and having agreed to pay for the hire of fresh horses, whether we should or should not succeed in passing the gates, we obtained them, and drove up to the post, when I handed out to the guard of the night my passport and a small piece of paper enclosing a Napoleon, saying rather loudly, "*Voilà, Monsieur, mon passeport, et l'ordre du Gouverneur.*" The order was instantly recognised, and the massive gates moved on their hinges. The following morning we breakfasted at Breda, at an early hour, and by the route of Gorcum and Utrecht, we arrived at Amsterdam the same evening.'

'It now became a matter of some importance to see the collection of Van Hoguer privately, without encountering my Parisian friends. This I easily succeeded in doing through the means of the bankers on whom I had credits; while to keep competitors in the dark as to my intentions, I adopted the following *projet*.

'Antoine, as I have already said, is an old campaigner, and a fellow of much humour and drollery, with a countenance of most immoveable muscle. He was well known as Antoine to all my Parisian friends; but when tolerably rouged, with a suit of black clothes, and a well-powdered wig, no one would imagine he had ever before seen Monsieur Jolli. My own attendance at the sale as a *bidder*, would have been imprudent, and was likely to meet with opposition from more quarters than one; I therefore determined on relinquishing the contest to Monsieur Jolli, who, having received

his instructions acquit himself *à merveille*, and had the honour of seeing his name entered in the sale-roll of the Burgomaster Hoguer as the purchaser of the famous young bull of Paul Potter, for 7925 guilders; and of being congratulated by many of the dilettanti present, as a gentleman of most undoubted taste and good judgement.

‘The aid which this auxiliary afforded, enabled me to enter the room as an indifferent observer. The first person who caught my eye, was Monsieur le R. whom I had so lately left in Paris. We recognised each other with a laugh—‘Eh bien, Monsieur, comment vous trouvez vous des eaux de Mont-d’Or?’—‘Et vous, Monsieur, quo dites vous de la belle Statue de Jeanne d’Arc sur la place d’Orleans?’

We can only afford one extract from the spirited little volume which stands second on our triple heading, and which contains ‘sketches’ of the Angerstein, Dulwich, Stafford, Windsor, Hampton Court, Grosvenor, Wilton, Burleigh, and Blenheim galleries, beside a pithy criticism on Hogarth’s Marriage a-la-mode.

‘There is, however, one exception to the catholic language of painting, which is in French pictures. They are national fixtures, and ought never to be removed from the soil in which they grow. They will not answer any where else, nor are they worth Custom-house duties. Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, are all good and intelligible in their several ways—we know what they mean—they require no interpreter: but the French painters see nature with organs and with minds peculiarly their own. One must be born in France, to understand their painting or their poetry. Their productions in art are either literal or extravagant, dry, frigid *fac-similes*, in which they seem to take up nature by pin-points, or else vapid, distorted caricatures, out of all rule and compass. They are, in fact, at home only in the light and elegant; and whenever they attempt to add force or solidity, (as they must do in the severer productions of the pencil,) they are compelled to substitute an excess of minute industry for a comprehension of the whole, or make a desperate mechanical effort at extreme expression, instead of giving the true, natural, and powerful workings of passion. Their representations of nature are meagre skeletons, that bear the same relation to the originals that botanical specimens enclosed in a portfolio, flat, dry, hard, and pithless, do to flourishing plants and shrubs. Their historical figures are painful outlines, or graduated elevations of the common statues,—spiritless, colourless, motionless, which have the form, but none of the power of the *antique*. What an abortive attempt is the *Coronation of Napoleon*, by the celebrated David, lately exhibited in this country! It looks like a finished sign-post painting, a sea of frozen outlines. Could the artist make nothing of “the foremost man in all this world,” but a stiff, upright figure? The figure and

attitude of the Empress are, however, pretty and graceful; and we recollect one face in profile, of an ecclesiastic, to the right, with a sanguine look of health in the complexion, and a large benevolence of soul. It is not Monsieur Talleyrand, whom the late Lord Castlereagh characterised as a worthy man and his friend. His Lordship was not a physiognomist! The whole of the shadowed part of the picture seems to be enveloped in a shower of blue powder. But to make amends for all that there is, or that there is not in the work, David has introduced his wife and his two daughters; and in the catalogue has given us the places of abode, and the names of the husbands of the latter. This is a little out of place: yet, these are the people who laugh at our blunders. We do not mean to extend the above sweeping censure to Claude or Poussin; of course, they are excepted: but even in them, the national character lurked amidst unrivalled excellence. If Claude has a fault, it is, that he is finical; and Poussin's might be said by a satirist to be antique puppets.'

Sketches of the Picture Galleries.

Mr. Buchanan seems to consider himself as having a claim to national remuneration, for his exertions in furnishing so many capital additions to the galleries of England. We do not quite understand where the *onus* of this obligation lies, but we cannot spare room for the investigation of his claims.

Art. IX. *Tracts upon some leading Errors of the Church of Rome.*
By the Rev. George Hamilton, M.A. Rector of Killermogh, &c.
18mo. Price 1s. London. 1824.

WE believe the Author of this sensible and useful little tract to be one of the best men in the Church of Ireland: he is at once an accomplished scholar, an exemplary minister, an able divine, and a sincere patriot. If we may not entirely agree with him as to the best method of dealing with the original sin and curse of Ireland—Popery, we are sure that he will give us credit for participating in his uncompromising abhorrence of its detestable principles; and though we must be allowed to doubt the efficiency and expediency of the Protestant Establishment under any conceivable arrangements, we think that there is much honest truth and important statement in the following manly remarks.

'The state of Ireland has within these few years attracted a large portion of the public attention: various opinions have been formed as to the origin of the evils under which she confessedly labours: and with a hope of removing them, the most opposite remedies have in their turn been recommended, adopted, and abandoned. The Government and the Opposition of the day have undertaken to institute inquiry, and thus to elicit information, but neither party has ever ven-

tured to enter fully or fairly into the question, because both of them had reason to dread the disclosures which might be made by a thorough and impartial investigation. The Opposition is at present led by several of our wealthiest absentees, and we cannot wonder if some of them wish to keep out of sight the evils resulting from their neglect of their estates, and from the misconduct of their agents, by laying all the blame upon Orangemen and tithes. The Government, no matter in whose hands, always has felt conscious that the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage, for which they are directly or indirectly responsible, would not in the great majority of cases bear investigation, and has never concurred in any measure, that might possibly lay open the secular and unhallowed motives by which it has been dispensed. The natural consequences have followed—the Church has become unpopular—party spirit and dissensions prevail—life and property are insecure, and almost every person who had the means of doing so, has abandoned the country, so that the ignorant and uncivilized peasantry have been left to their priests and designing demagogues, by whom the utmost efforts are made to teach them that they are treated as a conquered people, and that the laws of the land are but a vast system of oppression, studiously designed and unrelentingly enforced for the purposes of degradation and insult.

• But there are Irishmen whom duty or necessity retain at home, and who are qualified, by their experience and intelligence, to judge of the real state of the country, and in their view, the evils we lament result from various causes, which have been in combined operation for many years; they witness with pleasure the enactment of salutary laws to restrain the turbulent, and the formation of institutions to improve the condition of the indigent; but they cannot conceal from themselves, that the root of the evil lies beyond the reach of either the one or the other. For were ignorance and superstition removed, and peaceable and orderly habits introduced by the best system of education, and the wishes of its warmest advocates accomplished, still it would be impossible to have a generally thriving tenantry on the great bulk of the absentees' estates, if the present system of management were persisted in; and on the other hand, suppose all landlords and their agents were the reverse of what some now are, and that every absentee estate was managed as well as some have been, and others are beginning to be, how far must their efforts fall short of their wishes, unless they have the support of resident clergymen, alive to the responsibility of their sacred office, zealous in the discharge of their spiritual duties, commanding respect by the purity of their conduct, and benefitting the people by exhibiting publicly and privately the Scriptural doctrines of Christianity.'

Preface, pp. v—vii.

We have only room strongly to recommend these Tracts to the notice of our readers.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, A Manual for Church Members. By Dr. Newman of Stepney.

In the press, History of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren. By

the Rev. J. Holman, Author of Historical Sketches of the Missions of the United Brethren, &c.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. Philip Henry, A.M. By the Rev. Matthew Henry, V.D.M. A New Edition, enlarged, with Important Additions, Notes, &c. By J. B. Williams, F.S.A. 8vo. with portrait. 15s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remark on Professor Lee's Vindication of his edition of Jones's Persian Grammar, published in the July and August Numbers of the Asiatic Journal. 8vo. 4s.

Remarks on Volney's Ruins. By W. A. Hails. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Practical Observations upon the Education of the people, addressed to the working classes and their employers. By Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. F.R.S. 8vo. 6d.

On the Progress of Dissent, being a reply to that article in the last Number of the Quarterly Review. By a Non-Con. 2s.

Letters to a Sceptic of Distinction in the 19th Century. 12mo. 4s.

THEOLOGY.

The Missionaries after the Apostolical School: a series of Orations in four parts.—1. The Doctrine.—2. The Expe-

riiment.—3. The Argument.—4. The Duty. By the Rev. Edward Irving, A.M. Part I. 4s.

Thoughts on Antinomianism. By Agnostos. 1s. 6d.

A Course of Sermons for the Year, containing two for each Sunday, and one for each Holy-Day. Abridged from the most Eminent Divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the Service of the Day. Intended for the Use of Families. By the Rev. J. R. Pitman, A.M. Alternate Preacher of the Baptist and Berkeley Chapels, &c. 2 vols. 8s. 18s.

Lectures on the Essentials of Religion, Personal, Domestic, and Social. By E. F. Burder, M.A. 9s.

The Christian Father's Reasons for Christianity, in Conversation between: Father and his Children. On Paganism, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity. By the Rev. T. Timpeon. 18mo.

The Christian Father's Present to his Children. By the Rev. J. A. James. Second Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. 7s.

The Blessedness of the Dead that die in the Lord. A Funeral Sermon occasioned by the lamented death of the late Mrs. Rachel Harbottle: with a brief memoir of the deceased. By W. Ealy. 1s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Pendered's Letter shall be inserted in our Number for April.

The Title-page, Contents, and Index to Vol. XXII., will certainly be given with the next Number.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR APRIL, 1825.

- Art. I. 1. *Notes on Mexico*, made in the Autumn of 1822. Accompanied by an Historical Sketch of the Revolution, and Translations of Official Reports on the present State of that Country. By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo. pp. 360. Philadelphia. 1824.**
- 2. *The History of Mexico from the Spanish Conquest to the present Era*; containing a condensed View of the Manners, Customs, Religion, Commerce, Soil, and Agriculture; Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Productions, &c. &c. By Nicholas Mill, Esq. 8vo. pp. 300. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1824.**
- 3. *A Statistical and Commercial History of the Kingdom of Guatemala in Spanish America*: with an Account of its Conquest by the Spaniards, and a Narrative of the principal Events down to the present Time: from Original Records in the Archives; actual Observation; and other authentic Sources. By Don Domingo Juarros, a Native of Guatemala. Translated by J. Baily, Lieut. R. M. 8vo. pp. 520. Price 16s. London. 1823.**
- 4. *The Modern Traveller*. Parts XI. and XII. Mexico. 18mo. Price 2s. 6d. each. London. 1825.**
- 5. *The Actual State of the Mexican Mines, and the Reasonable Expectations of the Share-holders of the Anglo-Mexican Association*; being the Substance of a Letter addressed to the Directors of that Company; with a Supplement, containing additional Data, confirmed by recent Intelligence from Mexico; and an Appendix of original Mexican Documents. By Sir William Adams. 8vo. pp. 88. London. 1825.**

THE recognition of the Mexican and Colombian Republics by the British Government, is one of the most important measures, in whatever light we view it, that have taken place since the year 1782, when Great Britain consented to acknowledge the independence of the United States. That acknowledgement, wrung as it was from this nation's rulers by defeat

and disaster, redounded little to its honour. But the act of justice and sound policy by which the independence of the Southern States is at once recognised and ratified, has all the merit of being uncompelled, as well as timely; and it is made in the teeth of the Holy Alliance and Lord Eldon. It is not a concession which costs nothing, or, at least, which risks nothing; nor is it like the alliance which the Bourbons entered into, in 1778, with the American colonies of England, in the very commencement of their struggle for independence, and which met with its reward in 1789. Mexico has now for four years ceased to be a colony of Spain. Iturbidé commenced the second revolution in Feb. 1821, from which time to his downfall, he was virtually at the head of the government. In August of the same year, O'Donoju, the last viceroy sent out by the mother country, recognised, by the treaty of Cordova, the independence of the Mexican empire. In the May of the following year, 'Augustin the First' (and last) was proclaimed Emperor. His abdication and embarkation took place in the Spring of 1823. On the 27th of March, the Republican army entered the capital, when the old Congress was immediately convoked, and an executive triumvirate appointed, consisting of General Victoria, the present President of the Federal Republic, and Generals Bravo and Negrete. The new Federal Constitution was proclaimed and sworn to in the capital on the 2nd of February, 1824, amid the rejoicings of the people. In July, Iturbidé made the rash and ill-digested attempt to recover an usurped throne at the expense of the peace of the country, which proved fatal to himself only. Over this event there still hangs a considerable degree of mystery. In the letter which he addressed to the Congress on the 19th of March, 1823, containing his abdication, he says: 'That he accepted the crown with the greatest reluctance, and only to serve his country; that from the moment he perceived that his retaining possession of it might serve, if not as a cause, at least as a pretext for civil war, he determined to give it up; that he did not abdicate before, because there was no national representation, generally recognised as such, to receive it; that, as his presence in the country might serve as a pretext for dissensions, he will retire to some foreign land*; and he asks for only a fortnight to prepare for his departure, soliciting the Congress to pay his debts.' All this sounds well, and has a patriotic semblance. Accordingly, his Ex-Majesty was

* He at first proposed to retire to *Jamaica*, but this proposal was of course negatived.

permitted to leave the kingdom, and retire into honourable exile, with a yearly pension of 25,000 dollars settled on him, on the sole condition of not again setting his foot on the territory of the Federal Republic.

Iturbidé embarked, on the 11th of May, 1823, on board an English ship, chartered to Leghorn, his family and suite consisting of twenty-five persons. From Italy, he came to England, whence, on the 11th of May, 1824, he embarked at Southampton for Mexico, taking with him his wife, his two sons, and servants. This step excited at the time a great deal of vague speculation; but, in the total absence of any specific information with regard to the real state of the country, conjecture itself was at fault. It was taken for granted, that no man in the possession of his senses would have taken such a step, unless, like the Emperor of Elba, he could rely upon being received with open arms by the population, or unless he had secured the support of a foreign armament. His own statement was, that he was urgently solicited to return by his countrymen, who considered his presence there as necessary to the establishment of unanimity and the consolidation of the government. Captain Basil Hall, in his interesting "Journal," remarked on this statement: 'The result will shew how far ' Iturbidé's decision is a wise one. That it is a patriotic and ' disinterested decision, I have not the smallest doubt; and ' there does not appear to be the least reason for apprehending ' that his views have any other direction than the service of ' Mexico, and the resistance of the Spaniards, or any other ' nation which may seek to reconquer that country.' The author of an elaborate article on Mexico in the *Quarterly Review**, ostensibly compiled from Spanish documents, discovers the same favourable opinion of Iturbidé. 'We have not,' it is said, 'sufficient evidence to assist us in forming an accurate ' judgement of the character and conduct of the ex-emperor, ' but we are rather disposed to think favourably of both, from ' other sources than the official documents before us.' After adverting to the circumstance, that the produce of the mines had increased during his short reign, as *prima facie* evidence in his favour,—although, at the most, it would seem to indicate a return to internal tranquillity, and may, perhaps, be satisfactorily accounted for by an act of Congress which Iturbidé does not appear to have had the merit of originating†,—the Re-

* No. LIX. p. 183.

† 'The Mexican Cortes or Sovereign Constituent Congress met on the 24th of February, 1823; and one of their first, if not their

viewer adds : ' We have read, with attention, the whole of the debates in Congress for the two months which followed the abdication. We find in them no one direct charge made against him, nor any intimation to his disgrace, *except* an assertion of one of the most vehement of the body, that he wished to direct the legislative, as well as the executive branch of the government. That member was answered by another, who said, " The nation is indebted to him for its independence; and if some force was used to procure for him the Imperial dignity, the nation had recognised that dignity by his coronation, and by the decree for hereditary succession; and that the Congress, having been dissolved by him, could not judge impartially in their own cause." ' This logic does not, however, appear to have been deemed so satisfactory an answer at Mexico, as it appears to the Reviewer; for the Congress passed a decree on the 14th of March, 1823, bearing, that the coronation of Don Augustin Iturbidé was an act of violence and not of right. Indeed, the ' answer ' admits the fact, that Iturbidé's elevation to the throne was a usurpation,—that force was used. There can be no doubt now, that it was the act of a party, at the head of which is understood to have been the Bishop of Puebla, with the concurrence of the army, which the Congress wished to reduce, and the Regent as naturally desired to augment. Still, it might be said with truth, that the nation had acquiesced in his enthronement. But the charge to which the answer affords no reply, was, that he had wished to engross the legislative, as well as the executive functions, and to make himself an absolute monarch, instead of constitutional emperor. To this he owed his downfall.

In a proclamation said to have been issued by Iturbidé on his landing, (or, more probably, found among his papers,) he professes to have returned to Mexico, not as emperor, but as a soldier and a Mexican, with the sole object of reconciling differences, and of defeating the intrigues which threatened to restore the country to Spanish domination; and he pretends that he had with difficulty eluded the toils which the Holy Alliance were preparing, to prevent him from achieving this patriotic purpose. But if Iturbidé was indeed the consummate

very first act, was an edict permitting all who chose it to leave the country, and *allowing the export of specie at a duty of only 3½ per cent.* This good faith, for it had been long before promised by Iturbidé, gave great confidence to the mercantile capitalists.'

Hall's Journal, Vol. II. p. 256.

politician and disinterested patriot that Captain Hall and the Reviewer seem to imagine, it is strange that he should not have perceived that his presence could only exasperate differences,—and that he could return only as emperor—*aut Cæsar aut nihil*. His appearance too, it must be confessed, was most unhappily timed. The federal constitution had been adopted with little opposition throughout the country. Echavarri, who had shewn a disposition to dispute the orders of the Executive in Puebla, deserted by his own troops, had been seized and conveyed a prisoner to the capital; and two other attempts at insurrection had been in like manner quelled by the prudence and vigilance of the government, without bloodshed. There remained no longer a hostile partisan who durst shew himself, and public tranquillity seemed to be established, when Iturbidé arrived to deliver the country from the Holy Alliance! Unfortunately for him, the Mexican Government had received advice of his project; and the letters which announced it, attributed it to an intrigue of the French Government. However this may have been, the ex-emperor knew the penalty attaching to his return; but he seems to have calculated on eluding the vigilance of the Mexican authorities. With this view, he made choice of a point of the coast for his landing, where he might suppose he would least be looked for, in the intendancy of San Luis Potosi. On the 14th of July, an English vessel appeared off the port of Soto la Marina, professing to have on board the foreigner Charles de Beneski, and a companion of his, come to Mexico for the purpose of treating with the Government on a plan of colonisation, having to that effect power from three Irish capitalists, merchants in London. On the following day, the commanding officer, General de la Garza, was waited upon by Beneski, who, in answer to the interrogatories put to him respecting Iturbidé, assured him, that, at the time of his sailing, Iturbidé was living privately with his family. He then obtained permission to bring on shore his companion. On the next day but one, information was given, that Beneski was walking on shore with another person, who was disguised; on which De la Garza immediately despatched a party of troops to apprehend them. They were taken at Paraje de los Arroyos, about six leagues from Soto la Marina, when the disguised companion proved to be no other than the ex-emperor. He was immediately sent to Padilla, to be placed at the disposal of the State Congress, by whom it was determined to give immediate effect to the sovereign decree of the 28th of April, denouncing Iturbidé as a traitor in case of his landing; and he was accordingly shot on the evening of the 19th. Those who justify the execution of Murat, the ex-king of Naples,

cannot, with any consistency, blame the Mexican Government for inflicting the same punishment on the ex-emperor. Whatever were his motives, there can be no question that his designs were treasonable ; and the safety of the State required that the last hopes of his party should be extinguished by his death. In the capital, the news was received with no unseemly exultation. Addresses were sent up from the provinces, congratulating the Government on the fate of Iturbidé. But the Sovereign Congress, actuated by feelings which do them the greatest honour, passed a resolution to grant his widow an annual pension of 8000 dollars.

Iturbidé is no more, and we are not disposed to pass a harsh sentence upon his conduct and motives. Perhaps his character may be summed up in one word : he was, to use his own expressions, ‘ a soldier and a Mexican.’ If, however, the intelligent Author of Notes on Mexico has any claims to be regarded as a credible and impartial witness, he was a man of much more address than principle. This gentleman, who is understood to be Mr. Poinsett, Member of the American Congress for South Carolina, was at Mexico during the imperial year, and was introduced to his Majesty as a citizen of the United States. He thus describes the interview, and the impression it produced.

‘ The Emperor was in his cabinet, and received us with great politeness. Two of his favourites were with him. We were all seated, and he conversed with us for half an hour in an easy, unembarrassed manner, taking occasion to compliment the United States and our institutions, and to lament that they were not suited to the circumstances of his country. He modestly insinuated that he had yielded very reluctantly to the wishes of the people, but had been compelled to suffer them to place the crown upon his head to prevent misrule and anarchy. He is about five feet ten or eleven inches high, stoutly made, and very well proportioned. His face is oval, and his features are very good, except his eyes, which were constantly bent on the ground, or averted. His hair is brown, with red whiskers, and his complexion fair and ruddy, more like that of a German, than of a Spaniard. As you will hear his name pronounced differently, let me tell you that you must accent equally every syllable, I-tur-bi-de. I will not repeat the tales I hear daily of the character and the conduct of this man. Prior to the late successful revolution, he commanded a small force in the service of the Royalists, and he is accused of having been the most cruel and blood-thirsty persecutor of the Patriots, and never to have spared a prisoner. His official letters to the Viceroy substantiate this fact. In the interval between the defeat of the Patriot cause and the last revolution, he resided in the capital ; and, in a society not remarkable for strict morals, he was distinguished for his immorality. His usurpation of the chief authority

has been the most glaring and unjustifiable; and his exercise of power, arbitrary and tyrannical. With a pleasing address and prepossessing exterior, and by lavish profusion, he has attached the officers and soldiers to his person; and so long as he possesses the means of paying and rewarding them, so long he will maintain himself on the throne: when these fail, he will be precipitated from it. It is a maxim of history, which will probably be again illustrated by this example, that a government not founded on public opinion, but established and supported by corruption and violence, cannot exist without ample means to pay the soldiery, and to maintain pensioners and partisans. To judge Iturbide from his public papers, I do not think him a man of talents. He is prompt, bold, and decisive, and not scrupulous about the means he employs to obtain his ends.'

Notes, &c. pp. 292, 3.

Much credit has been given to Iturbidé for the judicious and politic provisions of the Plan of Iguala, the authorship of which Captain Hall is disposed to attribute to Don Augustin himself. We suspect that he had an Abbé Sieyès in the Bishop of Puebla. That prelate is supposed to have been a principal agent in bringing about the Revolution, and in exalting Iturbide to the throne; while the archbishop of Mexico, whom, says the writer above cited, 'all parties unite in praising for his knowledge and virtue, would not be concerned in his elevation, refused to crown him, and retired from the court to his country-seat.' This act sufficiently indicated in what light he regarded his usurpation of the throne. It is certain, that Iturbidé had, from the first, powerful support and discreet advisers; but, in the instances in which he clearly acted from himself, he discovered no marks of a strong or sagacious mind. His harsh and haughty treatment of Santana, the governor of Vera Cruz, which hastened his own downfall, was the height of impolicy; and his conduct, from that moment up to the time of his abdication, was feeble and temporizing; while his last adventure resembled the desperate throw of a losing gamester. It is not a little singular, that he should have fixed upon that point of the coast for his landing, where the unfortunate Xavier Mina landed a few years before,—to meet eventually a similar fate.

All that is known, on the other hand, of the character of the present President of the Mexican States, is highly to his honour as a consistent republican and steady patriot. Guadalupe Victoria is a native of Durango, one of the northern provinces of Mexico. On the breaking out of the first revolution in 1810, he had just finished his studies. With all the enthusiasm of youth, he engaged in the patriot cause, which had an efficient leader, at that period, in the celebrated Morelos. At

the head of his guerillas, Victoria occupied the whole country between Xalapa and Vera Cruz; and long after the death of Morelos, he maintained a desultory warfare, although he appears to have declined co-operating with either Teran or Mina. 'Don Guadalupe Victoria,' says Mr. Robinson in his *Memoirs* of the first Mexican Revolution,

'had at no time under his command more than 2000 men; but he was so well acquainted with the fastnesses of the province of Vera Cruz, that the Royalists could never bring him to a general action. In vain they sent superior forces to attack him; in vain they drove him from one position to another; for, as fast as they destroyed part of his forces in one place, he recruited them in another. More than twenty times the Mexican Gazette has published, that Victoria was slain, and his party annihilated; but, a few days after those false and pompous accounts, we have heard of Victoria suddenly springing up, attacking and capturing convoys of merchandize, seizing some strong holds, and throwing the whole country into consternation. At the head of 150 or 200 cavalry, he performed some of the most daring exploits that were effected during the Revolution; and his personal courage and activity were universally acknowledged even by his enemies. More than four fifths of the population of Vera Cruz were in his favour. Wherever he went, provisions were secretly or openly furnished him. Had he possessed musquets, there were from ten to fifteen thousand men ready to accept them and join his standard. To the want of arms and the munitions of war, and to no other cause, must be attributed his eventual failure. He obtained a few hundred muskets from New Orleans, during the time that he possessed the ports of Boquilla de Piedra and Nautla on the coast of Vera Cruz; but, after those places were retaken by the royalists at the close of 1816, or the beginning of 1817, he was cut off from all foreign supplies. The royalists have since proclaimed that he was slain and his forces destroyed.' *Memoirs*, vol i. pp. 232, 3.

At this period, it has since appeared, that he was indebted for his personal safety to the impervious woods between Xalapa and Vera Cruz, in which for thirty months he lay concealed without seeing the face of a human being. He was proscribed, and an immense sum being set on his head by the Spanish viceroy, he could not, it seems, trust the knowledge of his retreat to any of his followers. His privations and sufferings during this long interval were extreme; his only means of subsistence being the vegetable productions or the animal and insect inhabitants of the forests. 'At one time,' Mr. Bullock informs us,

'in consequence of his mental and corporal sufferings, he was attacked by fever, and remained eleven days at the entrance of a cavern, stretched on the ground, without food, hourly expecting a termination of his wretched existence, and the vultures were constantly ho-

vering over him in expectation of their prey. The first nourishment he received, was the warm blood of one of these birds, which had approached to feast on his half-closed eyes, when he seized him by the neck, and was by this means enabled to crawl to the nearest water to slake his parching thirst.* After the expulsion of the Spaniards, an old and faithful Indian discovered his retreat, but with difficulty could recognise his person, he being destitute of clothes, and so altered in appearance that he had scarcely the semblance of a human form.†

Bullock's *Six Months in Mexico*, p. 454.

The individual who could survive such sufferings, must be possessed not merely of a vigorous constitution, but of an unconquerable mental energy, and a rare degree of that true fortitude which is one of the elements of the heroic character. No sooner had Iturbidé raised the standard of independence, than Victoria again appeared in arms; he joined him at San Juan del Rio in the road from Mexico to the interior. The army of the Three Guarantees†, as it was called, marched upon Queretaro, which may be considered as the key to the interior provinces, and gained immediate possession of the place. Here, the army was formed into two divisions. It was assigned to Victoria to head that which marched towards the capital, while the commander in chief made a rapid movement to secure Puebla, which lies between Mexico and the coast. The opportune arrival of the new viceroy, General O'Donoju, and the facility with which that worthy Don was brought to recognise the Plan of Iguala, which amounted to a declaration of the national independence,—superseded the ne-

* Southey would have been glad of this thrilling anecdote, to add another circumstance of horror to his fine description of 'Roderick in solitude.'

' — the sepulchre would be
No hiding-place for him; no Christian hands
Were here, who should compose his decent corpse
And cover it with earth. There he might drag
His wretched body at its passing hour,
And there the sea-birds of her heritage
Would rob the worm, or peradventure seize,
Ere death had done its work, their helpless prey.
Ev'n now they did not fear him
As if, being thus alone, humanity
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative
Of man was done away.'

† These Guarantees were, the Roman Catholic religion in its purity, the national independence, and the union of Americans and Spaniards.

cessity of any further military proceedings. The Spanish garrison marched out of Mexico with the honours of war, and on the the 27th of September, 1821, the two generals, Iturbidé and O'Donoju, entered the capital together amid the acclamations of the inhabitants.

Conformably to the previous arrangements, a junta of thirty-six persons was now appointed, by whom was chosen a regency consisting of five, Iturbidé president, who was at the same time appointed admiral and generalissimo, with a yearly salary of 120,000 dollars. The attention of all classes was now directed to the convocation of a Cortes. Iturbidé, in the name of the regency, submitted to the junta a plan by which two chambers were to be constituted ; the first to consist of twelve or fifteen priests, as many military officers, one delegate from every municipal council throughout the empire, and one from each territorial court of judicature. The second chamber, from which all these classes were to be excluded, was to consist of deputies to be elected by the people, in the proportion of 1 for every 50,000 of the population. This plan was rejected by the junta, and it seems to have been the first thing that awaked a distrust of the president. The first chamber would have resembled Bonaparte's senate, or Cromwell's council of state ; it would have been a packed committee of Iturbidé's partizans ; while the exclusion of the priesthood and the military from the chamber of deputies, would have shut out the individuals from whom alone Iturbidé had to apprehend much opposition in carrying into execution his ambitious schemes. In the plan that was eventually adopted, the same proportion of representation was preserved, but it was directed, that each province should return one ecclesiastic, one lawyer, and one military man, so that all classes might be fairly represented. The people, however, were not satisfied with the plan, and a conspiracy is said to have been formed, to compel the junta to adopt the provisions of the Spanish constitution. It was headed by Generals Victoria and Bravo, but, being revealed to Iturbidé by one of the party, those generals, with several other officers, were arrested and imprisoned. Mr. Bullock gives a somewhat different version of the matter. ' The moment he (Victoria) considered the views of Iturbidé as injurious to the rights of the people, he *publicly* denounced him, on which he was arrested and confined.' This open and fearless mode of proceeding certainly appears more in unison with Victoria's character ; but, whether chargeable with conspiracy or insubordination, the event proved that his suspicions of Iturbidé's intentions were well founded, and there was no one whom the latter had more reason to fear. They were not made to move

in the same orbit. Victoria's friends enabled him to make his escape from imprisonment, and he proceeded a second time to his old place of concealment in the woods below Xalapa. We now again lose sight of him till the beginning of the year 1823, when a new turn of affairs again brought him forward in defence of the cause to which he had steadily devoted himself. A Spanish garrison still retained possession of the fortress of San Juan Ullua, which commands the port and city of Vera Cruz, and they had recently committed some acts of hostility. After some correspondence with the governor, Iturbidé, thinking that, in a personal interview, he might better succeed in bringing him to terms, left the capital on the 10th of Nov. 1822, and had proceeded as far as Xalapa, when an event occurred which led to results he little anticipated. The Author of "Notes on Mexico" gives the following account of the circumstances.

' Santana, the governor of Vera Cruz, an active, enterprising officer, who commanded the forces that stormed that city when it was taken from the royalists, and who had long enjoyed an independent command, could not brook the control of a superior. Disputes soon arose between him and Echavarri, the commander-in-chief of the southern division; and Santana was summoned before the emperor at Xalapa, to answer the charges preferred against him by Echavarri. Sure of the protection of his imperial master, to whom he had always shewn the most devoted attachment, he readily obeyed the summons; but, to his great surprise, Iturbidé treated him harshly, and dismissed him from the command of Vera Cruz. Enraged by this unexpected treatment, Santana suddenly left Xalapa, and riding day and night, arrived at Vera Cruz before the news of his disgrace had reached there. He instantly assembled his own regiment, and pointing out to them the odious character of the government imposed upon them by Iturbidé, he exhorted them to take up arms in defence of the liberties of their country. This exhortation was in unison with the wishes of all the officers, both of the garrison of Vera Cruz and of the neighbouring towns. The character of Santana, and his supposed attachment to the emperor, had alone prevented them from openly declaring in favour of a liberal system of government.

' The standard of the republic was unfurled at Vera Cruz; and Santana addressed a letter to Iturbidé, in which he reminds him of the obligations he owed to him, of the part he had taken in his elevation to the throne, and of the affection he had always manifested for him,—but declaring, that his duty to his country now required him to set aside every other consideration, and to oppose the man who had reduced the nation to the utmost misery. He reproaches him with having broken his oath, and dissolved the congress by violence; and tells him, that the people are convinced, that under his government, the sacred rights of property will never be respected. He then states his intention to re-assemble the congress, and to esta-

blish a republican government; sets forth the means he possesses of carrying his plan into effect; and advises Iturbidé to renounce the crown, and to rely upon the generosity of the congress, which will take care to reward his services.

‘ The emperor did not relish this advice, and ordered Echavarri, who was at Xalapa, to advance with the division under his command against the insurgents, as he called the troops of Santana. The latter advanced to Puente del Rey, which he fortified; and several smart actions were fought between the imperialists and the republicans. In this state of things, Guadalupe Victoria left his hiding-place in the mountains, and joined Santana. At first, he was appointed second in command; but Santana soon found the interests of the party required, that an officer who had been an undeviating republican, and who enjoyed the entire confidence of the troops and of the people, should be raised to the supreme command. Guadalupe Victoria was accordingly declared commander-in-chief: the people flocked to his standard, and the insurrection spread throughout the whole province.

‘ On the 1st of February, 1823, an arrangement was made by Echavarri and the officers commanding the imperialists, with Guadalupe Victoria and Santana; and the two armies, united, sent commissions to Iturbidé, offering terms, but insisting upon a congress being immediately assembled to frame a liberal and republican constitution. Iturbidé, in his turn, sent commissions to Echavarri and his officers, to endeavour to divert them from their purpose; and immediately marched with a small body of troops, and took post at Istapaluca, a town four leagues from the capital, on the road to Puebla. The defection of the army of Echavarri, was the signal of revolt in all the other provinces. Oaxaca, Guadalaxara, Guanajuato, San Luis Potosi, declared in favour of a republican government; and in the capitals of those provinces, in Queretaro, and in Valladolid, the inhabitants rose and imprisoned the imperial commanders. The generals Guerrero and Bravo, men who had been distinguished in the wars of the revolution, secretly departed from Mexico, and appeared in arms in the west.

‘ The province and city of Puebla were soon after added to the number of Iturbidé’s enemies. The Marquess de Vivanco assumed the government of that place, and soon organised a strong force. The army of Xalapa now pushed forward to Puebla, where they were joined by Negrete and several officers of distinction, and the advanced guard of the republicans was stationed at San Martin de Tesmelucos.

‘ The emperor returned to the capital, and, on the 8th of March, he called together all the members of the old congress who were in the city, and tendered his abdication.’

The result, we have anticipated. The republican army entered the capital; the old Congress was immediately convoked; and an executive triumvirate was appointed, consisting of Generals Victoria, Bravo, and Negrete. A new constituent Congress was subsequently elected, to

which, on the 20th of November, 1823, the prospectus of a constitution was submitted, which was adopted with some slight modifications. By this instrument, the Mexican nation adopts for its government, the form of 'a representative, popular, federal republic,' and the empire is distributed into sixteen independent states, the executive being lodged in a president and vice-president of the Mexican Federation, after the model of the United States of the North. General Victoria was chosen President, and General Bravo, Vice-president. No man seems to enjoy or to deserve a larger share of the confidence of his countrymen than the former, and his being invested with the supreme power cannot but be regarded as an auspicious omen, as regards the stability of the existing arrangements. 'A real well-wisher,' says Mr. Bullock, 'to the cause of rational liberty, coolness and determination in the hour of danger, and an ardent determination to form a connexion with *this* country, have ever been the leading features of his character.' To this testimony may be added that of the American Writer: 'Victoria, while he had distinguished himself, from the commencement of the revolution, by his devotion to the cause of freedom, and by his valour, activity, and disinterested generosity, had won the hearts of the people by the strictest observance of the forms of the Roman Catholic religion.' If these testimonies give us a faithful representation of his character, Mexico may indeed be congratulated on having exchanged a second-rate Napoleon for a Washington.

We have been induced to give this brief sketch of the state of affairs in Mexico, to enable our readers to judge how far the character of stability may reasonably be supposed to attach to the existing government, and to our rapidly increasing commercial relations with that country. In a recent Number of the Quarterly Review, (a journal which has the reputation of a sort of semi-official, underling authority,) some oracular expressions of a most sinister import are thrown out, which seem designed to create distrust on this subject. The immediate business of the Writer is, to vituperate Lord Cochrane and all the revolutionary leaders of the South American republics. Towards the close of the article, he says: 'We have been speaking of South America, for we *still* entertain hopes, though by no means sanguine hopes, that a better fate may be reserved for Mexico and Guatimala.' It is impossible to mistake the tone and spirit of this ill-timed inuendo. The fall of Iturbidé is the only circumstance that could possibly supply a pretence for any diminution of confidence in the stability of the Mexican government; and this event, though it may be

deplored by the Reviewer as having led to the substitution of another American Federal Republic for an hereditary monarchy, has in fact removed the greatest obstacle to national unanimity, by extinguishing a restless and intriguing party. 'That country,' (Mexico,) adds the Reviewer, 'declared itself independent of Spain too, at a period when the fallacy of the wild theories of democracy had been extensively exposed in all their hollowness and egotism. Guatemala has suffered less from internal convulsion than Mexico; and, though it withdrew from the connexion with that country on the abdication of Iturbidé, it may be again united with it.' With regard to the former part of this statement, meant, apparently, to pay a compliment to the Authors of the Plan of Iguala, at the expense of all other constitution-makers, it is quite incorrect: the government of Mexico is essentially democratic, and, from the moment that it threw off the yoke of Spain, it became, if not in theory, nor at first in outward form, yet, at once in fact, and from necessity, a republic. The aristocracy of Mexico were the Europeans: the rest were the people. Iturbidé's plan went to level these Spanish nobles to an equality with the Creoles, to blend them down into one democracy. This union has been found impossible: the Spaniards were all Bourbonists at heart; they could never have become Mexicans. The election of Victoria and Bravo has for ever extinguished the hopes of the French and Spanish faction, as it is known to present an insurmountable obstacle to the restoration of European supremacy. With regard to Guatemala, it is stated by Mr. Poinsett to have declared its independence at the same time as Mexico, but to have refused to unite with that government. Since the fall of Iturbidé, these provinces, with the exception of Chiapa, (which has united itself to the Mexican Federation,) have formed themselves into a Federal Republic under the style and title of 'The Confederate States of the Centre of America.' They have adopted a similar form of government; the legislative consisting of a senate and a house of representatives, and the executive being vested in a president and vice-president, elected every four years. This government has been recognized by that of Mexico, and its envoys have been received by the United States. The population is computed at a million and a half: Mexico contains seven millions. We have no reason to believe that its separation from Mexico had any thing to do with the abdication of Iturbidé, as the Reviewer intimates. It has always had its distinct government, and its annexation to the Mexican Federacy would only have endangered the harmony of the union, by affording the wider scope for the operation of that provincial

spirit which is one of the greatest dangers that a Federal government has to contend with.

It is time that we notice more specifically the works mentioned at the head of this article. Of the "Notes on Mexico," only a few copies have reached this country, but we understand that an English edition is in the press. Although the statistical information which it contains, is chiefly drawn from Humboldt's invaluable Political Essay on New Spain, the volume will be found highly acceptable, as it comprises a description of some parts of the country which have hitherto been scarcely known to English readers even by name. The route from Vera Cruz to Mexico has been fully described by Mr. Bullock; but Mr. Poinsett proceeded as far North as Guanajuato, the centre of the richest mining district, and thence, by way of San Luis Potosi, to Tampico, where he embarked for the Havannah. The most valuable portion of the volume, however, is the historical sketch and the appendix of state papers, including the Report of the Secretary of State, Don Lucas Alaman, to the Sovereign Congress, which is a complete *exposé* of the state of the nation up to that period. Of these materials, the Editor of the Modern Traveller has copiously availed himself in his first part of Mexico, which is chiefly occupied with a history of the country from the Spanish conquest to the present times, compiled from Robertson, De Solis, Humboldt, Robinson's Memoirs, Captain Basil Hall's Journal, the Notes on Mexico, and other authorities; the second comprises a description of Vera Cruz, Puebla, and the capital, drawn from Humboldt, Bullock's "Six Month's Residence," and other recent travellers; and the succeeding two parts are to complete the description of Mexico and Guatemala. The following view of the state of society in Mexico, while it will illustrate some of the preceding observations, will serve as a specimen of the style and execution of this deservedly popular little work.

'The Revolution has at least effected some of the changes recommended by the Bishop to the Government. The copper-coloured race are declared, together with all the castes, to be possessed of the same rights as the whites. The "odious personal impost" of the *tributo* is also abolished; but, as a matter of course, they will now be subject to the alcabala and other taxes from which they were exempt. "Measures," however, "must be taken," says the American Citizen, "to educate the Indians, and lands must be distributed among them, before they can be considered as forming a part of the people of a free government." This very measure the Bishop of Mechoacan urges: "Let a portion of the domains of the crown (*tierras realengas*), which are generally uncultivated, be granted to the Indians

and the castes; let an agrarian law be passed for Mexico, similar to that of the Asturias and Galicia, by which the poor cultivator is permitted to appropriate, under certain conditions, the land which the great proprietors have left uncultivated, to the detriment of the national industry." The other changes which the Bishop recommends, are, that liberty should be given alike to the Indians, the castes, and the whites, to settle in each other's villages, and that all judges and district magistrates should have fixed salaries. We know not how far the Federal Government has hitherto realised these wise suggestions; but there is room to hope that they will at least be eventually accomplished.

Previously to the Revolution, the Europeans (a word then held synonymous with Spaniard) are supposed to have constituted only the 70th part of the population, their proportion to the white Creoles being as one to fourteen. In the capital, according to an official census drawn up by the Count de Revillagigedo, in every hundred inhabitants, forty-nine were Spanish Creoles, two European Spaniards, twenty-four Aztec and Otomite Indians, and twenty-five of mixed blood. Of 1,200,000 whites, who were then reckoned to be included in the population of New Spain, Humboldt supposes that not more than 70 or 80,000 were Europeans. We have already referred to the pernicious policy which led to the bestowment of all employments on the natives of Old Spain. "The most miserable European," says Humboldt, "without education and without intellectual cultivation, thinks himself superior to the whites born in the new continent." Captain Hall states that the Spaniards were absurdly unguarded in the terms they used in speaking of the natives. They delighted to contrast their own *superior ilustracion* with the *ignorancia barbara* of the Mexicans; and if any one ventured to insinuate, that this ignorance of the natives might, perhaps, have been produced by the manner in which the country had been governed,—they would turn fiercely on us, and maintain that they were incapable of being educated.

The castes are estimated by Humboldt as forming a total of nearly 2,400,000,—a proportion of the population almost as considerable as the Indians. The mestizoes, or *metis*, are by far the most numerous, being reckoned to form seven-eighths of the half-cast natives. Their colour is almost a pure white, with a skin of remarkable transparency. The small beard, and small hands and feet, and a certain obliquity of the eyes, are more certain indications of the mixture of Indian blood, than the nature of the hair. If a *mestiza* marries a white man, the second generation differs hardly in any thing from the European race.

The greater or smaller degree of whiteness of skin, decides the rank of the individual in society. "A white who rides barefoot, thinks he belongs to the nobility of the country." When any one of the lower orders enters into a dispute with one of the titled lords of the country, it is no unusual thing to hear him say, 'Do you think me not so white as yourself?' It not unfrequently occurs, that families suspected of mixed blood apply to the high court of justice for a certificate that they are white; and in this way, some very swarthy

mulattoes have had the address to get themselves whitened. When the colour affords too palpable a contradiction of the declaration sought for, the petitioner is obliged to content himself with the somewhat problematical sentence, that such or such individuals may consider themselves as whites (*que se tengan por blancos*).

‘Of all the European colonies under the torrid zone, Mexico is the country in which there are the fewest negroes. “One may go through the whole city of Mexico,” says Humboldt, “without seeing a single black. In this point of view, Mexico presents a striking contrast to the Havannah, Lima, and the Caraccas. The negroes of Jamaica are, to those of New Spain, in the proportion of 250 to 1. According to the most authentic accounts it appeared, that in 1793, in all New Spain, there were not 6000 negroes, and, at the very utmost, 9 or 10,000 slaves, of whom the greater number belonged to the ports of Vera Cruz and Acapulco, or the *tierras calientes*.” By the laws, there could be no Indian slaves in the Spanish colonies; and though these laws were notoriously evaded, the slaves were taken more under the protection of the government than the negroes in other European colonies, and every facility was given to their obtaining their manumission. To the honour of the federal republic, slavery can no longer exist on the Mexican soil.

‘Among the various ranks or orders into which society is distributed, we have to notice, first, the titled nobility, who are all white Creoles, to whom it will be proper to restrict the term Mexicans. They are thus characterised by the American Traveller: “Satisfied with the enjoyment of their large estates, and with the consideration which their rank and wealth confer, they seek no other distinction; they are not remarkable for their attainments, or for the strictness of their morals. The lawyers, (it is added,) who, in fact, exercise much more influence over the people, rank next to the nobles. They are the younger branches of noble houses, or the sons of Europeans, and are distinguished by shrewdness and intelligence. Next in importance are the merchants and shopkeepers; for the former are not sufficiently numerous to form a separate class: they are wealthy, and might possess influence, but have hitherto taken little part in the politics of the country, most probably from the fear of losing their property. The labouring class in the cities and towns includes all castes and colours: they are industrious and orderly, and view with interest what is passing around them; most of them can read, and in the large cities, papers and pamphlets are hawked about the streets, and sold at a cheap rate. The labouring class in the country is composed, in the same manner, of different castes: they are sober, industrious, docile, ignorant, and superstitious, and may be led by their priests or masters to good or evil. Their apathy has in some measure been overcome by the long struggle for independence, in which most of them bore a part, but they are still under the influence and direction of the priests. The last class, unknown as such in a well regulated society, consists of beggars and idlers, drones that prey upon the community, and who, having nothing to lose, are always ready to swell the cry of popular ferment, or to lend their aid in favour of

imperial tyranny. The influence of this class, where it is numerous, upon the fate of revolutions, has always been destructive to liberty."

"In this enumeration, however, it is strange that no specific notice is taken of the clergy, except as exerting a powerful influence over the labouring classes. "It may not be altogether correct," it is said, "to consider their influence as confined exclusively to the upper and lower orders of society; but certainly, a very large proportion of the middle class are exempt from it. Unfortunately, too many who were educated in the forms of the Roman Catholic church, have emancipated themselves from its superstitions, only to become sceptics and infidels." The inequality of fortune which is found in the class of proprietors, is still more conspicuous among the clergy. "A number of them suffer extreme poverty, while others possess revenues which surpass those of many of the sovereign princes of Germany. The Mexican clergy are composed of only 10,000 individuals, half of whom are regulars who wear the cowl. If we include lay brothers and sisters, and all those who are not in orders, we may estimate them at 13 or 14,000. The annual revenues of the eight Mexican bishops, amount to a sum total of 118,000*l.*; but the income of the bishop of Sonora amounts only to the twentieth part of that of the bishops of Valladolid and Mechoacan; and, what is truly distressing, in the diocese of an archbishop whose revenue amounts to 27,000*l.*, there are clergymen of Indian villages whose income does not exceed from 20*l.* to 25*l.*" pp. 208—215.

Mr. Nicholas Mill has evidently performed his task in a very hasty manner. The 'history of Mexico' occupies only the last fifty pages of his volume; the remainder being devoted to a statistical account of the country, taken almost entirely from Humboldt, to whom it might have been as well if the Author had made some reference by way of acknowledgment. The typographical errors in names are numerous, and the historical sketch is full of inaccuracies. Thus, we have Santana and Santa Ana mentioned, as two different generals; Iturbidé is styled chief of the 'tri-guarantee army'; Xalapa, or Jalapa, is repeatedly written Zalapa and Zalappa; General Guerrero is called Garrero; Victoria is represented as having supported Iturbidé in his usurpation of the throne; O'Donoju is stated to have died 'not without suspicion of poison,' for which, we believe, there is not the slightest ground; the river Santiago is called Gaudalaxara, the name of the intendancy which it traverses, but mis-spelt; and Mexico is stated to be 'abundantly supplied with rivers of very considerable size,'—the fact being notoriously the reverse. Among the original information, we find it stated, that 'there is now (1824) a good carriage road from Vera Cruz to Mexico, from Mexico to Guanaxuato, and from thence to St. Luis Potosi.' Mr. Bullock, who, in 1823, was four days in reaching Xalapa from

Vera Cruz, which he complains that an English stage-coach on English roads could have performed in seven or eight hours,—will be delighted to find on his return, that a good carriage road has been constructed in this short time all the way to Mexico, the mountains included. And should Mr. Poinsett again journey from Guanaxuato to San Luis, his delight and astonishment will be equal at finding a good carriage road, where he found only a narrow mule track, leading over steep and rugged mountains, and through narrow defiles, which no carriage could traverse. Yet, with all these blunders and marks of haste, Mr. Mill's volume may be found a useful abridgement or compendium, as the errors are not very material, and the information, though not very original, is important.

The "History of Guatemala" is an interesting and valuable document, having all the recommendations and disadvantages of an original work written by a native, and that native a dignitary of the church. Minutely specific, authentic, and entertaining, it is at the same time somewhat tediously particular; and the worthy Don has not the gift of arrangement, any more than that of compression. The Translator has, indeed, found it necessary to make some retrenchments, for which he apologizes in the preface.

' In a country where Catholicism governs with autocratic despotism, and where the general mass of population possesses no more of the lights of science, than the ruling power, for reasons well adapted to preserve an unlimited sway, thinks proper to permit, it follows, almost as a matter of course, that when an author who is a dignitary of the Church, writes a history of that country, how liberal soever in sentiment and little tainted with bigotry he may be, the minutiae of religion will, from many and very cogent causes, form a prominent feature in his work; and the original of the present account abounds in passages of this description. But as introducing this portion of it into the translation would have nearly doubled the size, and consequently increased the price of the book, without contributing to make it more generally interesting, many chapters have been entirely omitted. Yet, that the reader may not remain wholly uninformed of their import, he is presented with the heads of some of them, viz. Of the Metropolitan Church of Guatemala, with a History of the Image of Nuestra Señora del Socorro worshipped in it.—Of the Convents in the city of Guatemala.—Of the Nunneries and Religious Houses for Females.—Of inferior Religious Orders or Fraternities.—Of the Parishes and Chapels of the City, with their Religious Festivals.—Of the Coronation of the Image of St. Joseph.—Of Festivals celebrated in the Cathedral.—A Chronological Account of the Governors and Captains-General of the Kingdom.—Idem of Archbishops and Bishops of the different Dioceses.—Idem of illustrious Ecclesiastics,

and other individuals who have flourished in the Capital ;—and several others of a similar character.’

As the volume is furnished with an alphabetical index, it is singular that it should have been sent forth without a table of contents. It is distributed into fifty-five chapters, which again have sometimes their subdivisions. We subjoin the titles.

‘ Treatise the First — *Succinct Notices of the natural and political History of the principal Places.*—Chap. 1. Of the kingdom of Guatemala in general.—2. Of the five provinces on the coast of the Pacific. (Chiapa*, Suchiltepec, Escuintla, Zonzonate, and St. Salvador.)—3. Of the five provinces on the shores of the Atlantic. (Vera Paz, Chiquimula, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.)—4. Of the five middle provinces. (Totonicapan or Gueguetonango, Quezaltenango, Solola, Chimaltenango, and Sacatepec, containing the city of Old Guatemala.)—5. to 8. Topographical description and history of Old Guatemala. Treatise the Second.—*General History of the Kingdom.* Chap. 1. On the establishment of the Monarchy, and the kings who governed it at the arrival of the Spaniards.—2. Account of the Quichés.—3. History of the Tultecas.—4. Laws and Government of the Indians.—5. Manners and Customs.—6. Variety of native Languages.—7. Proofs that Guatemala was never subject to the Mexican Empire.—8. Number of provinces at different periods—distribution into four intendancies.—9. Intendancy of Ciudad Real de Chiapa.—10. Foundation of Ciudad Real.—11. District of Soconusco.—12. Province of Tzendales.—13. First establishment of the Pipil Indians.—14. Conquest of the provinces on the coast of the Pacific.—15. Remarkable objects in Escuintla.—16. Foundation of St. Salvador.—17. Invasion of Martin Estete.—18. Of the cities of San Miguel de la Frontera, San Vincente de Austria, and Trinidad de Zonzonate.—19. Remarkable objects in St. Salvador.—20. Conquest of Vera Paz, Alcala, and La Manché.—21. Remarkable objects in Vera Paz.—22 and 23. Reduction of the Indians.—24 and 25. Conquest of Chiquimula, and remarkable objects in the province.—26. Alcaldia of Amatique and Port Dulce.—27. Discovery and settlement of the province of Honduras.—28. Discovery, &c. of Nicaragua.—29. Revolt of Rodrigo de Contreras.—30. Province of Costa Rica.—31, 32, and 33. Conquest of Tologalpa, Taguzgalpa, and Talamanca.—34. History of the five middle provinces.—35 and 36. Conquest of Quiche and Guatemala.—37. Different positions of the capital.—38. Reduction of the Zutugil Indians.—39. Conquest of Sacatepec.—40. Capture of Mixco.—41 and 42. Insurrection of 1526.—43, 44, and 45. History of subsequent conquests.—46. Description of the valley of Guatemala.—Remarkable objects in the middle provinces.’

* The province of Chiapa has joined itself to the Mexican Federation, and is now an integral part of that Republic.

Nothing can be worse than the *mis*-arrangement of these multifarious contents. To be fairly readable, the work requires to be entirely re-written. Instead of the two treatises, which partly go over the same ground, the physical geography and natural history, the political history, and the topographical and statistical details, should have formed the three grand divisions, and the subdivisions should have corresponded to the territorial arrangement. By this means, the volume might have been compressed into two thirds of its present bulk. As a specimen of the worthy Don's style of composition and manner of reasoning, we subjoin his *demonstration* that the kingdom of Guatemala was never subject to the Mexican empire.

' Autzol, the eighth king of Mexico, although in possession of an extensive and flourishing empire, was ambitious of amplifying it by the annexation of Guatemala; for this purpose, he employed all his forces to bring the Tultecan chiefs who then governed it, under his dominion; *but*, failing in his open attacks, he endeavoured to obtain his object by other means. He sent a special embassy to the chiefs, to treat for an alliance between the two kingdoms; but this insidious attempt was attended with as little success as his more undisguised endeavours; for, when his emissaries were introduced to the king of Utatlan, that monarch would not give them an audience on the subject of their mission, sagaciously alleging that he could not understand their language. The ambassadors then proceeded to the court of Guatemala, where they were received with more civility and distinction, but ultimately dismissed without obtaining their object. After this repulse, they next directed their counsel to the capital of the Zutugiles; but the king of that country, who was then living on bad terms with the princes of his own family, received them with unequivocal marks of hostility: finding themselves in danger, they returned without delay to the city of Utatlan, from which the king of Quiché ordered them to depart on the following day, and to quit his dominions within twenty days. These dismissals were accompanied with less than usual courtesy, because the chiefs suspected, and not without good foundation, that the proposal of peace and alliance was nothing more than a stratagem of Autzol's to cover his real design, which was, that his messengers should examine the roads, ascertain the forces of the different nations, and take note of such places as lay open to attack with the greatest probability of success. Enrico Martinez and some other writers were probably misled by the vaunting boasts of the king of Mexico on the return of his ambassadors, to state, as a positive fact, that Guatemala was subject to the Mexicans before the period of the Spanish conquest; they have, however, omitted to adduce any arguments to substantiate this opinion, or to refer to any monuments or authorities to give it probability.

' There exist proofs sufficiently strong to warrant an opposite conclusion. Acosta asserts that it was a practice of the Mexicans, to induce the inhabitants of all the provinces and towns that they made

themselves masters of, to learn voluntarily and make use of the Mexican idiom; or else to compel them by force to do so. From this fact, it may clearly be inferred, that, as the language of Mexico is not generally spoken in this kingdom, it never was subject to the empire of Mexico. It is an admitted fact, that the Pipil Indians, who are settled along the coasts of the Pacific, from the province of Escuintla to that of St. Salvador, speak a corrupt Mexican language; but it is a fact equally incontrovertible, that these Indians are descended from certain Mexicans, whom the Emperor Autzol found the means of introducing into these countries in the character of traders, in order to form a party for himself that would be useful in furthering his attempts at subjugating the kingdom. Besides the Pipiles, there are other tribes who use the Mexican idiom; but, as many Mexican Indians came with the Spanish conquerors, it is more than probable that they established themselves in colonies, and that these are their descendants. Although it be admitted that the Mexican language is spoken in some parts of Guatemala, yet, as it is not used in the places where the capitals of the Tultecan kings were situated, the fact, that these caciques never were subdued by the Mexicans, remains unshaken; for, had the contrary been the case, these very towns would have been the places where, in compliance with the Mexican practice, that language would have been most predominant.

‘Bernal Diaz del Castillo furnishes another corroboration of the fact. He says that, at the time of the conquest of Guatemala, there was no open road from the kingdom of Mexico into the province of Chiapa; there were only narrow paths, in many places very indistinct, and in others, all traces of them were entirely lost, insomuch that the Spaniards found it necessary to make use of the mariner’s compass to direct them in the route which they intended to pursue. The district of Soconusco was equally devoid of practicable roads. The historian Herrera says, that Pedro de Alvarado began to open a road through the provinces of Soconusco and Guatemala. As there was no road from Mexico to Guatemala, it is not easy to conceive how the latter kingdom could be subject to the former, as there were not the means of keeping up a communication even between the principal places of the two countries. How could the orders of the emperor be conveyed to his vassals? Or how could the tributes and contributions of the latter be conveyed to the treasury of the former? How could the numerous armies that must have been requisite to overcome such powerful kings as those of Quiché, Guatemala, and Atitan, march to these conquests, without leaving an ample road by which to trace their progress.’ pp. 200—4.

An apparent anxiety on the part of a native of Guatemala to prove that his country was never subject to Mexico, is a circumstance of some interest, in the present relation of the two Republics, if it may be taken as an indication of a prevalent feeling. Some of Don Domingo’s proofs, however, are by no means so conclusive as he would have them be thought. The want of what a European would call a *road*, leading from

Mexico to Guatemala, by no means proves that there was no intercourse. If such an obstacle was not found sufficient to stop the progress of Cortes or Alvarado, much less would it be made a barrier in the way of king Autzol and his Mexicans. The same difficulty had to be surmounted by the kings of Tenochtitlan in extending their conquests beyond the valley of Mexico. But the worthy Author forgets that, according to his own story, the Tultecas or Toltecs, who 'were descended from 'the house of Israel,' and came over to Mexico in the time of Moses, to escape the chastisement due to their idolatry,—were led by their king Nimaquiché from Tula in Mexico into Guatemala. Road or no road, they found their way. Moreover, as the powerful and polished people who sprang from this most remarkable emigration, undoubtedly 'maintained an intercourse 'with the Egyptians' (see p. 209), it would have been very strange that they should have had no means of communicating with their Mexican brethren. But the contrary is most manifest: the kings of Tula and of Quiché acknowledged, we are told, their common origin, and 'maintained a communication 'with each other.'

'For it is related, in a manuscript of sixteen quarto folios, which is preserved by the Indians of the village of St. Andres Xecul, that when Montezuma was made prisoner, he sent a private ambassador to Kicab Tanub, king of Quiché, to inform him, that some white men had arrived in his States, and made war upon him with such impetuosity, that the whole strength of his people was unable to resist them; that he was himself a prisoner surrounded with guards, &c.'

Now if, argues our Author, 'Montezuma, watched as he was 'by his keepers, could contrive to despatch this messenger secretly to Kicab, there is no doubt that *frequent* intercourse 'took place between them in the time of peace and tranquillity.' But if so, there must have been a way by which tributes and contributions might find their way into the Mexican treasury.

Nor is Don Domingo's proof, drawn from the diversity of dialects in Guatemala, less inconclusive. The number of languages spoken in Mexico exceeds twenty, and some of them are said to differ remarkably from the Aztec; especially that of the Tarasc Indians of Mechoacan, which is distinguished by abounding in vowels, the Otomite, and the Zapotec. Yet, the Aztec empire of Montezuma II. has generally been made to extend over districts in which these are the vernacular dialects,—we admit, however, on doubtful premises. Leaving these learned reveries, which serve but to shew how inextricably involved in uncertainty is the problem relating to the first peopling and subsequent civilization of the New Continent,—thus much is clear; that Guatemala, having been made a distinct captai-

generalship under its Spanish conquerors, has a good right to hold herself independent still of her Mexican sister ;—provided that the provinces of this Central Federation are sufficiently connected together by common interests and feelings to admit of an efficient executive power being vested in the President. Otherwise, the example of Chiapa may lead other provinces to put themselves under the protection of the stronger power, and Guatemala may find her independence a troublesome privilege. The province of Soconusco, which has united itself to the Central States, was, prior to 1569, under the jurisdiction of the *audiencia* of Mexico ; and, in the ecclesiastical division of the territory, it belongs to the diocese of Chiapa.

Of the topography of both these countries, little or nothing was known prior to the visit of Humboldt. In Mexico, the capital, and the eastern and western ports, Vera Cruz and Acapulco,—in Guatemala, the bay of Honduras,—were sufficiently familiar to us by name ; but even the provincial divisions, as well as the most remarkable natural curiosities, remained unknown. Robertson speaks of the provinces of Yucatan and Honduras as alike belonging to New Spain, although the latter was never included in the viceroyalty. ‘ Still further east,’ he adds, ‘ lie the two provinces of Costa Rica and Veragua, which likewise belong to the viceroyalty of New Spain ; but both have been so much neglected by the Spaniards, and are apparently of such small value, that they merit no particular attention.’* This is the only notice that he takes of the captain-generalship of Guatemala, and it is evident that he was totally ignorant both of its physical features and its internal divisions ; for he passes over not only the important province of Nicaragua, the first that was conquered by the Spaniards, but that which contains the capital of the country. An Encyclopedia published in London, in 1802, which devotes not quite a column to the article Mexico, states that New Spain is divided into the three audiences of Guadalajara, Mexico, and Guatemala, subdivided into provinces ! But Pinkerton, in the second edition of his *Modern Geography*, is still more strangely and inexcusably inaccurate, and he has drawn down upon himself, by his blunders and his arrogance, the somewhat pointed rebuke of M. Humboldt. ‘ This author,’ says the latter, ‘ who believes himself to possess a singular knowledge of the true territorial divisions of New Spain, considers the provinces of Sonora, Cinaloa, and la Pimeria as parts of New Biscay. He divides what he calls the dominions of Mexico into the districts of New Galicia, Panuco, Zacatula, &c. &c. Which is as if we should

* Robertson's America. Book VII.

'say, that the three great divisions of Europe are Spain, Languedoc, Catalonia, and the territories of Cadiz and Bourdeaux.' Never did any traveller in civilized or semi-civilized regions, find the ground so unoccupied by predecessors as Humboldt; and never did any writer who undertook to give an account of a country, leave so little to be done by those who should follow him. Humboldt's Political Essay on New Spain was the first, and it still remains the only account we have of that country. 'I refer you back to Humboldt,' says Mr. Poinsett, 'who has seen every thing, and described every thing with wonderful minuteness and accuracy; and I exhort you to have patience with his erudite digressions. Connect all the facts in his "Essai Politique," and you will acquire, if not a perfect knowledge of this country, certainly a much better idea of it than you can of any other country, from any other book of travels. When I turn to the work of this extraordinary man, I am disposed to abandon my journal.' This honourable testimony comes with the more force from an individual who has seen more of Mexico than most foreigners who have visited it. But, indeed, it is not less than is due. Full half of Mr. Poinsett's "Notes" are taken from Humboldt, including all the statistical details.* All our recent Encyclopedias are indebted to the same source for the whole of the geographical and statistical information they supply relative to this country; and it is the same with almost every work that professes to give an account of Mexico. Major Pike has, indeed, in his "Exploratory Travels," contributed some interesting particulars respecting the interior provinces. Captain Basil Hall, too, though he scarcely entered Mexico, has given some delightful sketches of the manners of the people with whom he came in contact at Tepic. Mr. Bullock has furnished a very full and amusing description of the capital and its environs, and an excellent chapter on humming birds; and Mr. Poinsett has made a very interesting volume by means of his visit to Guanajuato and his historical appendix. For the rest, our readers must go to the learned Prussian.

We have no room left to advert to the all-engrossing subject of MINES. The American Traveller does not seem to be very sanguine as to the profitable nature of mining speculations. He says, that the ore throughout Mexico is poor, the expenses of working enormous, fuel, in case of applying steam, in many

* We have noticed a few inaccuracies in the citations from Humboldt's work. Thus, in the statement of the money in mortmain, the sum in figures does not agree with the total in the text; an item of 2,000,000 of piastres, belonging to the bishoprics of Oaxaca and Merida, being omitted.

places scarce. Under the old system, he thinks that the net profits of mining throughout Spain, did not average more than 6 per cent. on the capital employed. There can be no doubt, however, that the produce of the mines is capable of being considerably increased, as well as that the expenses of working may be exceedingly reduced, by the introduction of the Cornish system of mining. Sir William Adams is very confident as to the profitable issue of the mining undertakings in which so vast a portion of British capital has been embarked; and he gives the best proof of the honest sincerity of his convictions, by retaining, through all the fluctuations of the market, all his shares. Of course, his pamphlet will be read by every one who takes any interest in the subject. For our own parts, we should prefer an iron mine to a silver mine, and a few thousand acres of corn-land to the proprietorship of the *veta madre*: but we wish the *bona-fide* share-holders all possible success and felicity.

Art. II. *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.*
By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Translated by Thomas Eco-
coe, Esq. Vols. I. and II. 8vo.

(Concluded from Page 211.)

THE Sonnet, however, in spite of the warfare of critics, still maintains its honours; and to this Procrustean mould, some of our best poets have loved to commit their tenderest thoughts and finest fancies. Will it be said that the mere difficulty of the measure recommended it as a trial of skill to Milton and Shakspeare, Spenser and Drummond, Cowper and Wordsworth? Milton's fondness for the Sonnet may be traced to his admiration of Italian literature; but, on examining the few exquisite specimens he has left of this species of composition, he will be found to have adopted the sonnet as the expression of his most earnest thoughts, of the most exalted and noble sentiments. There is no air of trifling about these poems, none of the constraint of an imitator. If he imitates any poet in these compositions, it is the mighty Florentine, not the Poet of Vacluse; we allude more especially to the xvth, xvith, xviith, xviiith, and xxii^d. The one on his own Blindness, and that on his deceased wife, are the records of deep, personal feeling. In fact, from the age of three and twenty to the period of his life when his 'light was spent,' and long afterwards, he appears to have had a partiality for this graceful vehicle of poetical sentiment. Spenser, in his 'Amoretti,' has apparently

aspired to the character of an English Petrarch. He has given us eighty-eight sonnets, many of them possessing great ease and beauty, but 'love, only love the forceless numbers mean;' and it is the subject, not the measure, which has condemned them to neglect. We have often wondered that Gray, an admirer as he was of Italian literature, should have left behind him but one sonnet, and that one both faulty in its rhymes, and affected in its diction. Cowper, the reviver of the natural in poetry, is never more easy and natural than in his sonnets; and Wordsworth scarcely ever rises so high above the lake level, as in the exquisite series which he has given us.

The fact is, that the Sonnet has been brought into undeserved disgrace by being made the vehicle of inanity. But there is, besides this, a prejudice against the arbitrary law which lies down the writer to fourteen lines, neither more nor less. The reasonableness of the law is called in question, and Englishmen wish to have a reason for every thing,—more especially for every restriction on natural liberty. Why should Petrarch, who lived five hundred years ago, be allowed to give laws to English versification in the present day? It may at once be conceded, that the Petrarchan sonnet, in all its rigid exactness, is not adapted to the genius of English poetry; more especially since, with us, identical terminations do not pass for rhyme, and moreover because the two languages most essentially differ in their construction and character. But the true description of the Sonnet, and that which includes the *rationale* of the law that governs it, appears to us to be, that it is a one-stanza poem, or, if the reader please, a poem consisting of one double stanza. Its distinguishing character is its unity; and, in order to preserve this unity in the form, which should also characterise the idea, it is requisite that all the parts should be so adjusted as to depend on each other. With this view, the rhymes of the first four lines are repeated in the next four, while the last six, which wind up the thought, are in like manner interwoven; so that the whole forms a system as closely connected as the Spenserian stanza of nine lines, or the *ottava rima* stanza of eight. Three four-line stanzas with a concluding couplet, do not make a sonnet, any more than two four-line stanzas, unconnected by their rhymes, would be transformed into a Spenserian stanza by the addition of an Alexandrine. On the other hand, the precise arrangement of the rhymes in the sonnet, and the greater or less variety of termination, are of no further consequence than as these bear on the effect required,—an inter-connection and dependence of the parts, and an avoidance of what, in music, is termed a close, till the end of the harmony. If it be still asked, why should

this intricate stanza have fourteen lines, neither more nor less, we would say, let any dissatisfied poet or critic try to frame a stanza of more perfect construction and better adapted to its purpose. Less than fourteen, it will be admitted, would restrict the compass of thought to a most narrow range; for an odd thirteenth would be intolerable; and if twelve were left, they would find it difficult to arrange themselves into a graceful groupe, being too many to be embraced by one set of rhymes, and too few to divide into separate companies. But, beyond fourteen lines, it would be difficult, not to say impracticable, to preserve any thing like that unity and mutual dependence of parts, which appear to us to characterise the sonnet. Petrarch, then, we venture to think, was right, and M. Sismondi, in the objections he takes to the sonnet, wrong. When, indeed, he observes, that 'the sonnet is essentially musical,' and that 'it acts upon the mind rather through the words, than by the thoughts,'—he seems to forget, that the first remark applies equally to every species of metrical arrangement, especially to the still more complex stanzas of lyric poetry; while the other part of the sentence describes, not the sonnet specifically, but a very large proportion of exquisite poetry,—the odes of Horace and Catullus, perhaps, not less than the sonnets of Petrarch.

To return from this digression. Boccaccio, as one of the revivers of ancient learning, has claims upon the gratitude of posterity equal to those of Petrarch. He was born at Paris in 1313, the natural son of a Florentine merchant. From his earliest youth he shewed a predilection for letters, and fixed on Naples as his place of residence, where literature flourished under the protection of Robert, the reigning monarch. Having acquired the rudiments of the Greek tongue, (a rare acquisition among the scholars of that age,) he returned in 1342 to Florence. He had formed an attachment to a natural daughter of King Robert, whom he celebrates in his writings under the name of Fiammetta—an unworthy passion, to which, it is alleged, that the impure and exceptionable parts of the *Decameron* may be attributed, that work having been composed for her amusement. Boccaccio cultivated an intimate friendship with Petrarch, which lasted the greater part of their lives. He died in 1375.

Among the numerous works of this writer, it is the *Decameron* alone, which places him on a level with Dante and Petrarch, as the third member of the illustrious triumvirate to whom is to be ascribed the creation of Italian literature.

'These stories,' remarks M. Sismondi, 'which are varied with in-

finite art, as well in subject as in style, from the most pathetic and tender to the most sportive, and, unfortunately, the most licentious, exhibit a wonderful power of narration; and his description of the plague in Florence, which serves as an introduction to them, may be ranked with the most celebrated historical descriptions which have descended to us. The perfect truth of colouring; the exquisite choice of circumstances, calculated to produce the deepest impression, and which place before our eyes the most repulsive scenes, without exciting disgust; and the emotion of the writer, which insensibly pervades every part, give to this picture that true eloquence of history which, in Thucydides, animates the relation of the plague in Athens. Boccaccio had, doubtless, this model before his eyes; but the events, to which he was a witness, had vividly impressed his mind, and it was the faithful delineation of what he had seen, rather than the classical imitation, which served to develop his talent.

One cannot but pause in astonishment at the choice of so gloomy an introduction to effusions of so gay a nature. We are amazed at such an intoxicated enjoyment of life, under the threatened approach of death; at such irrepressible desire in the bosom of man to divert the mind from sorrow; and at the torrent of mirth which inundates the heart, in the midst of horrors which should seem to wither it up. As long as we feel delight in nourishing feelings that are in unison with a melancholy temperament, we have not yet felt the overwhelming weight of real sorrow. When experience has, at length, taught us the substantial griefs of life, we then first learn the necessity of resisting them; and, calling the imagination to our aid, to turn aside the shafts of calamity, we struggle with our sorrow, and treat it as an invalid, from whom we withdraw every object which may remind him of the cause of his malady. With regard to the stories themselves, it would be difficult to convey an idea of them by extracts, and impossible to preserve, in a translation, the merits of their style. The praise of Boccaccio consists in the perfect purity of his language, in his elegance, his grace, and, above all, in that *naïveté* which is the chief merit of narration, and the peculiar charm of the Italian tongue. Unfortunately, Boccaccio did not prescribe to himself the same purity in his images as in his phraseology. The character of his work is light and sportive. He has inserted in it a great number of tales of gallantry; he has exhausted his powers of ridicule on the duped husband, on the depraved and depraving monks, and on subjects, in morals and religious worship, which he himself regarded as sacred; and his reputation is thus little in harmony with the real tenor of his conduct. The Decameron was published towards the middle of the fourteenth century (in 1352 or 1353), when Boccaccio was at least thirty-nine years of age; and from the first discovery of printing, was freely circulated in Italy, until the Council of Trent proscribed it, in the middle of the sixteenth century. At the solicitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and after two remarkable negotiations between this Prince and Popes Pius V. and Sixtus V., the Decameron was again published, in 1573 and 1582, purified and corrected.* Vol. II. pp. 6—8.

A striking coincidence is observable between the fortunes of Petrarch and of Boccaccio. Petrarch looked for immortality from works of learning, composed in one of the ancient languages; but he derived it from works which either despised or affected to despise,—from the mere trifles of his imagination. In like manner, Boccaccio held his *Decameron* in no esteem, having composed it, he tells us, for the solace of the ladies, who, at that time, led a very dissipated life; but his reputation rests upon those very tales which he undervalued, and which, in his declining age, were so far from being of religious self-upbraidings, were merely subjects of social mirth. He first transported them into literature, and added elegance of diction, and the charm of narration, to the simpler delight afforded by the old romances. The description of the plague at Florence, is one of the best historical descriptions extant. It is impossible not to be struck with the endless variety of the tales. Many of them breathe an air of free, unrestrained licentiousness and gayety, but a large proportion of them are pathetic, or replete with a humour of the most innocent kind. This variety constitutes the great charm of the *Decameron*; and what is truly admirable is, that in each of these styles, the narration is equally easy, natural, and flowing; while the consistency of each person is preserved with a dramatic fidelity, and the dialogue is so true to the several speakers, that each of them keeps from the beginning to the end, the distinctive traits of character. Trickery and licentious priests, at that time extraordinary phenomena, monks devoted to sensuality and lewdness, credulous and outwitted husbands, young people caring for nothing but pleasure, old men and old women thinking of nothing but money, frank and courteous cavaliers, rascals, hermits, counterfeiters of sham miracles, in a word, *genus omne*;—these are the figures that are rapidly presented by this most delightful of magic lanterns in an ever new and pleasing succession.

Two poets of the fourteenth century, who followed this triumvirate, obtained some degree of celebrity; Fazio Uberti, and Federico Frezzi. Each chose Dante for his model,—a vain ambition; the former in his *Dettamondo*, a description of the universe; the other in his *Quadriregio*, or empires of Love, Satan, Vice, and Virtue: both poems servile imitations of their illustrious model. To our surprise, M. Sismondi has passed them over without a single remark. But they have many beauties, and of the highest order. The hackneyed trick of a vision,—a most improper vehicle, which nothing can animate but the extraordinary

creative energies of the poet, was probably the weight which sank these productions so low in general estimation. The personification of Rome, however, in the *Dettamondo*, is scarcely unworthy of Dante himself. The *Quadriregio*, though in every respect inferior, has been more generally read.

The warm sunshine of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici brought into life two poems, or chivalrous romances in verse; the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, a Florentine, and the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo. The great merit of these poets, is, that they prepared the way for Ariosto in a new mode of poetical composition,—the mixture of humour with fabulous narrative. Ariosto produced his *Orlando Furioso* in 1516, and it was received with the most lively enthusiasm.

‘The *Orlando Furioso*,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘is a poem universally known. It has been translated into all the modern tongues; and by the sole charm of its adventures, independently of its poetry, has long been the delight of the youth of all countries. It may therefore be taken for granted, that all the world is aware that Ariosto undertook to sing the Paladins and their amours at the court of Charlemagne, during the fabulous wars of this monarch against the Moors. If it were required to assign an historical epoch to the events contained in this poem, we must place them before the year 778, when Orlando was slain at the battle of Roncesvalles, in an expedition which Charlemagne made, before he was emperor, to defend the frontiers of Spain. But it may be conjectured, that the romance-writers have confounded the wars of Charles Martel against Abdelrahman, with those of Charlemagne; and have thus given rise to the traditions of the invasion of France by the Saracens, and of those unheard-of perils, from which the West of Europe was saved by the valour of the Paladins. Every reader knows, that Orlando, of all the heroes of Ariosto the most renowned for his valour, became mad, through love for Angelica; and that his madness, which is only an episode in this long poem, has given its name to the whole of the composition, although it is not until the twenty-third canto that Orlando is deprived of his senses.

* * * * *

‘The poem of Ariosto is only a fragment of the history of the knights of Charlemagne and their amours; and it has neither beginning nor end, further than any particular detached period may be said to possess them. This want of unity essentially injures the interest and the general impression which we ought to derive from the work. But the avidity with which all nations, and all ages, have read Ariosto, even when his story is despoiled of its poetic charms by translation, sufficiently proves that he had the art of giving to its individual parts an interest which it does not possess as a whole. Above all, he has communicated to it a spirit of valour. In spite of the habitual absurdity of those chivalrous combats; in spite of the disproportion of the causes with their effects, and the railleury which seems inseparable from the narration of his battles, Ariosto

always contrives to excite in us an enthusiasm and an intoxicating valour which create a love of enterprise in every reader. One most exalted enjoyment of man, consists in the full development of his energies and power. The great art of the poet of romance is to awaken a proper confidence in our own resources, by raising a hero all the forces of nature and the spells of magic, and exhibiting him as triumphant, by the superiority of his will and control over all the powers which had conspired his ruin.

‘In the world into which Ariosto transports us, we find also a source of enjoyment. This world, essentially poetic, in which all vulgar interests of life are suspended; where love and honour are the only laws and the only motives to action, and no factitious wants and cold calculations chill the soul; where all the pains and all the quietudes incident to our lot, and the inequalities of rank and riches are forgotten; this imaginary world charms away all cares. We delight in making excursions into it, and in discovering it a refuge from the distractions of real life. We derive, indeed, instruction from these reveries; for the difference between the world of romance and the real world is such, that we cannot, in the least, make the least use of the lessons received from the other. It is, in fact, a remarkable characteristic of this species of poetry, that it is impossible to derive from it any kind of instruction.’

We wish that M. Sismondi had stopped here. The reason with which he closes the paragraph, is, we are persuaded, far from being even philosophically, much less morally correct.

We must omit several names in M. Sismondi’s catalogue, and pass over to Torquato Tasso, who, at an early age, produced that, of which Italy had hitherto been deemed incapable—an epic poem. He devoted sixteen years to its composition. Such was the avidity with which it was read on its appearance, that seven editions of it were printed in one year, 1581. The merit of the “Jerusalem delivered” consists greatly in its subject,—the memorable struggle between the Christians and Saracens during the Crusades. A theme better adapted to the highest poetic effect could not have been selected, and the whole course of the poem is truly epic,—entire, simple, and grand. M. Sismondi, admitting the distinction between the romantic and the classical styles of poetry, judiciously shews that Tasso was indebted to each.

‘But Tasso has shewn how a man of powerful genius, uniting two kinds, might be, at once, classical in the plan, and romantic in the painting of manners and situation. His poem was conceived in the spirit of antiquity, and executed in the spirit of the middle ages. Our customs, our education, the most touching passages in our histories, and, perhaps, even the tales of our nursery, always carry back to the times and manners of chivalry. Every thing connected with that age awakens our sensibility. Every thing, on the contrary,

that is derived from the mythological times of antiquity, acts only on our memory. The two epochs of civilization were each preceded by their heroic ages. The Greeks ascended to the companions of Hercules, and we look back to the Paladins of Charlemagne. These two races of heroes are, perhaps, alike the creation of the imagination in a later age; but it is exactly this which renders their relation the more true to the age that has created them. The heroic ages form the ideal of succeeding times. We seek in them the model of perfection, which is most in unison with our opinions, our prejudices, our domestic sentiments, politics, and religion. It is, consequently, by a reference to this heroism, that poetry is enabled to exercise her power more strongly over the mind or the heart. Poetry, at least that of the first class, has the same object as every other branch of art. It transports us from the real into an ideal world. All the fine arts seek to retrace those primitive forms of beauty which are not found in the visible world, but the impression of which is fixed in our minds, as the model by which to regulate our judgment. It is not a correct opinion, that the Venus of Apelles was only a combination of all that the painter found most perfect in the most beautiful women. Her image existed in the mind of the artist before this combination. It was after this image that he selected subjects for the various parts. This original image could alone harmonize the various models which he consulted; and this assistance, purely mechanical, to retrace the most beautiful forms, served only to develop his own conception, the idea of beauty, as it is conceived by the mind, and as it can never be identified in any individual form.

In the same manner, we find an ideal image of the beauty of character, of conduct, of passion, and I had almost said, of crime, which has not been combined from different individuals; which is not the fruit of observation or of comparison; but which previously subsists in our own mind, and may be considered as the base of our æsthetic principles. Observation shews us that this idea is not the same in all nations. It is modified by general, and often by unknown causes, which seem to arise almost as much from diversity of origin as from education. The French knight possesses, in our imagination, a different character from that of the knight of Italy, Spain, England, or Germany; and all these champions of modern times differ still more from the heroes of antiquity, and bear the marks of the romantic race, formed from the mixture of Germans and Latins. We easily portray, to our own minds, the modern hero, whose characteristics are universally recognised by all European nations; but we cannot form a just conception of the hero of antiquity, and are obliged to delineate his character from memory and classical recollections, and not from our individual feelings. It is this circumstance, which gives so cold an air to the classical poems of modern times. In the romantic species, the appeal is made directly to our own hearts; in the classical, it seems requisite to consult our books, and to have every feeling and idea justified by a quotation from an ancient author.

‘ We have admired, in Tasso, the antique cast of his poem, and that beauty which results from the unity and regularity of design, and from the harmony of all its parts. But this merit, the principal one, perhaps, in our eyes, is not that which has rendered his work so popular. It is its romantic form, which harmonizes with the sentiments, the passions, and the recollections of Europeans. It is because he celebrates heroes whose type exists in their hearts, that he is celebrated in his turn by the gondoliers of Venice; that a whole people cherish his memory; and that, in the nights of summer, the mariners interchange the sorrows of Erminia and the death of Clorinda.’ Vol. II. pp. 159—162.

The pathetic story of Tasso’s adversities, is very impressively related by M. Sismondi, but the circumstances must be familiar to our readers. We have no room to notice the *Amyntas* and other minor works of Tasso, amounting, with his “*Jerusalem Delivered*,” to twelve quarto volumes; but must pass on to Berni, distinguished among the Italian poets of the sixteenth century, as the inventor of a new species of poetry, which has retained his name,—the light and elegant mockery of which he set the example, being still called *bernesque*.

‘ The gayety,’ remarks M. Sismondi, ‘ with which he recounts serious events, without rendering them vulgar, is not confounded by his countrymen with the burlesque, to which it is so nearly allied. It is, above all, in the *Orlando Innamorato* of the Count Boiardo, remodelled by Berni in a free and lively style, that we perceive the fullness of his genius. His other works, imbued, perhaps, with more comic wit, trespass too frequently on the bounds of propriety. Francesco Berni was born about 1490, at Lamporecchio, a castle between Florence and Pistoia. We know little more of his biography than what he relates himself, in a jesting tone, in the sixty-seventh canto of his *Orlando Innamorato*. He was of a noble, but not opulent family. At nineteen years of age, he went to Rome, full of confidence in the protection of Cardinal Dovizio da Bibbiena, who, in fact, took little interest in his welfare. After the death of that prelate, being always embarrassed, he entered as secretary into the Apostolic Dutary. He there found the means of life, but was oppressed by an irksome employ, to which he was never reconciled. His labours increased, in proportion as he gave less satisfaction. He carried under his arms, in his bosom, and in his pockets, whole packets of letters, to which he never found time to reply. His revenues were small, and when he came to collect them, he frequently found, according to his own expressions, that storms, water, fire, or the devil, had swept them entirely away. His mirth, and the verses and tales which he recited, made him an acceptable member of society; but, whatever love he might have had for liberty, he remained always in a state of dependence. By his satires he made himself many enemies, the most vindictive of whom was Pietro Aretino, whom he, in turn, did not spare. Berni, who informs us that his greatest pleasure was

lying in bed and doing nothing, experienced, if we are to believe common rumour, a death more tragic than we should have been led to expect from his situation in life. He was the common friend of the Cardinal Ippolito and the Duke Alessandro de' Medici, who were cousins-german, and was solicited by the latter of these to poison his relation. As he refused to participate in so black a crime, he was himself poisoned a few days afterwards, in the year 1536. In the same year, the Cardinal Ippolito was, in fact, poisoned by his cousin.'
Vol. II. pp. 215—218.

Berni's taste had been formed by a diligent study of the ancients. His *rifacimento* of the Orlando Innamorato has so completely superseded the original, that no one ever thinks of Boiardo; and its popularity is easily accounted for. His pleasantries are almost irresistible, and he has always had a large party of admirers, who rank him with the most eminent poets of Italy. Every thing in his hands is transformed into the ridiculous; his satire knows no bounds. His object was, to excite a laugh, and provided he attained it, he was not restrained by any scruple of morality or decorum. He laughs at chivalry, even more than Ariosto does. Not that he has burlesqued the poem of Boiardo; it is the same romance told in good earnest, but told by a man who cannot refrain from laughing all the while he is telling it. The versification is laboured; the wit profusely scattered; the gayety more sportive than Ariosto's, though, with respect to imagination, colouring, richness, all that constitutes true poetry, the two poems will not bear a comparison.

The next name that occurs, is a far more illustrious one; the eloquent historian and subtle politician, Macchiavelli. Born at Florence in 1469, from his earliest manhood he was employed in public affairs. In the midst of these grave occupations, however, he cultivated his satiric talent, and composed some comedies, his novel of Belfagor, re-modelled in French by La Fontaine, and some tolerable sonnets. Having been employed on an embassy to the court of Cæsar Borgia, he had ample leisure for studying the crooked policy of that illustrious villain. He owed his elevation to the party in opposition to the Medici; and when the latter were recalled in 1512, Macchiavelli was banished. Having joined in a plot against the usurpers, he was seized, and put to the torture; but nothing in crimination of either himself or his associates was extorted from him. He was set at liberty by Leo X. Hence arose his hatred of princes, whom he took a pleasure in painting as he had seen them, in a work professedly written for their instruction, with that profound knowledge of the human heart, and

with the great skill he had acquired of unfolding the intricate thread of their perfidious dissimulation.

‘ He dedicated his treatise of the *Principe*, not to Lorenzo the Magnificent, as Bouterwek, by a strange anachronism, has stated, but to Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, the proud usurper of the liberties of Florence and of the estates of his benefactor, the former Duke of Urbino, of the house of Rovere. Lorenzo thought himself profound when he was crafty, and energetic when he was cruel; and Machiavelli, in shewing, in his treatise of the *Principe*, how an able usurper, who is not restrained by any moral principle, may consolidate his power, gave to the duke instructions conformable to his taste. The true object, however, of Machiavelli could not be to secure on his throne a tyrant whom he hated, and against whom he had conspired. Nor is it probable that he only proposed to himself, to expose to the people the maxims of tyranny, in order to render them odious; for an universal experience had, at that time, made them known throughout all Italy, and that diabolical policy, which Machiavelli reduced to a system, was, in the sixteenth century, that of all the states. There is, in his manner of treating the subject, a general feeling of bitterness against mankind, and a contempt of the human race, which induces him to address it in language adapted to its despicable and depraved condition. He applies himself to the interests and selfish calculations of mankind, since they do not deserve an appeal to their enthusiasm and moral sense. He establishes principles in theory, which he knows his readers will reduce to practice; and he exhibits the play of the human passions with an energy and clearness which require no ornament.’

We entirely agree with M. Sismondi in considering his Discourses on Livy as his best and profoundest work. It has been ever since resorted to as a treasury of political maxims, founded on an exact estimate of human nature and human motives. His history of Florence is the true eloquence of history: it is an admirable delineation of popular passions and factious tumults, and exhibits a masterly analysis of the human heart. He died in 1527, having left three comedies, which, M. Sismondi says, for novelty of plot, vivacity of dialogue, and delineation of character, are far superior to all that Italy had then, or, perhaps, has since produced. In each of them, he exposed sanctimonious hypocrisy with a strength and fidelity, which left nothing to the invention of the Author of *Tartuffe*.

M. Sismondi concludes his review of the Italian Literature of the sixteenth century, with some remarks on the progress of the comic drama. But, amid a host of comic authors, 5000 of whose dramas were, according to Riccobino, printed between the years 1500 and 1736, not one truly comic genius seems to have arisen in Italy. In the sixteenth century, mountebanks and empirics attempted to represent farces of a greater

length than the ordinary dialogue then in vogue between a quack and his buffoon; and thus, they assumed, by degrees, the form of a comedy. These pieces were partly extemporaneous; but a certain character was assigned to each actor, with the outline of the part he was to play. Hence, the invention of the masks of Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine, to whom three succeeding centuries have been indebted for the pleasures of buffoonery.

The decline of Italian literature in the seventeenth century, is called by the Italians, the age of *Seicentisti*. A few writers, however, resisted the torrent of bad taste, whose names, as well as the names of those who indulged in extravagance and false refinements, are recorded by M. Sismondi. This perverted taste was first perceived in the latter part of the preceding century. Guarini may be said to belong to both of these epochs. His *Pastor Fido* was represented, for the first time, in 1585. We cannot insert our Author's analysis of this poem, which Guarini extended into more than 6000 lines. He has hardly, we think, rendered sufficient justice to the *Pastor Fido* in the following strictures.

'We can scarcely, at this period, conceive how so long a piece could have been represented. From the language of the dialogue, the trifling thoughts, and common places, and the flatness of the action, we easily gather that Guarini formed no idea of any impatience in the spectators, nor thought himself obliged to awaken their curiosity, and to rivet their attention to the story. Nor was he acquainted with the art, so important in the eyes of modern French critics, of connecting the different scenes, and of assigning probable motives for the appearance and disappearance of the persons of the drama. Each scene is, for the most part, a separate act, with very little reference, either in action, or in time and place, to that which immediately precedes it: and this want of consistency, as a whole, throws an air of singular coldness over the first act, consisting of five scenes, which unconnectedly follow each other in the manner of five different plots. The versification of the *Pastor Fido* appears to me even more pleasing than that of the *Amyntas*. Guarini gave exquisite grace and harmony to his verses; passing, without effort or abruptness, from the *versi sciolti* to measures the most varied and complex. Indeed, no prose could have conveyed his sentiments more accurately: while no species of lyric poetry, in the ode or in the canzone, display a happier combination of rhymes, or a greater variety of feet, both regular and free. The piece is, perhaps, more deficient in spirit than in poetry; the sentiments are often trite; and the author attempts to disguise his want of originality by frequent affectation and conceit. Its chief attraction, and which very much contributed to its success, is the poetical exhibition of the passion of love, the source of the various incidents throughout the entire action of the piece, throwing its voluptuous charm equally over the poet, the actors, and the spectators.'

Among a tribe of petty versifiers, Filicaja stands almost alone, a poet of strong and manly conceptions,—a monument in the desert. He was born at Florence in 1642, and died in 1707. The spark of ancient freedom in his generous bosom, survived the degeneracy of his age. The wars of the succession, and the calamities of the unhappy times on which he had fallen, inspired him with a lofty spirit of poetical enthusiasm. Of his sonnets, M. Sismondi has inserted his beautiful, but indignant appeal to Italy, as the best specimen of Italian poetry which the seventeenth century affords. It is elegantly rendered by Mr. Roscoe.

‘ Italia! thou to whom, in evil hour,
The fatal boon of beauty Nature gave,
Yet on thy front the sentence did engrave,
That ceaseless woe should be thy only dower!
Ah! were that beauty less, or more thy power!
That he who now compels thee to his arms,
Might gaze with cold indifference on thy charms,
Or tremble at thine eye’s indignant lower.
Thou should’st not, then, behold, in glittering line,
From the high Alps embattled throngs descend,
And Gallic hordes pollute thy Po’s clear wave,
Nor, whilst encompass’d close by spears, not thine,
Should’st thou by foreign hands thy rights defend,
Conquering or conquer’d, evermore a slave.’

The remaining sonnets of this Poet, M. Sismondi does not consider to be of equal merit. Has he not overlooked the vigorous sonnet addressed to Fortune? We are strongly tempted to offer a translation of it, which, if it has no other praise, deserves that at least of being faithful to the original.

‘ If they, O Fortune, who thy power adore,
Prudence and Honour for thy gifts resign,
I thank thee that thy hatred has been mine,
And that thou keep’st the oath thy anger swore.
For thro’ this life, be mine or less or more,
In poverty and sorrow I may pine,
But will not bow me at thine idol shrine,
The riches which I prize not, to implore.
I ask not peace with thee; thy darts of hate
At me unspar’d, unbated still may fly;
Thy love, and not thy wrath, I deprecate;
For *this* I have defied, and will defy.
Wisdom and virtue shun the fortunate,
But comfort to the wretched aye is nigh.’

We reluctantly omit all mention of Metastasio, Goldoni, Gozzi, Pindamonti, and many other distinguished names in the

eighteenth century. This article, already protracted beyond our ordinary limits, must close with Alfieri.

Italian comedy made considerable advances under Goldoni, Gozzi, and Albergati, during the early part of the eighteenth century; but Tragedy, in the mean time, with the exception of Maffei's *Merope*, was silent. Metastasio, the favourite poet of the nation, had diffused a universal taste for that voluptuous but sickly poetry, which 'overpowers by its inebriating sweetness,' and by its gorgeous richness of imagery.

'Italy has, however,' remarks M. Sismondi, 'in our own days, given birth to a man, who, beyond any other, was calculated by his virtues, and by his defects, to perceive the errors of Metastasio; to despise his effeminacy; to ridicule his stage effect, his suspended daggers, his love confidants, and all the factitious system which he had introduced on the stage. The Count Vittorio Alfieri, of Asti, has himself acquainted us, in his *Confessions*, with his own fierce and aspiring character, impatient of all restraint, violent, an enemy to repose, and to a mode of life which had enervated his fellow-countrymen. He regarded effeminacy as a public crime, and blamed Metastasio more for having corrupted the Italians, than for not adopting the true rules of tragedy. As soon as the predilections of his youth began to calm, and he had discontinued traversing Europe, more as a courier than as a tourist, his first verses were dictated by indignation. He had an exalted idea of the duties and the dignity of man; an ardent love of liberty and of all the noble actions to which it has given birth; a singular ignorance, which did not allow him to judge correctly of the government of any country, and which led him to confound the dissolution of all the bonds of society with that freedom after which he sighed; and an inveterate hatred of that system of tyranny in the governments around him, which had degraded mankind. This, indeed, might be called a personal hatred, since he shared and felt more acutely than any other individual, that humiliation which for so long a time had debased the Italians.

'Metastasio was the poet of love; Alfieri, of freedom. All the pieces of the latter have a political tendency, and owe their eloquence, their warmth, and their rapidity, to the powerful sentiment which possessed the poet, and compelled him to write from the impulse of his soul. Alfieri did not possess the requisite talent for tragedy. His vivid emotions were not derived from his imagination, but solely from his feelings. He did not change places with his hero, to be himself moved by varied impressions; he remains always himself; and from this circumstance he is more deficient than any writer in variety of incident, and often degenerates into monotony. But, before we inquire whether we should allow his productions the title of fine tragedies, we ought, as a celebrated female has observed, when we consider the circumstances of his life, to regard them as actions commanding our admiration.

'The creation of a new Italian drama by Alfieri, is a phenomenon which strikes us with astonishment. Before his time, the Italians

were inferior to all the nations of Europe in the dramatic art. Alfieri has ranged himself by the side of the great French tragedians; and he shares with them the advantages which they possess over all others. He has united the beauties of art, unity, singleness of subject, and probability, the properties of the French drama, to the sublimity of situation and character, and the important events of the Greek theatre, and to the profound thought and sentiment of the English stage. He has rescued tragedy from the saloons of courts, to which the manners of the reign of Louis XIV. had restricted her; he has introduced her to councils, to public places, to the state; and he has given to the most elevated of poetical productions, the most noble, the most important general interest. He has annihilated the conventional forms which substituted a ridiculous affectation for the sublimity of nature; the gallantry derived from the old French romances, which exhibits the heroes of Greece and Rome under a preposterous disguise: the honied sweetness and pastoral languor which, since the time of Guarini, represented all the heroic characters on the Italian stage with effeminate sentiments and manners; the affectation of chivalry and valour, which, on the Spanish stage, attaching life itself to a delicate and scrupulous point of honour, converts the loftiest characters into braves, eager to destroy each other. The gallantry of romances, the effminacy of pastorals, the point of honour of chivalry, appeared to him so many masks imposed upon nature, under which all true feelings and passions were concealed from view. He has torn off these masks, and has exhibited on the stage man in his real greatness, and in his true relations. If in this new conception of tragedy he has sometimes erred, if he has abandoned himself to exaggeration, and to a violence natural to his own character, he has still effected enough to claim our admiration. The writers who have succeeded him, and who have profited from the grandeur of his style, without incurring his peculiar faults, sufficiently prove the progress which the Italian drama made under him, and how highly it stands indebted to his genius.' Vol. II. pp. 457—460.

We frankly confess, that the dramatic excellence of Alfieri, is not an article of our literary faith. The principles of his drama are absolutely false. Alfieri, it is true, disdained the softness and the mellifluous refinements of Metastasio. His hatred of the general servility and corruption of his age, breathes in the indignant diction of his dialogue, and the stoical pride of his sentiments. But stoicism is not poetry, and an unrelieved, unmitigated vehemence of thought and expression will never powerfully affect the heart. The rough and abrupt language of Alfieri, from which, in conformity to his own theory of tragic composition, he thought fit to exclude all figurative diction, makes his characters appear quite devoid of imagination. His native dialect is despoiled, by this cold and artificial process of its natural charms. The harmony, without which poetry becomes a heavy and monotonous accumulation of

verse, is so far from being ambitiously wooed by this eccentric Poet, that he wounds the ear with the harshest dissonance. The region of tragedy is indeed exalted far above the grossness of sensual pleasure; but the seductions of life are not to be excluded from the tragic scene, to make way for a cold, unbending virtue, the ideal virtue of the schools, which warred alike against the passions and the affections, and reduced man to the 'mere spectre of humanity.' In reading a tragedy of Alfieri, we seem transported into those Arctic climes, where nature seems to repose as in her sepulchre, and the whole face of things is cold, dark, and desolate. The fewness of his personages, who rarely exceed four, contributes to the same melancholy impression of a sombre, depopulated drama, deprived of all the bustling and stirring agency which gives life and interest to the poet's scenes. Metastasio is justly reproached with sameness of character and of incident. It is precisely what Alfieri, with a perfect indifference to public criticism, avows to be the defect of his own tragedies. 'Whoever,' says he, 'is acquainted with the structure of one, is acquainted with 'them all.' His characters are a sort of moral skeletons, if we may be allowed the phrase,—lifeless abstractions of virtue or of crime. His villains shew their dispositions without the slightest disguise; and his virtuous personages are neither pleasing nor interesting. M. Sismondi observes, that Alfieri's motives were judicious for banishing confidants from the stage. These speaking automata are, it is true, sufficiently ridiculous; a sort of dramatic hooks on which the heroines hang a long story which the poor creatures must have heard often enough to know by heart. But he has not introduced in their room any secondary personages, who might have taken an inferior, but direct interest in the action, and would not have been the mere shadow of others. Alfieri takes credit to himself for having greatly diversified his personages, and given tyrants, conspirators, queens, and lovers, their separate and appropriate characters. 'I much doubt,' says M. Sismondi, whom we are happy to find not much at variance with ourselves in our general estimate of this poet,

'whether this merit will be so fully appreciated by his readers as by Alfieri himself. On the contrary, there prevails in the tragedies of Alfieri a great monotony. Not only characters of the same class are mingled together, but even those which belong to different classes, bear a resemblance to each other, and they all partake of the mind of the author. He himself was a man of too passionate, too caustic, and too independent a character, easily to adopt the sentiments and thoughts of another. From the beginning to the end of his pieces,

we may trace in him the sworn foe of tyrants, the enemy of corruption, and, apparently, the enemy of all established forms of society; and as his style is always constrained and concise, almost to affectation, the expression of the sentiments, and the sentiments themselves, have too frequent and too great resemblance.' p. 470.

The play selected for analysis by M. Sismondi, is the Philip II., a subject well suited to Alfieri's genius;—the portraiture of the darkest monster of modern times, a tyrant, 'who for a long time,' remarks Madame de Stael, 'impressed his own character on that of the Spanish nation,'—and the disastrous passion of his son Don Carlos. Isabella, in a soliloquy, reproaches herself with her own love for the young prince, when Carlos enters and implores her compassion. Mr. Roscoe has adopted Mr. Charles Lambe's energetic version of this tragedian.

' Ah! thou art ignorant of my father's nature,
And may kind Heaven that ignorance prolong!
The treacherous intrigues of an impious court
To thee are all unknown. An upright heart
Could not believe, much less such guilt imagine.
More cruel than the sycophantic train
Surrounding him, 'tis Philip that abhors me.
He sets the example to the servile crowd;
His wrathful temper chafes at nature's ties:
Yet do I not forget that he's my father.
If for one day I could forget that tie,
And rouse the slumbers of my smother'd wrongs,
Never, oh never, should he hear me mourn
My ravish'd honours, my offended fame,
His unexampled and unnatural hate.
No, of a wrong more deep I would upbraid him:
He took my all the day he tore thee from me.'

Before they part, Isabella avows her passion in an expression which she utters in her agitation, but which Carlos readily understands. In the second act, Philip, who harbours suspicions of his queen, instructs Gomez to observe her during a conversation which he is about to have with her. She enters. He charges his son with treason in supporting the rebels; but his words are artfully broken in such a way as to convince her that their mutual attachment is no secret. Yet, when the prince is accused, she defends him eloquently and courageously. The king appears convinced, sends for Carlos, and alarms him by the same artifices. This double examination, which is really terrific, terminates with a kind of short-hand scene, in four verses, replete with quick and sudden reciprocations between Philip and Gomez.

Phil. Heard'st thou?
 Gom. I heard.
 Phil. Sawest thou?
 Gom. I saw.
 Phil. Oh, rage!
 Then, then, suspicion—
 Gom. Now is certainty.
 Phil. And Philip yet is unrevenge'd?
 Gom. Reflect—
 Phil. I have reflected. Follow thou my footsteps.'

Carlos is tried by the Inquisition in the third act, and adjudged to death. After an interview between Gomez and Carlos, in the fourth, which contributes little to the action, beyond unfolding the cruel dissimulation of the minister; and another between Gomez and the queen, during which he perfidiously assures her that he will introduce her to Carlos; the fifth act opens with the prison, where Carlos is awaiting his fate with great fortitude. Isabella enters, urges him to flee, and tells him that Gomez has prepared every thing for his escape. Carlos in a moment perceives the horrible snare into which both had been betrayed, undeceives her, and exhorts her to flee while there is yet time, to save her honour, and to remove all pretext for the ferocious revenge of the king. Whilst she hesitates, Philip enters.

'He expresses a savage joy in having them both completely in his power. He has been acquainted with their passion from its commencement, and has observed the progress of it, unknown to themselves. His jealousy is not of the heart, but of offended pride, and he now avows it. Carlos attempts to justify Isabella, but she rejects all excuse; she asks for death to liberate her from this horrible palace; she provokes Philip by exasperating language; and Alfieri here again places his own feelings, and his own expressions of hatred, in the mouths of his personages. Gomez returns, bearing a cup, and a poniard still reeking with the blood of Perez. Philip offers to the two lovers the choice of the dagger or the bowl. Carlos chooses the dagger, and strikes himself a mortal blow. Isabella congratulates herself on dying, and Philip, to punish her the more, condemns her to life; but she snatches from the person of the king his own dagger, and kills herself in her turn. This stage trick appears to me to be beneath the dignity of Alfieri. A king is not easily robbed of his poniard, and it was scarcely worth while to calculate the action so nicely, if the catastrophe was to depend on the chance of Isabella finding herself on the right, instead of the left side of the king; and on the poniard of the king, if he carried one, not being fastened in his girdle, or hidden by the folds of his dress.' pp. 492—5.

We could have wished, that M. Sismondi had entered at length into the comparison, which he has promised us in a

future volume, between Alfieri's Philip II., and the Don Carlos of Schiller. He has, however, said enough to shew that he greatly prefers the tragedy of the Italian poet,—a judgement from which we entirely dissent. With Alfieri, this portion of the work abruptly terminates; and we shall reserve any general remarks on its literary character, till we have an opportunity of examining the sequel.

Art. III. *Journal of a Tour in France in the Years 1816 and 1817.*
By Frances Jane Carey. 8vo. pp. 502. Price 14s. London.
1823.

MAN has been well defined by Paley to be a bundle of habits; these constitute his individuality as detached from the species in general, and they are the grand distinctive colours which separate nations and countries from each other. Cross a river, or a mountain, or an arm of the ocean, and a new and unexpected system of manners,—new modes of life,—a new series of conventional usages burst upon you. The old and experienced traveller contemplates with little surprise and no emotion, the strong contrasts which are perpetually springing up before him in the varied progress of his wayfarings. Upon the sensitive organs of youth, but more especially upon the female mind, which, in its tastes and its movements, is always youthful, the impressions made by such sudden and rapid changes, are deep and vehement. All is surprise and delight, so soon as this new world reveals itself in its first gloss and freshness. It can hardly be conceived by those whom long and frequent wanderings over the continent have deadened to the excitements of curiosity,—in whom, all that it presents, raises only an imperfect worn-out enjoyment, as if the chace after novelty were completely run down, and nothing remained either to stimulate or to gratify expectation,—with what a restless, delighted eye and beating and enlivened heart, the untravelled stranger hails the objects that rush upon his senses, when he first arrives in a foreign country.

Now the heart is not constructed for unparticipated satisfactions. There is a moral surfeit in every pleasure which is not imparted; but that which is communicated to others, is unusually paid back, and becomes a redoubled enjoyment. It may be questioned, even in spite of the vaunted raptures of musing in the realms of stillness and solitude, where no voice is echoed but that of the brawling stream or of the mountain torrent,—whether these 'lone enthusiasts' are contented to brood over the undivided hoard of their melancholy satisfactions; or whe-

ther the secret charm that soothes them, be not the pouring out to other bosoms, those communings with nature in her wilds and retirements, which have so sweetly solaced their own. However this may be, every one must have felt the delight of telling others of the new attitudes and new scenes of life which he has witnessed. Vanity, a great sharer in all our enjoyments, takes her part in this. By having seen what others have never seen, and coming in contact with groupes of mankind or spots of the globe, which others can know only through a secondary medium, we are conscious of something like superiority over those to whom the same opportunities have been denied. We feel somewhat as Gulliver did, on his return from Brobdingnag;—a fallacious sensation of looking over other peoples' heads, from the mere advantage of having been conversant with objects from which they are shut out.

Who, therefore, is there, that can feel it within him, to frown down with the austere brow of criticism, these appetencies to communication, that seem to be a part of our nature, and prompt us, when the heart is delighted, to share its overflowings with our correspondents at home, or the family groupe who sympathize in the fortunes and incidents of our travel? It is from this not unamiable feeling, we truly believe, rather than from the mere vanity of appearing in print, that so many continental tourists of both sexes, begin, as soon as Dover pier recedes from their eyes, to think of consigning their raptures to paper. Unluckily, there are few perils to be encountered in crossing the channel; and that source of romantic delight is closed till they reach the Alps or the Glaciers. But the new manners, the new dresses, the new style of houses, the new cookery, all that gushes forth upon them in the first bewildered gaze of astonishment, are immediately discharged into their journal, which is forthwith forwarded to satisfy the indulgent circle of aunts or cousins or sisters, who, having first sated themselves with its contents, find little need to use much coaxing or entreaty to persuade the liberal traveller not to cast his treasure to the waters, but to add it to the already redundant heap of modern travels.

One thing seems to be overlooked by these most amiable and communicative of beings;—that all that can be communicated of a country so near in intercourse to our own, and whose soil is so much trodden by our countrymen and countrywomen as France, has already appeared in the varied shapes of quarto or octavo, journals and tours, till no gleaning is left to repay the curiosity of those who read to be amused, and all is barren of sentiment or description from Dan to Beersheba. A journey from London to Bristol or York, or even to Acton or Ealing,

would furnish nearly an equal number of subjects for meditation. In fact, we know not whether an inquiring eye and an intelligent head would not put up a greater abundance of game within the short compass of those expeditions; for that which is within our reach, is passed by unnoticed, however pregnant with reflection to those who know how to turn every thing they meet with to intellectual profit. Mrs. Frances Jane Carey is a sensible, matron-like lady. She performed her journey through France in 1816 and 1817, but unluckily deferred her publication till 1823; a period when her remarks must of necessity have lost that freshness and novelty which would have made them useful and entertaining, had they appeared when the long-suspended intercourse of the two countries was first renewed. However just or sagacious, therefore, they may be, they cannot, at this time of day, atone for their adding to the crying inconvenience of the number of printed books. That a *sou* is five centimes, that a *franc* is 20 *sous*, and a Napoleon 20 *francs*;—that a *poste* is two French leagues (rather a short allowance);—are pieces of information which are, at present, 'none of the newest.' Nor are the whip and spur remarks which she makes upon the places which she visits, much calculated to enlarge our stock of information concerning what, if examined and described at all, ought not to be hastily examined or perfunctorily described. As a sample of this touch-and-go kind of travel-writing, let us take our fair Tourist's description of Caen, a city not of inferior note to any in France, rich in architectural monuments, interesting antiquities, and historical recollections. It is not that we object to notices of places and things in a book of travels, merely because they are summary and comprehensive. They who have read the best and most philosophical book of travels which has, perhaps, ever yet appeared, we mean Forsyth's Italy,—will have observed how rapidly the Author dismisses his topics, and describes what he seems to see only at a glance; but, in that glance, how much has his eye taken in;—in that rapid description, how much is described!

'Caen, formerly the capital of Lower Normandy, is a very large old town, situated in an extensive plain, at the junction of the little river Odin with the Orne, which empties itself into the English Channel a few leagues below, and has been made navigable to the town for vessels of small burden, which are towed along by horses.

'The cathedral is very large and handsome. William the Conqueror was buried in the choir; but no monument of him is to be seen, except a flat marble tomb-stone, which has lately been placed there, with his name engraved upon it. Several other fine old churches still remain, and many have been destroyed.

'The public walks are exceedingly pleasant, between rows of handsome elms, on the banks of the river, in a beautiful green meadow.

' The market is plentifully supplied with provisions, excellent fish, vegetables, and fruit; flowers, too, are exposed for sale, which always embellish a market, as well as every other place where they are found. The inhabitants of Caen appear to be fond of flowers, for pots of carnations were placed in almost every window in the town, and it is hardly possible to imagine what an agreeable effect they produced. The windows are large, and opening inward like folding doors, leave no glass visible on the outside; and most of them being open in every story, and the houses very high, these great square gaps in the walls, for such they seem to the eye of a stranger, would have had a very desolate, comfortless appearance, but for the beautiful carnations that half filled them. The gardeners boasted of the perfection of their ranunculuses and anemonies, but they were out of bloom, and I saw no flowers, except the carnations, that possessed any great merit.

' Our apartments at the Hotel de la Place Royale consisted of one handsome well-furnished bed-room, and two small ones; for which we paid six francs a day. Dinner was served at four francs each person. The windows of our chamber looked into the square, and I was awaked every morning at four o'clock by a concourse of labourers of both sexes, assembling there to be hired for harvest work. Many of them waited till the eleventh hour, for the weather was not propitious for their employ, being cold and rainy. The scythes they use are very light, with a little cradle attached, to catch the hay or corn as they mow; and their pitchforks are only forked sticks.

' A very extensive manufactory of lace, both of silk and thread, is carried on at Caen. The women sit at work in the streets in groupes of five or six together, with their little pillows on their knees.

' The shops, for every sort of merchandize, are reckoned good, and are mostly open to the street, which gives the appearance of a fair. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 30,000.'

Had Mrs. Carey suspended her notice of Caen till she had seen more of France, and thus corrected her diary by her experience, she would have perceived and intimated a few of those characteristic differences which render it unlike almost every other French town. First, the streets are wide, which rarely occurs. Secondly, the houses are throughout built of stone supplied from the neighbouring quarries. Then again, its University throws a shade of gloomy quiet over the place, which can be felt only in a town dedicated in a great measure to education. Blended with these, is the peculiarity of character which it takes from being the seat of the higher courts of law,

—ubi togatum
Æstuat agmen,

in that litigious province; and this is again mixed and modified by its having been chosen for the retreat of those numerous *noblesse*, so called by French courtesy, but who would have been described by us with the less sounding designation of

country gentlemen. Surely the two *Abbayes*, called the *Abbaye aux hommes*, and the *Abbaye aux dames*, the one founded by William the Conqueror, the other by his consort Matilda, deserved some scrap of mention in the enumeration of the chief objects of curiosity at Caen.

Finding fault, however, is not the prevailing tone of our criticism, and we gladly change the key. Mrs. Carey occasionally writes with good sense and acuteness. Her description of Tours, a city which is a great favourite with English residents, is tolerably accurate, and may be found useful to those who meditate a *sejour* in France. We wish, however, that she had omitted the absurd account of an English criminal trial, which, as she relates it, could never have happened.

‘ The situation of Tours is low, but the town appears to great advantage from the entrance over the bridge into the Rue Royale, which is one of the finest streets in France. The houses are built of white stone, and are large, handsome, and uniform. It is paved with flat stones, and a broad space left on each side for people to walk upon, which is not a common case; for in most places, pedestrians are obliged to keep in the middle of the street, as the edges are subject to receive a variety of articles from the windows above, and are, besides, full of lumber, of mechanics at work, or of children at play.

‘ The streets in the old part of the town are narrow, and the houses high. No magnificent public edifices appear, to impress the mind with an image of ancient grandeur, and yet Tours was the favourite place of residence of several of the kings of France; and the palace of Plessis les Tours, standing in a low situation, at the distance of a quarter of mile from the town, still remains. But far from filling the imagination with ideas of the pomp and circumstance of courts, this house, built with brick, and with small windows, is so very mean and homely in appearance, that one finds some difficulty in believing that it ever could have been the abode of royalty. Louis XI., of wicked memory, spent much of his time in it. During his last illness, the walls were defended with iron spikes, and only one wicket left in the court, to admit those who came to the palace. This single entrance still remains, but the spikes are gone. Louis XI. died in 1481, and gave a proof of his penetration and soundness of judgment, by the choice he made of a regent; he appointed his eldest daughter, Anne, lady of Beaujeu, to that office, under the title of governess. She was a woman of high endowments; and though young, being then only in her twenty-second year, well qualified to discharge the important trust. She governed France, during the minority of her brother, Charles VIII., with a steadiness, vigour, and wisdom, that would have done credit to the ablest of its kings.

‘ In the palace of Plessis Henry III. held his court, when negotiating a treaty with the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. The two kings met in the pleasure grounds on the opposite side of the river, about two miles below the bridge, on a knoll shaded with trees, and there the treaty was signed. This favoured knoll is an object of

beauty to the surrounding country, and its summit commands a lovely prospect. To the west the eye traces the course of the Loire as far as the sight can reach ; to the east it rests on a more bounded scene, terminated by the bridge, the town, and the beautiful towers of the cathedral. There are few more elegant specimens of gothic architecture than the cathedral ; and it escaped uninjured from the devastations of the revolutionists, whilst the church of St. Martin fell by their destructive hands. St. Martin was the tutelar saint of Tours, and much honoured throughout the kingdom : his church was the largest in France ; and his shrine was enriched with the offerings of kings and nobles. Louis XI. enclosed it with a railing of silver, which Francis I. contrived, by some means or other, to appropriate to his own use ; substituting, in its stead, one of baser metal. Of the body of this church not one stone is now left upon another : two of its towers remain ; and the distance between them marks the great extent of space the building occupied.

Tours, according to popular tradition, was so named from the great number of towers on the ramparts : the only one remaining stands near the quay, and is that where the young Duc de Guise was confined when his father and uncle were assassinated by the command of Henry III., and from which he made his escape after three years imprisonment.

An old history of Tours mentions, that the town was originally built with twelve gates, in imitation of Jerusalem, as described by St. John in the book of Revelation. In more recent times one of its entrances was called the Gate of Hugo ; and the Calvinists, from always passing through it to their private meetings, which were held in that quarter, obtained the name of Hugonots in the year 1560.

The province of Touraine is highly extolled, and is called by the French themselves the garden of France. Its principal feature of beauty is the Loire ; this great river, which rises in the mountains of the Cevennes, after flowing through the Bourbonnois and the Nivernois, to Orleans, pursues its course to Angers, in a narrow flat valley, bounded on each side by a ridge of low hills, and varying in width from two to five miles, the river approaching sometimes to one ridge and sometimes to the other, as it sweeps along. Formerly, in rainy seasons, its waters spread over the whole of the intervening space ; and near Angers, where the valley widens to a considerable extent, the overflowing of the Loire occasioned great damage to the country, making it a perfect swamp. In the year 809, Louis le Debonnaire, son of Charlemagne, passing through Angers, the inhabitants represented to him the mischief they suffered from these frequent inundations ; and he formed the plan of raising a great dam on the north bank of the river, to keep it within bounds, directed his son Pepin, king of Aquitaine, to send a skilful engineer to overlook the work, and encouraged the inhabitants in the undertaking, by granting them great privileges. It does not, however, appear to have been proceeded in so far as to answer entirely the end proposed, till Henry II., King of England, Comte d'Anjou, undertook its completion. He obliged his troops to labour with the inhabitants, allowed them exemp-

tions from military duties, and other immunities, to stimulate their exertions, and at length finished this great work. In the reign of Philip of Valois the mound was repaired, paved on the top, and formed into a public road, and such it continues to be to this day: it is called Charlemagne's Causeway, though the credit of first projecting it belongs properly to his son Louis.

'The valley is cultivated through its whole length like a garden; rich meadows are interspersed with fields of wheat, French beans, and other products, and intersected with rows of willows. The ridges on each side are covered with vineyards, villages, towns, and single houses: so that the number of habitations which have the general appearance of comfort and prosperity creates a degree of astonishment in the mind of the traveller. No alteration has taken place in the face of the country since the year 1802, when we descended the Loire in a boat from Orleans to Nantes; and I conclude it was, if possible, in a still more flourishing state in the year 1777, from the account given by the Emperor of Germany, Joseph II. (brother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette), who made a tour through France incognito, taking the title of Count of Falkeinstereu. He said, on his return to Paris, that nothing in his whole journey had struck him so much as the causeway on the bank of the Loire, and the number of towns, churches, villages, religious establishments, noble mansions, and farm houses, which extended on the north border of the Loire, from Tours to Angers, and formed almost a street of nearly ninety miles in length.

'Tours is built in a flat valley on the south border of the Loire, and is secured from its incursions by a mound; but the country behind the town is subject to be flooded by the river Cher, which runs for a considerable way almost parallel with the Loire, at the distance of nearly two miles, and afterwards joins it.' pp. 22—27.

Lyons has been often enough described; but some useful hints as to the principal objects within its limits, may be derived from the following passage.

'There are many remains of Roman architecture in the vicinity of Lyons. In the suburb of St. Irénée, where the original town stood, which was burnt in the reign of Nero, several arches are perfect of an aqueduct, constructed by Anthony to supply the troops of Julius Cæsar with water, from the small river Furens. This aqueduct may be traced by numerous vestiges between four and five leagues; and within a few miles of Lyons a row of several noble arches is still in a state of great preservation. A church is built on the summit of Mont Fourvières, from the ruins of a monument erected by Trajan, called Forum Vetus, and in old French, For Viel, which is now changed into Fourvières. Not far distant is the site of the palace where Germanicus was born. A monastery took its place; and that is now converted into an hospital for lunatics; and the building is so extremely ugly and conspicuous, that it is a blot in the scenery of this delightful hill, which, covered with woods, gardens, chateaux, and

vineyards, the church of Fourvières on its highest point, and the venerable cathedral at its base, forms a border of matchless beauty to the Saône. Several streets lead from the bank of the river to the brow of this hill, but the ascent is very steep and laborious. The view it commands of Lyons, its rivers, and surrounding country, is bounded by the Alps, which appear in the horizon like the white and massive clouds "charged with Jove's thunder."

'We had remarked on our journey a great difference in the temperature of the air after we had left the mountains of Tarare behind us. At Lyons, on Sunday, the 29th of September, the heat was so oppressive, that we did not venture to walk out in the middle of the day; but it did not prevent the natives from enjoying their usual promenade. Our windows opened to a street, leading from the Bellecour to the bridge over the Rhone, and we were amused by observing the crowd passing that way to their favourite walk, the Broteaux, on the other side of the river. The street was thronged most part of the day. In the evening, when others were beginning to return, we set out; some were still going, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of the concourse, with just convenient space to walk in, for there was no confusion or jostling; and we proceeded a mile without room to stir to the right or to the left, when finding that we had not reached the place of rendezvous, we turned back, with the same allowance of space to the end of our walk. We halted on the centre of the bridge, to take a view of the myriads of people who filled the road each way as far as we could see, and who appeared to have left their cares at home; for they all looked cheerful, and were decently dressed. We went a day or two afterwards, to ascertain what attractions the Broteaux possessed, and found, besides walks between rows of trees, a number of little public gardens, with seats and bowers, where refreshments of fruit and lemonade might be purchased. The trees bestow but a scanty shade, as they have been planted since the Revolution, when the ancient wood was cut down. Here and there one giant tree escaped the general massacre, and remains, a noble specimen of the shade-giving phalanx which perished by its side. The nearest way from the town is over a very handsome wooden bridge, Pont Morand; but a toll of a sou is demanded of every passenger; so that the Sunday throng prefer going round by the stone bridge near the Bellecour.

'The famous Roman shield, curiously ornamented with figures, representing part of the history of Scipio, was found under one of the arches of this bridge, by some fishermen, who accidentally discovered it in the sand. It was given to Louis XIV., and is now deposited in the Museum of the Botanic Garden at Paris.

'Besides a stand of very excellent hackney coaches at Lyons, a number of other carriages, called carrioles, constantly ply in the streets. They are nearly as large as a coach, and within have a sort of platform, round which the company sit; some looking out of the windows before, some out of the large door cases on each side, having their feet supported in a basket fastened on the outside of the carriole. Though these carriages will hold five or six persons, they are gene-

rally drawn by one horse, and are often driven by women. The women here not only fill the situation of *coachmen*, but likewise that of *boatmen*. All the pleasure boats on the Saône are under their management. This branch of trade is, I believe, secured to them by charter; at all events, they are in possession of it by custom. These boat-women sit in *groupes* at needle-work on the quay, to be ready when called. One day, on our inquiring for a boat to convey us to l'Isle Barbe, five or six of them jumped up in a moment to offer their services. A gentleman of our party fixed on a very handsome woman, who demanded three francs, ten sous for the fare; and he whispered her that he gave her ten sous more than the others had asked, because she was so much prettier than the rest. He maintained afterwards, that she was better pleased with the compliment than with the money: but I believe the woman had more wit in this instance than he gave her credit for. She rowed us with skill and dexterity about two miles up the river to this celebrated island. It is mentioned in Guillon's "*Tableau de Lyon*," that Charlemagne was so delighted with its beauty when he visited an abbey there, that he conceived the scheme of retiring from the world to this charming spot; and was so determined to put his plan in execution, (which however he never did,) that he collected an excellent library for his own use, which, as well as the abbey itself, was burnt by the Calvinists in the year 1552.' pp. 69—72.

The sex and matron-like character of Mrs. Carey must give authority to her remarks on female education, which we subjoin.

'The French have been in a great dilemma in regard to the education of their daughters, since the abolition of convents. The schools which have been established in their stead possess none of their advantages. In convents children were instructed, not by "persons hired with an insignificant salary, with which necessity alone could compel them to be contented, but by ladies who were adorned with all the accomplishments to which they were to form their pupils, and who devoted themselves to the education of youth from the purest and noblest of motives—motives of religion; considering themselves as answerable to God for the negligence which might endanger either the health or morals of the children entrusted to their care, and the children seeing in their mistresses persons their equals, and sometimes greatly their superiors in birth, were grateful for the marks of affection and interest they received from them, and beholding them invested with a sacred character, paid more attention to the lessons they gave, listening with a sort of religious respect."

'But in my opinion, the greatest advantage that belonged to a convent, as a place of education, was its perfect security from all intrusion, and the general protection which its walls afforded from the nature of the institution: so that children, safe within its precincts, enjoyed more individual liberty, and were less watched and guarded

than in schools, where (in England) they are scarcely ever left to themselves; but live in a state of constant restraint, with their minds perpetually directed to the practice of the great duties—of holding up their heads, turning out their toes, sitting upright on their chairs, and fifty other matters of like importance; which are totally subversive of all natural ease, infantine gayety, and the dear heedless freedom and sportive activity of childhood. It is melancholy to think on the prison-like confinement in which the daughters of our land are doomed to consume the rosy morning of their life; confinement so irksome and unnatural to youth, and so destructive to health of body and health of mind. The eternal attention to appearance, likewise, is mortifying to the dignity of human nature, and can never surely be essential to the education of a rational being.

• Schools for girls should have a large play-ground well guarded and fenced; and then, except in the hours appointed for instruction, they should be left at full liberty to amuse themselves, and to the exercise, so conducive to health, of childish gambols, and innocent frolics, without any watching or interference whatever.

• School girls should never be permitted to walk in procession in the streets, or public roads, to make a display of themselves or of their finery; neither should they have school balls, or exhibitions of any kind: it will be time enough when they are introduced into the world of fashion, to encourage vanity. Whilst at school they ought to dress in a very plain and simple manner, and nearly alike, that there might be no envy or rivalry on that account, and that no unnecessary fears of soiling or tearing their clothes might occupy their thoughts. One great point in their education should be, to encourage cheerfulness and good temper, and to render them civil, obliging, kind, and attentive to one another; which would probably have a more beneficial influence on their future conduct than standing in the stocks one half of their time, and swinging dumb-bells the other.

• With respect to the education of daughters *entirely* at home, one great disadvantage attends it: shut up with a governess they grow listless and melancholy, and seeing themselves objects of so much particular care, attention, and solicitude, they are apt to acquire an overweening opinion of their own importance, and are in danger of becoming proud, reserved, and selfish; but these consequences, though resulting from some defects in the system, do not so necessarily ensue, but they might be prevented. To guard against these defects is the great business of a mother. Indeed, in general, it is wiser for individuals to avoid the errors of an established system, than to undertake the hazardous task of inventing a new one, especially when the experiment must be tried on the minds of youth. Any apparent singularity in their mode of education, tends to engender in the pupils a degree of self-love which prompts them to value themselves too highly if they excel others, and to feel too acutely the mortification of inferiority.

• It behoves a mother to be very circumspect in her choice of a school, or in her choice of a governess. Every little miss, the mo-

ment she quits the nursery, thinks herself a candidate for the office of the latter; but girls who assist in large families under others better qualified for the charge, and gain some information, experience, and judgment, before they presume to undertake the important and arduous task of educating youth.

'After good principles, and good sense, the next most material consideration in the choice of a governess is, that she should be a gentlewoman. The manners, the delicacy, the quick sense of propriety, the thousand undefinable minutiae, that constitute the essence of the character, are early and imperceptibly imbibed by almost unconscious imitation. They are not to be taught by a set of rules, or by artificial means, and cannot be imparted by one who has them not herself.

'I have frequently been surprised, that ladies who did not suffer their children to interchange a syllable with a servant, lest they should catch a provincial accent, would yet entrust them to the tuition of a governess whose birth, connexions, early habits, and mode of thinking, were vulgar; as if the possession of a few accomplishments would sanctify the rest; or that children were less likely to copy the errors of those to whom they look up for instruction, than of their attendants, whom they quickly learn to regard as their inferiors.

'But something of infatuation appears to prevail on this subject: for I have known very sensible parents commit the education of their daughters to girls, almost as young, as thoughtless, and as ignorant as the babies themselves.

'The admission into gentlemen's families, of governesses, who have no pretensions by birth to the rank of gentlewomen, besides its being objectionable on their pupil's account, is attended by other evils. It is prejudicial to the *profession* of governess: for, by introducing into its pale those who have no other title to gentility, it helps to degrade and sink it in public estimation. The profession is one in which a woman may engage without losing the station of a gentlewoman; but it has not in itself the power to raise those to the rank, who have no claim of their own. By filling up the situation with a description of persons who might be employed, without suffering any degradation, with greater advantage to themselves and to the public, in useful trades or behind a counter, a great number of the portionless daughters of gentlemen are excluded from the means of obtaining their maintenance in the only line they can pursue, without entirely forfeiting their previous rank in society; and it is detrimental to the community at large, by holding out encouragement, or at least affording a pretext for the introduction of a spurious, factitious, and most injurious refinement amongst the inmates of our very cottages. A friend of mine happening to hear music, as she was paying a bill in a butcher's shop, in a village in Derbyshire, inquired from whence the sound came. The butcher's wife informed her, that her daughter was learning to play on the *pychea* in a room behind the shop. The lady took the liberty of remonstrating with her on the folly of letting a girl who must earn her own livelihood, waste money

and time in acquiring so useless an accomplishment. The woman replied, that her husband could give his daughter a pretty fortune—a couple of hundred pounds; and he meant to finish her education at a boarding-school, that she might be *polished up* for a governess, which would put her in a genteeler line of life. Her neighbour, the blacksmith, had sent his daughter to London, to an academy established for the purpose of polishing up girls for governesses; and she was now at my Lord Somebody's, educating the young ladies. "But if your daughter should not be so fortunate as to obtain a situation in a Lord Somebody's family, what will become of her then?" Learning was no burden: she would have got an education, and education was every thing. "A *proper* education," replied my friend, with an emphasis on the word "*proper*;" which gave great umbrage to the delicate sensibilities of the butcher's wife.' pp. 366—71.

We wish that our fair Traveller had omitted her very indifferent verses, entitled 'Emma.' Great allowance is indeed claimable for what are called *vers de société*; but when they are printed, the compact is broken, in virtue of which those compositions are alone entitled to indulgence. It may be allowed them occasionally to take a little fresh air out of the *escrutoire* or the portfolio, and to be shewn to a few select and partial friends; but they ought not to challenge the public eye.—We must now take leave of Mrs. Carey, not without remarking that any warm commendations bestowed upon her volume, would be a gross flattery, which her own good sense would quickly teach her to despise. Yet, it is not upon the whole disagreeably written, and to travellers who wish to pursue the same route, viz.; that of Cherbourg, Tours, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Montpellier, Bourdeaux, Rochelle, to Tours again, thence to Clermont, Lyons, and then from Geneva to Paris, it may prove a serviceable itinerary.

Art. IV. *Dissertations introductory to the Study and right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse.*
By Alexander Tilloch, L.L.D. 8vo. pp. 380. Price 12s. Lond. 1824.

THIS volume was designed by the Author as the precursor of a larger work which he was preparing for the elucidation of the Apocalypse, when the seal of death was put upon his multifarious labours. It contains a description of certain peculiarities in the composition of that Book, the nature of which he supposed that he had discovered. There is much ingenuity displayed in these pages, and many remarks occur in them, that are deserving of consideration; but we regret to be obliged to add, that the learned Author has frequently

ventured assertions wholly gratuitous, in order to support a favourite hypothesis, to which he had obviously determined that every fact should be made to bend; and that he has conducted many of the discussions in the volume before us, in a manner that must be pronounced by every impartial reader, not only unfair, but, in some instances, disingenuous. There is a petulance of manner too, discovered towards Dean Woodhouse, (whose work on the *Apocalypse* is written in a truly excellent spirit,) which, were the Author yet among the living, would have called for rebuke. 'Changes of this kind,' says the Dean, referring to the charges described in the *Epistles to the Seven Churches*, 'in a whole body of Christians, must be gradual, and the production of many years.' On this unexceptionable statement of an opinion which its Author deemed both correct and important, Dr. Tilloch, in his first *Dissertation*, animadvert in language as much at variance with good taste as with justice.

'The charge, to suit Mr. Woodhouse's argument, must be one that would require "many years," and therefore the whole body of the believers in Asia must be calumniated.—"Many years!" How many would this writer think sufficient for the establishment of Christianity in the world?' p. 31.

We have represented Dr. Tilloch as sometimes adopting unfair methods in the discussions which he has prosecuted:—we must substantiate that representation by the following example. The testimony of Irenæus, which assigns the date of the publication of the *Apocalypse* to the reign of Domitian, near the close of the first century, has been generally received. Dr. Tilloch is of opinion, that the *Apocalypse* was written before any other book of the New Testament, so early as the time of Claudius, or, at all events, not later than the reign of Nero. To his arguments in support of that opinion, the critical reader will feel bound to give the requisite attention; but, in the course pursued by Dr. T., he will detect any thing but fair proceeding. At p. 4., Lardner is represented as 'taking it for granted, that John had been banished;' and Dr. Tilloch asks, (p. 12.) 'Could John by no possibility have visited Patmos, "for the word of God," or to preach the gospel, till after he had taken up his residence at Ephesus?' At p. 15., referring to the argument for a late date of the *Apocalypse*, which some writers have founded on the fact, that no traces are to be discovered of any persecution of the Christians in the reign of Claudius, the Author remarks:—

'This argument assumes, as not to be questioned, that John's visit to Patmos was by compulsion, in consequence of persecution; but he

himself does not say so ; he only states that he was there, *δια του λογος του Θεου*, " for the word of God"—words which, taken in their strict and proper sense, do not convey that idea ; and shall we be content, on a question of this kind, to receive the traditions of men who would have us believe, without giving their authority, that John was cast, by order of Nero or Domitian, into a vessel of boiling oil, and came out unhurt ?

Now, in the first place, Irenæus has not a single word about the vessel of boiling oil ; his testimony, therefore, may be received, without subjecting us to the imputation of believing on no authority. Secondly, the phrase ' for the word of God,' *δια του λογος του Θεου*, is never used as denoting ' to preach the ' gospel.' In direct opposition to Dr. T., we take upon us to affirm, that John's own testimony is substantially in favour of the opinion that he was in the Island of Patmos by compulsion, in consequence of persecution. But why has the passage in question been exhibited by Dr. Tilloch in a mutilated form ? It reads as follows in the *Apocalypse* :—" I, John, who also " am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the " kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is " called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony " of Jesus Christ." These expressions, we apprehend, by no means convey the notion that John had gone voluntarily to Patmos, for the purpose of preaching the gospel. It is to a state of suffering, and not to circumstances of voluntary service, that they clearly point. In other instances in which these or similar phrases are employed in the *Apocalypse*, they unquestionably imply persecution and suffering. *Ex. gr.* " I " saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the " word of God, and for the testimony which they held." (Chap. vi. 9.)—" the souls of them that were beheaded for the " testimony of Jesus, and for the word of God." (Chap. xx. 4.) Let the words which the Author has so strangely omitted in the preceding extract, be supplied to complete the quotation, and then let the entire passage be compared with the above sentences, and the conclusion, we think, must be, that it affords the clearest and strongest evidence in support of the concurrent testimony of the early writers, that John, as a persecuted Apostle, was banished to Patmos. We shall subjoin a passage from Origen, to shew in what sense he understood the words of John, which Dr. Tilloch has so strangely treated. ' And a Roman emperor, as tradition teaches, banished John ' into the island Patmos, for the testimony which he bore to ' the word of truth. And John himself bears witness to his ' banishment, omitting the name of the emperor by whom he ' was banished, saying in the Revelation : *I, John, who also am*

reproofs of the apostle to this church—reproofs which fix upon it the same character ascribed to it in the Apocalypse—is surprising; and it is still more surprising that Mr. Woodhouse should so strenuously maintain, and expand the argument, in the face of this direct testimony of Paul, that this church had actually *turned from her first love*, before he wrote this epistle.

‘The reproof to this church, in the Apocalypse, runs thus:

“*I have against thee that THY LOVE [ἀγάπη], THY FIRST [love], “THOU HAST LEFT” [or forsaken]. Rev. ii. 4.*

‘Paul, writing to Timothy, says:—

“*I besought thee to abide at Ephesus that thou mightest charge some that they teach no other doctrine. Now the end [or design] of this charge is LOVE [ἀγάπη], out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned; FROM WHICH SOME HAVING “SWERVED, HAVE TURNED ASIDE TO VAIN JANG-“LING.” 1 Tim. i. 5.*

‘From this it appears not only possible, that the church at Ephesus could *depart from her first love*, so early as the time of Nero, but most certain that this church had actually then *swerved from it and turned aside*. The whole argument, therefore, for a late date for the Apocalypse, drawn from the alleged state of the churches when the Revelation was written, falls to the ground; for here we have a church—one of the seven Apocalyptic churches too—reproved for the very fault laid to her charge in the Apocalypse, and that more than thirty years before the date which those who ascribe the book to the reign of Domitian would give to this prophecy.’ pp. 33—37.

Now, in the whole of these quotations, and they are in some instances improperly detached from the connexion in which the Apostle has placed them, what is there, we would ask, of direct charge or censure? What faults are reprehended? What reproofs are administered? Is there any article of counsel or exhortation which would not be strictly proper and necessary in addressing Gentile converts on their first admission into the church, or on their being formed into a Christian community? And if the whole of these passages are appropriate to such a state, and to Christians in such circumstances, what evidence do they afford of declension? But would not the whole of those exhortations be in place in an epistle to a Christian community of the most exemplary character and conduct? If, then, to churches of the greatest celebrity for purity and consistency, such counsels and exhortations would not be unnecessary, what proof or presumption do they furnish of their being in a declining condition? But we would direct the particular attention of our readers to the compared passages, Rev. ii. 4, and 1 Tim. i. 5, in the preceding extract, on which Dr. Tilloch has founded the bold assertion, that the church of Ephesus had most certainly departed from her first

‘ That the Asiatic churches could not, so early as the reign of Nero, exhibit the character ascribed to them in the Apocalypse, is a mere assumption ; for we have seen that other churches were equally censurable, at the time at which the different epistles, addressed to them, were written. Let us apply the same mode of enquiry into character, to the Asiatic churches, by examining the only Apostolic Epistle which we have, addressed to one of the Apocalyptic churches : I mean that sent to the saints at Ephesus.

‘ Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians (ch. iii. 17, 19), prays that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith, that, being ROOTED AND GROUNDED IN LOVE, they might know the love of Christ, which excelleth knowledge of any other kind. The Apostle was ever earnest, in his prayers, that all the churches might increase and abound in love yet more and more ; but in his subsequent exhortation he more than insinuates a reason for his particular anxiety, on this point, respecting the Ephesians —“ *I the prisoner of the Lord beseech you to walk worthy of your calling, with all lowliness and meekness, with LONG SUFFERING, FORBEARING (or bearing with) ONE ANOTHER IN LOVE ; earnestly endeavouring to PRESERVE THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE—one body and one spirit*” (iv. 1—4). Does he not here plainly intimate, that they were now exhibiting a temper and conduct very different from that spirit of love by which Christians ought to be characterised ? He goes on, in the fourth chapter, to remind them of the design of all CHRIST’S gifts to the church, namely, the edification and perfecting of the body of CHRIST, “ *that we may no longer be children, tossed like waves, and carried about by every wind of doctrine,...but speaking the truth in LOVE may grow up into CHRIST the head.....This I say therefore and charge you in the Lord, that ye NO LONGER walk as other gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind.....Put away lying, and speak every man truth to his neighbour ; for we are members one of another. ARE YE ANGRY ! AND WITHOUT SIN ? [impossible]. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath, nor [thus by your anger] give place to the devil.....Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth...and grieve not THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD.....Let all BITTERNESS, and WRATH, and ANGER, and CLAMOR, and EVIL SPEAKING, be PUT AWAY FROM YOU, and all MALICE : and BE YE KIND one to another, TENDER HEARTED, FORGIVING one another, even as God for CHRIST’S sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore imitators of God as dear children, and WALK IN LOVE as CHRIST hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.*” (iv. 5).

‘ A departure from their “FIRST LOVE” is plainly inferable from the whole of this exhortation ; nor can we longer doubt, that such a change in the conduct of some of the members of this church, as Mr. Woodhouse, and those whom he follows, maintain could not possibly take place before the reign of Domitian, had actually occurred before the date of this Epistle (A.D. 61 according to the best critics) ; and, so far, their argument for a late date to the Apocalypse is unfounded. That they should have entirely overlooked the strong

reproofs of the apostle to this church—reproofs which fix upon it the same character ascribed to it in the Apocalypse—is surprising; and it is still more surprising that Mr. Woodhouse should so strenuously maintain, and expand the argument, in the face of this direct testimony of Paul, that this church had actually *turned from her first love*, before he wrote this epistle.

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‘From this it appears not only possible, that the church at Ephesus could *depart from her first love*, so early as the time of Nero, but most certain that this church had actually then *swerved from it and turned aside*. The whole argument, therefore, for a late date for the Apocalypse, drawn from the alleged state of the churches when the Revelation was written, falls to the ground; for here we have a church—one of the seven Apocalyptic churches too—reproved for the very fault laid to her charge in the Apocalypse, and that more than thirty years before the date which those who ascribe the book to the reign of Domitian would give to this prophecy.’ pp. 33—37.

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love,—had, so early as the time of the date of the first Epistle to Timothy, actually swerved from it and turned aside. They will notice the extraordinary manner in which Dr. T. has connected the relative 'FROM WHICH' with the noun 'LOVE' as its antecedent. But neither is the relative singular, nor is the noun 'love' the antecedent. The relative is plural, 'Ω', and refers to the three immediately preceding nouns;—'from which,' namely, 'a pure heart, a good conscience, and unfeigned faith.' Who, unless he had an hypothesis to maintain to which every propriety of interpretation must be sacrificed, could find, in this passage, 'the church at Ephesus reproved for the very fault laid to her charge in the *Apocalypse*?' There is no fault laid to the charge of the church at Ephesus, in the quotation from the Epistle to Timothy, which Dr. Tilloch has shaped to his own purpose. Who were the 'some' that had swerved? If Dr. Tilloch had done justice to his quotation, he would have proceeded a little further, and added the words, "desiring to be teachers of the law," which make it plain who the 'some' were: they were persons who intruded themselves into the churches for the purpose of corrupting the doctrines received by them, and who set themselves up as instructors, in opposition to the Apostles and other genuine Christian teachers;—they sought to pervert the disciples, and were men of corrupt minds. (chap. vi. 5.) These were the persons who had swerved; they every where infested the churches; and Timothy had a charge given him by the Apostle, to guard the Christians at Ephesus against their innovations. But against the Ephesian church itself, there is no allegation in his Epistle.

The facility with which a writer can adopt unsubstantial data, and apply them to the support of an hypothesis, is strikingly illustrated in the following sentence.

'Cerinthus, who wrote a false *Apocalypse*, borrowing, altering, and corrupting passages from the genuine one, having died before John, it is impossible that John's *Apocalypse* could have been written so late as the time of the persecution by Domitian.' pp. 42, 3.

The whole of these particulars are too remote from certainty to be the basis of substantial argument. The time of Cerinthus is not accurately to be determined; there is no proof that he died before John. It is not to be ascertained, that he wrote a false *Apocalypse*; nor is it a position which it would be safe to maintain, that he borrowed, altered, and corrupted passages from the genuine one. Lardner thought it highly probable, that Cerinthus flourished in the latter end of the first, or very early in the second century, and that there is not any good ground to conclude, that he corrupted and interpolated

the genuine *Revelation* of St. John. See Lardner, (Kippis's Ed.) Vol. IX. p. 330. Vol. III. p. 116. Lardner's discussions may not be on all points conducted to satisfactory conclusions, but they may very confidently be pleaded against the sweeping impossibility which Dr. Tilloch has founded upon assumptions of a very questionable character.

The date of the *Apocalypse* may seem to some readers to be a point of but little moment; but, if Dr. Tilloch's notion of its design be a correct one, it cannot be accounted a superfluous labour, to ascertain by all available means the time of its publication.

'— For, being,' he says, ' a direct revelation from the Head of the Church, if written in the reign of Claudius, or early in that of his successor Nero, it must be considered as having been given for the instruction of the apostles themselves, as well as of the other members of Christ's body; and, if so, it must have been often the subject of their meditations; and not unfrequently, its topics would furnish matter for allusion in their oral addresses, and, most probably, also in their epistles to the churches.'

This we believe to be quite a new view of the *Apocalypse*. If, however, this book were designed for the use of the Apostles, it would seem not a little singular, that they should never in their epistles make direct mention of so important a document; that, instead of being addressed and sent to them, it should have been addressed and forwarded to the seven Asiatic churches; and that John, the writer of it, should not have either named or referred to the Apostles, or stated its design. The Apostle Paul, from whom proceeded the greater part of the Epistles in the New Testament, has strongly asserted the original and independent character of his qualifications as an Apostle and Christian teacher; and he furnishes no ground of surmise, either to his opponents, or to his adherents, of any other source from which his instructions were received, than the communications made to him directly and personally by the great Head of the Church. The supposition of such a design and use of the *Apocalypse* as the preceding extract exhibits, is not recommended by the slightest degree of probability. Dr. Tilloch, however, takes some pains to obtain credit for this romantic hypothesis; and he proceeds, in his second Dissertation,— ' On the evidence furnished by the Epistles in the New Testament, respecting the time when the *Apocalypse* was written,'—to shew that the writers of the epistles had before them the *Apocalypse*, or were acquainted with it, and either copied from it, or have alluded to it. Of Dr. Tilloch's researches and conclusions in this part of his argument, we shall furnish a few

examples: we begin with the first passages on which he comments.

‘ In ch. x. 35, 36. (of the Epistle to the Hebrews) he exhorts them to retain *their confidence, which hath great recompence of REWARD*, having need of patience, that, after doing the will of God, they “ *might receive THE PROMISE.*” That the promise refers to the inheritance promised by CHRIST, in the Apocalypse, is plain, from what he adds in v. 37, “ *For in a very little while ὁ ἔρχόμενος, THE COMING ONE will come; yea he will not procrastinate.*”—“ *The coming one*” was a name applied to the MESSIAH before he appeared on the earth, and is the term employed in Matt. xi. 3. “ *Art Thou the coming one?*” (Common Version, *he that should come*). But the Jews had lost all knowledge of the fact that he was to come *twice*: nor did even his disciples understand this, till after his ascension. That is, according to their belief, this appellation must have ceased to be any longer applicable to him, after he had once appeared on the earth. But it is again appropriated to him in the Apocalypse, in reference to his *second coming*. He is there called, ὁ ὢν, καὶ ὁ ἔρχομαι, KAI Ὁ ἔΡΧΟΜΕΝΟΣ, and THE COMING ONE, (Common Version, “ *him which is to come*”) Rev. i. 4. iv. 8; and it is from this second appropriation of this name that Paul employs it, in reference to the promise which will be performed when the MESSIAH comes again, to receive his people to himself. In one word, “ *The coming one*” is the *Alpha and the Omega of the Revelation*, who says, “ *Behold I come QUICKLY, and my REWARD is with me;*” (Rev. xxii. 12.) “ *I AM ὁ ἔρχόμενος, THE COMING ONE.*” (Rev. i. 8).’ pp. 52—54.

In Dissertation the Fifth, Dr. Tilloch informs us, that ‘ these words then—ὁ ὢν, καὶ ὁ ἔρχομαι—are no part of those spoken by HIM who says, in the first clause of the verse, Ἐγώ εἰμι τὸ Α καὶ τὸ Ω, I am the Alpha and the Omega; but are explanatory terms, added by the writer.’ This appears to us directly to contradict the concluding part of the preceding extract. Again: Dr. Tilloch refers the expressions, “ *Behold I come quickly,*” to the second coming of Christ;” whereas in Dissertation the second, (p. 3.) he appears to adopt from Michaelis the opinion that they refer to the destruction of Jerusalem. Michaelis refers Heb. x. 37, to the destruction of Jerusalem; so does Macknight. But, admitting that this passage refers to the second and final coming of Christ, we see no proof whatever, from the comparison of passages brought forward by the Author, that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews copied from the Apocalypse. If ‘ the coming one’ is a name applied to the Messiah in reference to his appearance in the world, it is an expression which the discourses of our Lord would teach his disciples to appropriate to him in respect to a future advent. Dr. Tilloch allows, that, after Christ’s ascen-

sion, his disciples understood the fact, that he was to come twice. The disciples were informed very particularly of this fact. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts i. 11.) This assurance of the fact must have been current among the disciples and among all Christians; and the appellation would not therefore cease either to be applicable to him, or to be used in such application. If there had been no Revelation written, the appellation would still have been suggested, and might unquestionably have been employed by a writer who had never seen or heard of the *Apocalypse*. With respect to 'the promise,' we might satisfy ourselves with asking, whether it remained unknown till the publication of the *Apocalypse*, that there is a reward for the righteous; and whether an inspired writer had any occasion to have that book in his possession, before he could exhort believers in the Gospel to expect the fulfilment of the promise of God to complete the felicity of the pious?

Again, take the following passage.

'The first Epistle to the Corinthians, supposed by Critics to have been written in the year 56 or 57, exhibits, in the 15th Chapter, an evidence of its posteriority to the *Apocalypse*, so conclusive, that it must appear, when pointed out, very surprising that Critics could possibly have missed the sense of the Apostle.

'In the *Apocalypse* the future time is divided into periods marked out by *Trumpets*, under the sounding of each of which, respectively, certain events are predicted. In Ch. x. 6, 7 we are taught that *time shall continue only to the days of the voice of the seventh Angel*, or the last of these seven trumpets: and, in Ch. xi. 15-18, that *when the seventh Angel sounds, then is come the time of the dead that they should be judged; and that the saints shall then be rewarded*. In the 20th Chapter this reward is explained as being connected with a resurrection from the dead: "*Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.*"

'Some of the Corinthians had misunderstood, and misapplied, the things thus taught respecting "*the Resurrection,*"—probably taking the expression as something figurative, and saying, "*there is no [real or literal] resurrection.*" The Apostle first corrects their mistaken views, shewing that, *at CHRIST's coming*, the resurrection of believers shall be as true and real as was the resurrection of CHRIST himself, who was "*the first fruits;*" and that, when this shall be, "*then cometh the end,*" (as taught in the *Apocalypse*): after stating this he dwells on the subject, answers questions which some might put, respecting the manner of the resurrection, and the body to be given to the dead, and in ver. 51, 52 addresses them thus: "*Behold I show you a secret; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all*

"be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at THE LAST TRUMPET; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible: and we shall be changed."

The Apostle, by the manner of his expression, when he introduces *the Trumpet*, shows that, so far as respects it, he was speaking of something with which they were already acquainted; for he not only introduces the term "*last*," but also employs the article—*τῇ ἰσχύϊ τῆς σάλπιγγος*, "*THE last trumpet*;" and *no trumpet* had previously been mentioned in the Epistle. The *mystery* then, or *secret*, of which he speaks, respects, not the trumpet, but the sudden change to be passed on the saints who shall be alive at Christ's second coming. They shall then undergo a change similar to that which the dead have experienced or shall experience, with this difference only, that it shall be, *in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye*. The mention of the trumpet is merely casual, to point out to the Corinthians *the period* at which this shall take place:—it shall be *at THE LAST TRUMPET*. Had they not, before, heard of "*the last trumpet*," Paul's reference to it, with the Article, would have been unintelligible: but I shall rather question the judgment of those persons who ascribe barbarisms to the inspired Apostle, than believe that he writes nonsense. *The trumpet* of which he speaks is *THE LAST of the Apocalyptic trumpets*; for in the text quoted, we have—"the trumpet"—"*the last trumpet*"—"the sounding of the last trumpet"—an *explanation of a secret* respecting an event that is to take place "*at the last trumpet*." What farther identity would the most obtuse mind require, as demonstrative of the source whence the Apostle draws his argument as to the period of the change of which he speaks? I venture to say more:—Those who can look at such passages and yet question the source, must be but little acquainted with the modes of quotation used by the Apostolical and Evangelical writers.—"*The LAST trumpet*," is an expression without meaning but as taken in relation to *prior trumpets*.' pp. 99—102.

The value of such criticism as this it is not difficult to appreciate. In 1 Thess. iv. 16, we have *σάλπιγγι θείου* without the article, where the reference is not less definite to the closing scene of time, than in the former case. In 1 John ii. 18, we have *last hour*; in Jude, verse 18, *last time*; where the words are without the article, though the reference is definite, and must connect in the writer's mind with a previously understood *time*, or *hour*. If, however, a reference be wanted to confirm the definite use of the article in 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52, it may be made to Matt. xxiv. 31; for, supposing that that gospel was written after the epistle to the Corinthians, the declaration of Christ which it records in relation to his second and final coming, must have been well remembered among his disciples. We perceive in passages like the preceding, no proof that the Apostle referred to a published book, or borrowed from it.

In Dissertation the third, 'On the verbal language of the
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'Apocalypse,' we meet with some ingenious and interesting remarks on the phraseology of this book ; but, in many instances, they are more fanciful than just, and in others, they are decidedly erroneous. The words, ὁ μαρτυρῶν ὁ πιστός, Chap. i. 5, are considered as the expression of a Hebrew noun by the Amanuensis of the Apocalypse ; and, in Chap. iii. 14, they are regarded as forming no part of the words of the speaker, but as a parenthetical explanation by John himself, defining the meaning of the indeclinable Hebrew noun אמן, Amen. We doubt the correctness of these representations, because we find the same usage in passages where explanation could not be necessary to Greek readers, for whose benefit those parenthetical explanations are supposed to be inserted. Thus, in Chap. i. 8, we have " I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord " In Chap. xxii. 13, we have " I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last." The latter words, in both instances, are inserted, not as explanatory of Alpha and Omega, but for the purpose of emphasis, and they are evidently the words of the speaker. The strong assertions of the following passage we shall prove to be erroneous.

'In the use of the prepositions John is so rigid that unless a translator attends to them with great care, noting the case with which they are put in construction, he will often fail to express the sense of the original. In no point have translators failed more essentially than in this ; giving a kind of school-boy version, which, in many instances, conjures up a false picture to the mind. Take the following as an instance: Εἶδον ἐπὶ τὴν δεξιάν τοῦ καθήμενου ἐπὶ τοῦ θρόνου βιβλίον (ch. v. 1) Here the first ἐπὶ is joined with an accusative, in which situation it never, in any instance, expresses position *on* or *in* place,—any thing resting *in situ* : yet all the versions have rendered these words thus : " I saw *IN* the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book." Now the fact is—John did not see, nor does he say that he saw, a book in any hand whatever, either right or left. Had he meant to say so, he would, when employing the preposition ἐπὶ, have put the noun in the genitive. He tells us that he saw a book *on* or *concerning* a certain subject or topic : and informs us what this subject was ; namely, " the right hand of the one sitting upon the throne." Consequently " the right hand" must not be taken in its proper sense, but in some other to which the Scripture is not a stranger. In one word, a little enquiry will satisfy the reader, that he here employs the expression commonly used in the Old Testament for *power* :—he saw a treatise or work which had for its principal topic, the *POWER* of the one sitting upon the throne. In fact, the text presents a strong Hebrew figure of speech, which escapes entirely the notice of the reader, when the preposition is wrongly translated." pp. 158, 9.

Now to the assertion that ἐπὶ with an accusative never, in

any instance, expresses position *on* or *in* place,—any thing resting *in situ*, we shall oppose decided examples of this very usage; and both for the sake of avoiding a discussion which might be tedious to our readers, and for the purpose of establishing the position which is thus peremptorily stated to be a false one, by the very authority to which Dr. Tilloch limits his observations, we shall restrict our proofs to the Apocalypse. In Chap. iv. 4, we have ἐπὶ τοῖς θρόνοις ἕκαστοι τέσσαρες πρεσβυτέρους, καθήμενους, *upon the thrones four and twenty elders sitting*. Chap. xiv. 1, we cite, τὸ πρῶτον ἵστηκός ἐπὶ τῷ ὄρει Σιών, *the Lamb standing on the mount Zion*. In Chap. xix. 11, we find ἵππος λευκός, καὶ ὁ καθήμενος ἐπ' αὐτόν, *a white horse, and he that sat upon him*; verse 12, καὶ ἐπὶ τῇ κεφαλῇ αὐτοῦ διαδήματα, *and upon his head many crowns*; verse 16, ἐπὶ τῷ ἰμάντι καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ μηρὶ αὐτοῦ ὄνομα γεγραμμένον, *upon his vesture and upon his thigh a name inscribed*. In these quotations, and we could increase their number, the preposition ἐπὶ is joined with accusatives, and undeniably expresses, in every one of the examples, position *on* or *in* place. The elders were seen seated *on* thrones; the Lamb was seen standing *on* mount Zion; the rider was seated *on* the white horse; the crowns were posited *on* the rider's head; the letters of the inscription were engraven *on* his vesture and *on* his thigh. These are all instances in which the preposition ἐπὶ is applied to nouns which denote objects resting *in situ*, and they are more than sufficient to prove the error and rashness of the Author in so peremptorily asserting the contrary of the fact. We read, therefore, “in the right hand,” or, as we suppose the right hand was expanded, and the volume rested upon it, “on the right hand” “of the one sitting on the throne.” The strangeness of Dr. Tilloch's interpretation is too obvious to require refutation. In the seventh verse, the action described is, the taking of the book out of or from off the right hand of the one sitting on the throne. The fact, then, is, that John did see, and that he says he saw, a book in, or on the hand, &c. and Dr. Tilloch's criticism is altogether futile.

Equally unsubstantial are his explanations of verse 6th, the sense of which he entirely mistakes. He strangely denies that ἵστηκός can have any thing to do with *standing* as opposed to *sitting*, or any reference whatever to *posture*. To any sober critic the word would convey the notion of standing, and of nothing else. What but standing is the meaning of ἵστηκός, Gen. xviii, 22? Abraham was standing before the Lord. So, in 1 Kings x. 19, ἵστηκός refers to posture, *standing*. So Dan. viii. 3, ἵστηκός, a ram was *standing*. And not to multiply examples, what but *standing* is the meaning of ἵστηκός in this very book. Rev. xiv. 1, “I saw a Lamb standing on the mount Zion.”

Dr. Tilloch too very strangely apprehends that the phrase *ἐν μέσῳ τοῦ θρόνου* is to be understood as denoting place upon the throne: 'the individual who is represented as filling, occupying, or SITTING UPON the throne,—as being in the midst of the throne; and this one is the Lamb.' The absurdity of this interpretation will be instantly perceived when the passage is brought under the notice of the most superficial reader; for, in the same manner in which the Lamb was in the midst of the throne, he was in the midst of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders. The Lamb was in the middle space between the throne and the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders, and was *standing*. It cannot be necessary to proceed with the consideration of such criticisms as these, though the Author is so much delighted with them, and regards them as so important, as to exhibit them again in several subsequent pages.

In the Fourth Dissertation, the Author considers the various names by which the Creator of the Universe is designated in the Scriptures, and the proper mode of translating them. He discusses at some length the usage of the sacred writers in respect to the attributive nouns *אל, אלה, אלוה, Eloah, and אלהים, Elohim*, commonly rendered 'God' in the English public version of the Scriptures. David Levi, in his "*Lingua Sacra*," explains these several nouns in reference to *power* absolute and unlimited, and asserts the last of them to be singular in number. Dr. Tilloch assigns the same etymological import to the nouns, and contends against the plural interpretation of *אלהים* as applied to the Supreme Being. As the English representative of this noun, he uses the expression 'Omnipotence,' and, in cases in which the *ה* is prefixed, 'The Omnipotent.' In Section the Third of this Dissertation, an explanation is given of the phrase 'image of God,' as used in Gen. i. 26—28, which we cannot pass over. 'The image, likeness, or resemblance, here intended,' says the Author, 'was given to man as the head of the animal creation; the resemblance related to power, the attribute by which JEHOVAH designates himself throughout the whole context.' But was not the dominion which man exercised over the animal creation as its head, an investiture granted to him subsequently to his being created? and does not the Apostle, in Colos. iii. 10, suggest, that the Divine resemblance of the first man to his Creator, consisted in something else than his possessing the attribute of power?

In Dissertation the Fifth, 'On the Hebrew name JEHOVAH [יהוה], and the Greek expressions *ΚΥΡΙΟΣ ὁ ΘΕΟΣ*,' the Author contends that the words used by the writer of the Apocalypse, "*which is, and which was, and which is to come*"—*הוּא הָיָה, וְהָיָה, וְהָיָה*

ὁ ἐρχομὸς, are employed by him to define the sense in which he uses the word κέρος, when he employs this Greek word to represent the Hebrew name JEHIOVAH; this, Dr. T. regards as a compound of the *past*, the *present*, and the *future time* of the Hebrew verb of existence יה, and proposes the word *Eternal* for adoption as corresponding to the definition given by John. In a subsequent part of his work, (Dissertation the Seventh,) he resumes the subject of definitions, and ventures some opinions which the reader who examines the authorities cited in their support, will not be disposed to adopt. If the expressions which Dr. Tilloch considers as definitions, be really such, it will occur to the reader of his work to inquire, whether they are used in this way in agreement with the practice of writers who define the terms which they introduce into their compositions. When a writer intends to use words which require explanation, it is natural to expect that he would employ both the term which required to be explained and the definition itself, in the first instance of his introducing them. We should not expect him to give us the definition without the term, or the term apart from the definition. But, in Revel. i. v. 4. John uses, in his address to the churches of Asia, the following words; ἀπο τοῦ ὅτι καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρχομὸς. And in the following verse, we have, ἀπο Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, ὁ μάρτυς ὁ πιστός, ὁ πρῶτος; ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν, καὶ ὁ ἄρχων τῆς βασιλείας τῆς γῆς. In both cases, these are the words of John. Are the expressions ὁ μάρτυς ὁ πιστός, *the faithful and true witness*, a definition of the words which immediately precede them? This will not be imagined. They must then be a description of character applying to the person here named, and cannot in this instance be a definition, not being preceded by a term which requires explanation. ὁ πρῶτος; ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν, are said by Dr. Tilloch to be a definition of the Hebrew בכור (bechor), which the Apostle applies to Jesus Christ as an epithet occurring in Psalm lxxxix, 27, relative to the Messiah, adding the words 'from the dead.' καὶ τῶν νεκρῶν, as explanatory of the sense in which he is called 'the first born.' But is not the term 'first born,' as used in the Hebrew Scriptures, employed in quite another relation than the expression "first born from the dead," in the New Testament? And is not the whole phrase a descriptive character applied to Jesus Christ by the Apostle, rather than a definition of any term used by him? In Coloss. i. 15, the phrase occurs, "first born of the whole creation," which may with equal propriety be regarded as a definition given by the writer of the Hebrew word 'bechor' in Psalm lxxxix, 27, the words following being added to explain the sense in which he uses it. But, unless "first born of every creature" and "first born from the

"dead," be expressions identical in meaning, we shall have different explanations of the same term by the two inspired Apostles. The Apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians, has stated, however, the sense in which he uses the expression "first born," and it is one which excludes the meaning, "from the dead." Again, if "which is, and which was, and which is to come," be words defining the term *Κυριος*, as taking the place of the Hebrew word JEHOVAH, it would be natural to expect the uniform application of them in every case in which *Κυριος* is used; because, if it were the design of the writer in using them, to express time *past*, *present*, and *future*, the omission of any part of the whole series of words, would prevent the proper import of the word defined from being conveyed to the reader. In Chap. xi. 17. we have *Κυριος*—ὁ *ὢν*, καὶ ὁ *ἦν* (Griesbach,)

'and here,' says Dr. Tilloch, 'it is remarkable that the whole term *יהוה* seems not to have been employed, but only *יהוה*, the 'god, the sign of the future, being left out, because the time of Christ's second coming is anticipated, for when he shall have come, he will no longer be the coming one, ὁ *ερχομενος*.'

Now this appears to us very much like giving up the position which the Dr. has been at so much pains to maintain; for, if, for any reasons, the part of the combined expressions which denotes '*futuration*,' ὁ *ερχομενος*, can be separated from the others which denote time *present* and time *past*, it amounts to a denial of the kind of existence for which the Author has been contending as of necessity implied in the Hebrew JEHOVAH and its Greek equivalent *Κυριος*. The reason assigned by Dr. Tilloch for the omission is, however, not a substantial one; for, in Chap. xvi. 5, we have the words ὁ *ερχομενος* omitted, where the anticipation of Christ's second coming is out of the question.

In Dissertation the Seventh (Sec. 5,) the Author labours to shew that the scene of the Apocalyptic vision was the Sanctuary. So he explains ὁ *οὐρανός*; and, in answer to the question, Why does John call it *the heaven*? he replies:—

'Because it was so called anciently; though the circumstance has been overlooked, and, in consequence, many passages in the Old Testament in which *השמים*, "the heaven," occurs, have been misunderstood, this term having been referred to the *heaven above*, in places where, in fact, it refers to the typical *sitting-place* or *dwelling*, which God had condescended to establish among the children of Israel.'

We cannot follow the Author into all the particulars of his attempt to prove this point. No competent reader of the He-

brew Bible can be satisfied with it. In no part of that book is the Sanctuary denominated *the heaven*. Of what value is such criticism as the following?

“In the dedication of the Temple by Solomon (1 Kings ch. viii.) several things are remarkable—“*I have surely built thee an house*” (says Solomon in his address to JEHOVAH) *to dwell in, A SETTLED PLACE* [Heb. מִכָּן, literally A PREPARED PLACE] *for thee to abide in* (v. 13). *And Solomon stood before the Altar of JEHOVAH, in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands towards heaven*”—[Hebrew הַשָּׁמַיִם, “THE HEAVEN”] v. 22. What heaven? Not the region of the clouds, which is sometimes called heaven, as in v. 35—“*When heaven* (שָׁמַיִם without the ה pre-fixed) *is shut up, and there is no rain,*” &c.; nor *the heaven above*, for in this chapter particular pains are taken to distinguish this heaven from that of which Solomon principally speaks in his dedicatory prayer, by contrasting it with *the earth beneath*, as in v. 23., “*There is no God like thee in THE HEAVEN ABOVE nor on THE EARTH BENEATH*,”—and in v. 27. *the heaven of Solomon* (for he made it, as we shall see immediately) is actually put in contrast with *the heaven above*: “*But will GOD indeed DWELL ON THE EARTH?* [viz. at Jerusalem] *behold THE HEAVEN, [that which Solomon built for him to dwell in at Jerusalem,] yea THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS [the heaven above,] cannot contain thee, how much less THIS HOUSE which I have built.*” In fact, the place of God’s dwelling or sitting, (for the Hebrew means either,) wherever supposed to be, is called HEAVEN, which is only another name for *his dwelling-place*, whether *the heaven above* (otherwise called *the Heaven of heavens*) be intended, or a *prepared place of dwelling*, made by his appointment, wherein to give a sensible manifestation of his presence on the earth.” pp. 345—7.

“But in 2 Chron. vii. 1. a circumstance of great importance is noticed, which is not stated in the book of Kings:—“*And when Solomon had ended his prayer, and the fire descended FROM THE HEAVEN, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices; for the brightness of JEHOVAH had filled the house; then the priests could not enter into the house of JEHOVAH, because the brightness (or glory) of JEHOVAH had filled the house of JEHOVAH.*” The answer thus given to the prayer of Solomon, in the presence of all the worshippers, gave evidence that God had accepted *the house, the sanctuary,—the heaven, the place prepared for his sitting*; for the fire here spoken of descended, not from “*heaven above*,” but, from *the heaven, THE PREPARED PLACE*,—from *the cloud which covered the mercy-seat in the holy of the holies.*” p. 351.

The fire is not said to have come out from the Sanctuary, or from the cloud which covered the mercy seat. The fire הַחֲשֵׁמִים יֵרֶדָּה descended from heaven. In 2 Kings i. 10, the same expression occurs; and certainly the fire which destroyed the fifty captains, did not proceed from the Temple: like the fire which

consumed the sacrifices of Solomon, it came down from the heaven above. We are surprised that any such interpretation should be given of 1 Kings viii. 27, as that which we have copied from the Author in the former part of the preceding extract:—Behold the heavens, (the Sanctuary built by Solomon) yea, the heaven of heavens (the heaven above) cannot contain thee, how much less this house which I have built.—The Sanctuary, a part of the Temple, cannot confine the Divine Majesty; much less can the whole Temple. Or, the Temple, the house erected by Solomon, cannot contain thee; how much less can the Temple, the house built by Solomon, contain thee!

In concluding our notice of this work, we are anxious to do justice to the merits of the Author. He may fairly be represented as having brought under the notice of biblical students some very interesting topics, and he has furnished many ingenious and curious remarks on the several subjects of his Dissertations, although, in but too many cases, he has exhibited them in a crude and unsubstantial form.

Art. V. *History of the European Languages; or Researches into the Affinities of the Teutonic, Greek, Celtic, Slavonic, and Indian Nations.* By the late Alexander Murray, D.D. Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. With a Life of the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. cxxviii, 976. Price 1l. 8s. Edinburgh, 1823.

THAT the word *breeches* is derived from bear-*riches*, and *barbecued* from Bladud-kuid,—that the verb was the first invented part of speech, and that all the languages of Europe are composed of the elementary radicals, *Ag, bag, dag, gag, lag, mag, nag, rag, and sag*;—such is the purport of the information and train of reasoning which occupy 480 pages of text, and nearly 500 of Facts and Illustrations in these bulky volumes. The meaning which the Author considered as attaching to each of these radicals, will be best explained by the following extract. Well might he preface it with the remark, that ‘Taste and philosophy will receive with aversion the rude syllables which are the base of that medium through which Homer, and Milton, and Newton have delighted or illumined mankind.’

‘I. To strike or move with swift equable penetrating or sharp effect was *AG! AG!*

‘If the motion was less sudden, but of the same species, *WAG.*

‘If made with force and a great effort, *HWAG.*

' These are varieties of one word, originally used to mark the motion of fire, water, wind, darts.

' II. To strike with a quick, vigorous, impelling force, **BAG** or **BWAG**, of which **FAG** and **PAG** are softer varieties.

' III. To strike with a harsh, violent, strong blow, **DWAG**, of which **THWAG** and **TWAG** are varieties.

' IV. To move or strike with a quick tottering unequal impulse, **GWAG** or **CWAG**.

' V. To strike with a pliant slap, **LAG** and **HLAG**.

' VI. To press by strong force or impulse so as to condense, bruise, or compel, **MAG**.

' VII. To strike with a crushing destroying power, **NAG** and **HNAG**.

' VIII. To strike with a strong, rude, sharp, penetrating power, **RAG** or **HRAG**.

' IX. To move with a weighty strong impulse, **SWAG**.

' These **NINE WORDS** are the foundations of language, on which an edifice has been erected of a more useful and wonderful kind, than any which have exercised human ingenuity. They were uttered at first, and probably for several generations, in an insulated manner. The circumstances of the actions were communicated by gestures, and the variable tunes of the voice; but the actions themselves were expressed by their suitable monosyllable. External objects are known only by their qualities: each quality was considered as an agent; the character of its actions suggested the appropriate syllable, which was the verb, noun, and adjective of that quality, at the pleasure of the speaker. When fire burnt or moved in a stream of flame, **AG** denoted its action, itself, and its bright or penetrating quality. When water yielded to the pressure of the foot or hand, it was **WAG**: when it rushed in a stream, it was **RAG**. When a man simply moved along, the term was **WAG**: when he moved by quick steps, it was **GAG**; but if he ran, it was **RAG**. If he struck another a vigorous blow with his fist, the word was **BAG**; if he did the same with a staff or branch of a tree, it was **LAG**; if he stabbed him with a sharp object, it was **RAG**; if he dashed him down to the ground, it was **DWAG**; and if he put him to death by bruising him when fallen, the expression was **MAG**. For the same reasons the names of objects varied. **WAG** was moving, **GAG** was going, **RAG** was running, **BAG** was beating, **LAG** was laying or licking, **RAG** was wounding or cutting, **DAG** was striking violently, and **MAG** was murder.

' When any of the actions denoted by these primitive words was rapidly done in a diminished manner, and with less force, the broad sound of the proper syllable was changed into a slender one. Thus **LIG** was a slight blow: **DIG**, and **TIG**, and **RIG**, were diminutives of **DAG**, **TAG**, and **RAG**, whether used as verbs or nouns.'

' *Satin* *sanus aut sobrius*? is a question which most persons will be disposed to ask respecting the learned visionary who could coolly state, that mankind had only to *strike*; and to invent these nine monosyllables to express the idea of striking,

and that having articulated them with corresponding gestures for several generations, they at length learned to frame this rude gamut into the infinite diversities of speech. 'Language,' says Dr. Murray, 'was formed by man in the exercise of perception, memory, abstraction, and judgement, the natural faculties of the human mind.' 'The imperfect system of communication of thought, formed by children and the deaf, in civilized nations, is the principal one still in use among savages: it must have been the only one before the introduction of articulate speech.' (pp. 28, 9.) 'That the inventors of our parent tongue were *rational*, though rude in speech, is not to be disputed!' It was formerly believed, that there was once a time when mankind were *mutum et turpe pecus*; and Vitruvius tells us, that they snored away their time in caves of the rocks and dens of the earth, till accident having given birth to fire, which at first terrified, but afterwards attracted and warmed them, they gesticulated, grunted, groaned, and herding together, at last, *spoke*. *Ita sermones inter se procreaverunt*. Strange things lie hidden in this same philosophy. The sages, however, have not vouchsafed to inform us at what period in the history of man this universal dumbness existed. Æschylus makes Prometheus say, *Ἐξέυρον ἄνθρωποι γράμματα το σὺνθετον*; — 'I found out for them (mankind) the composition of letters,' or the art of writing. But no one has ever arrogated to himself, or had ascribed to him, the invention of speech. It is an invention, say the philosophers, which was made by somebody, at some time, and in some place; and Dr. Murray tells us that the inventors were 'rational.' It is unnecessary to be more particular, for—*il n'y a que moi au monde qui a toujours raison*.

Had such a theory proceeded from the pen of any dreamer of the infidel school*, we might have passed it over in silent contempt; but, coming as it does from the pen of a reverend doctor of divinity of the venerable Kirk of Scotland, we cannot suppress our astonishment at the consummate ignorance which it displays of the powers and history of man. Whosoever has read and believes the Bible, must admit, that speech is as ancient as Adam; and we think there is sufficient evidence that men have spoken ever since his day. If philosophers will have it, that, before Adam, mankind were dumb,

* How far the following obscure sentiment, however, would justify our classing Dr. Murray with that school, we leave our readers to judge: 'Since this was written, Mr. Horne Tooke has joined that multitude which contains the great, the virtuous, and the learned, of all parties and opinions.' Vol. II. p. 342.

we will not contend that point with them, believing that there was then neither human speech nor human existence; and that if God had not conferred on man the gift of speech as well as existence, he could no more have invented it, than the dog could his barking, the cat her mewing, or the bird its song; no more in fact, than he could have created himself. Such is the true origin of language. Speech is the gift of the Creator. He willed and man spake. The boon, once conferred, became like the breath in our nostrils,—a universal *vicium* to the species.

Seeing, however, that there was originally but one speech or language, the question naturally suggests itself, whence have arisen all the varieties that now prevail over the face of the whole earth? We would meet this query by putting another: Whence have proceeded all the diversities of form and feature which are observed in the species in different parts of the globe? For every reason that the physiologist can assign for these diversities, we will engage to assign ten reasons for a still greater diversity in the accents of the voice, and ultimately in language. Take what is called the Caucasian family, wherever the scattered branches of that family are found,—in India, Egypt, Barbary, Greece, Italy,—and they may be shewn to be not more specifically characterised by a peculiar physiognomical conformation, than by a universal adherence to the basis of a particular language and articulation. Equally marked is the Mongolian family by the Chinese, Japanese, and Calmuc peculiarities. The African, American, and Malay have not been so accurately examined; but, so far as they have been, the results are found to be similar,—different features, different articulation; the conformation varying with the speech. So that, in the grand *δίκη φωνητική*, it is not *το σιγμα προς το ταν*, nor *το λαμδα προς το ρο*; but it is the *Shiboleth προς το Siboleth* all the world over. Take as a familiar example, the manner in which different nations pronounce the proper name George. A Spaniard writes it *Jorge*, pronouncing it *Xorxi*, remarkably guttural. Were a Cockney required to imitate the pronunciation of the word, he would call it *Corky*. Many a Scot would call it *Coalky*, in which not a vestige of the original word, in form, meaning, or pronunciation, would be left. Ask an Arab to pronounce Corky, and he would call it *Gorky*; or the word would become softened, in some of the Syrian dialects, to *Djorke*; (the actual name of St. George in Syria is *Mar Djordos*;) while the Bohemian would call it *Yorky*. And thus, we might run through the whole alphabet, all nations dropping and changing letters as caprice, ignorance, or physical peculiarities may dictate. The Arabic language wants

the letter B. In the Mexican, B, D, F, Q, and R are said to be wanting. The Russian alphabet has a letter, the power of which it takes five letters to express in English—Шдch. Similar anomalies are to be found in almost every alphabet and dialect, and there can be no room for hesitation in referring them, in many cases, to a physiological origin.

Another prime source of the diversity of language, in the transition from a spoken to a written dialect, is the different manner in which the same sound may strike on the ear of several individuals, and the different manner in which it would consequently be written by persons who had nothing but the sound to direct them in taking it down. Ask a dozen illiterate clowns to spell the same word, and every one of them will, probably, do it differently,—and it may be without putting in it a single letter that properly enters into its composition. We have heard of usage being spelt *Goozitch*, and have seen many other words equally distorted from their native orthography. This is not the place to endeavour to account for the great diversity of alphabets, but we may just remark, in passing, that they are all deducible from one original. The oldest method of writing was that which is seen in the Mexican manuscripts, and which consisted in rude representations of the objects. The next step was, to the phonetic use of these idiographic signs or pictures; and the third was, to the formation of an epistolographic character, or running-hand, in which the form of the original symbol can no longer be identified. But the Alphabet stands out as a distinct invention, and, amid all its various modifications, there is strong reason to believe that the first alphabet has been the parent of every other. Dr. Murray remarks, that the evidence of its Phenician origin is the most probable of any. 'The letters suit the Phenician or Hebrew language: their names are Phenician. Other nations received them from the Phenicians. Moses wrote in the Phenician character, of which the Chaldee is a less genuine and less original variety.' Moses, however, was indebted for all his learning to the Egyptian priesthood, nor does he appear to have had any intercourse with the Phenicians. In Egypt, at that period, we may safely assume, that Alphabetic writing was unknown; for it cannot be supposed that, with the knowledge of the alphabet, so clumsy and troublesome a method would have been adhered to for ages, as the symbolic and syllabic characters. Yet, in Egypt, the very cradle of science, might such an invention, if it be a human invention, have been expected to originate. Had there been an Egyptian alphabet at that period, it is natural, however, to conclude that Moses would have adopted it, rather than have borrowed the Pheni-

cian character, and the Egyptian too would doubtless have been carried into Greece. Yet, Dr. Murray, while he contends for the Phenician origin of the Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and Sanscrit alphabets, strangely and perversely affirms, that 'the alphabet was undoubtedly invented a considerable time before the birth of Moses, not in India, but in Egypt.' He assigns no reason for this gratuitous assertion, nor is it supported by the shadow of a reason. But, sooner than make the Phenician Cadmus indebted to the Hebrew lawgiver, who, inspiration apart, is by his genius, learning, and profound legislative wisdom, elevated so immeasurably above every philosopher of antiquity, that, on this ground alone, there would be the strongest presumption in favour of our assigning the invention to him,—the learned Philologist would first make the *Phenician* alphabet to have originated in Egypt, and then Moses must have borrowed it from the Phenicians, with whom he never came in contact!

'When the Greeks received the Phenician alphabet,' says Dr. Murray, 'they rejected the guttural sounds of those consonants which most nearly resembled vowels, and used the character, not for an aspirate, but for a vowel.' This is but one instance of the various modifications which both the written alphabet and the articulation of words would undergo, on being adopted by other nations. The transformation which Oriental proper names underwent as pronounced by a Greek, strikingly illustrates the origin of diversities of language, as connected with organic and conventional peculiarities. Yet, there can be little doubt, that accident, caprice, and usage have introduced most of those national peculiarities. Take a child born under any latitude, and accustom him, from the first, to every mode of articulation, nasal, guttural, sibilant, aspirate, labial, 'cerebral,' down to the Mexican *tlack* or the South African *cluck*,—and every shiboleth or sibolet will be alike to him, he will be able to mouth with equal facility and eloquence, all the dialects of Babel.

Our learned divine seems inclined, however, to sneer at those philologists who would bottom their researches on 'the Mosaic genealogies,'—Noah's ark, and the confusion of Babel. 'When their raven has left the ark,' says Dr. M., 'he builds his nest on a barren rock with materials of all descriptions.' Undismayed by this sarcasm, we do not hesitate to aver, that from the Ark proceeded the original, and from Babel all the infinite diversifications of all the languages that exist, or that ever have existed since the Flood. And had our learned Author taken his flight from the Ark, instead of from the clouds,—or had he set out from the land of Shinar, instead of sending forth a co-

lony of speechless wretches to sing ag, gag, lag, on the banks of the Aral, he would have had much better success.

The Ark rested on the mountains of Ararat, and the first settlements of mankind after the Deluge were around their base. Here, the language of Noah was spoken, and, as the country has never been uninhabited, that language must, one would think, be preserved in the names of many places still. Yet, no philologist has ever examined the language of that country. Sir William Jones, in his Eighth Discourse, gives a puerile reason for having never studied it,—because he had not heard of any original composition in Armenian! One would have thought that the language of the first inhabited country in the post-diluvian world would have presented, in that very circumstance, sufficient inducement to a philologist to study it. Dr. Murray, in the work before us, says: ‘I regret that my situation does not permit me to have recourse to the Armenian language.’ (vol. ii. p.372). These two individuals have examined a greater number, the one of European, the other of Asiatic languages, than, probably, any two men ever did before; and both confess, that all the languages they had examined, point to some more ancient tongue as their common parent. Taking the history of our species from the only authentic record, the Scriptures, that language must have been the one originally spoken in Armenia. Is it an unreasonable supposition, then, that traces of it may yet exist in the vernacular dialect of that country, the natives of which are the almost universal interpreters of the Eastern world, as well as the most enterprising merchants among the Asiatic nations? We cannot but think that this language has never yet received from philologists the attention it claims.

Dr. Murray adopts the commonly received opinion, which derives the European nations from five primary tribes,—the Celtæ, the Teutones, the Slavi, the Greeks, and the Finni, all whose respective languages he reduces to one,—the Teutonic. More than two hundred years ago, Mr. Richard Verstegan started the same hypothesis. This language, he says, (ch. vii.) ‘is undoubtedly that which at the Confusion of Babel, the Teutonic people (those, I mean, conducted by Tuisco) did speak.’ In this language, the learned Author informs us, *Adam* signifies living breath; and ‘*Eve* is, in the Teutonic, as much as to say *Consimilis*, even-the-same; for our word *even* cometh from the Teutonic word *eve*, and likewise, from their *eve-so*, cometh our *even so*; and *shee* was *ever-the-same* as was Adam her husband.’ Moreover, *Cain*, or *Quain*, means wrathful, angry, or shrewd; *Abel* means an *abel* man; and *Seth* means *set*, i. e. in room of *Abel*! Justus Lipsius, Rodericus

Toletanus, and many others have maintained the same opinion ; and Goropius Becanus contended that the Teutonic was the language of Paradise, supporting this position by arguments, Ortelius says, which no one would be able to refute. Such are the reveries of the learned. The ' great' Scaliger was of opinion, that there are eleven mother tongues in Europe, so distinct as to have no affinity to each other. Others make the primary languages of Europe amount to thirteen, and some to fourteen, six of which are spoken in Great Britain and Ireland. Dr. Murray, on the contrary, first reduces them to five ; these five he ' re-unites' in one ; and that one he resolves into nine elementary monosyllables ! But his discoveries do not stop here. He says :

' When the words of a language are alphabetically arranged, there is but one radical under each consonant, from which all the words beginning with that consonant descend.' Vol. I. p. 228.

One brief extract will be the best comment on this marvellous doctrine.

' Nothing displays the process of compound language in a more practical point of view, than the list of Saxon or Teutonic words under w, and hw, in any good dictionary. In the single sense of move, or turn, we find WAG, WAGGEL : WAD for WAGD, step ; WADDLE, its diminutive ; WAEF, move like a weaver ; WAF, move like wind ; WIT, move or go ; WIC, turn away, retire ; contractions of WIGD, and WIGIG : WOG, or WOH, moved, turned, crooked ; WOGED, or WOD, moved in mind, raised, mad ; WOFFA, a mad man : WOF, wander in madness, rave ; WAND, WAEND, WEND, wind ; contractions of WAGEND, turning ; which signify, as verbs, turn, go, walk, turn away, change by turning ; turn away for fear, or through respect, venerate ; WINTLE, a short turn ; WONDER, a state of fear and awe, from WAND, fear ; WANDER, a turning back and forward, as is done by people ignorant of their way ; WEAL, or HWEAL, turn, roll, from WEGEL, WEOLC, and WEALC, make little turns, walk, felt cloth by turning back and forward, roll as waves, waters, and clouds ; WEOLC, or WEALC, a turned shell, nearly the same as WINCLE ; WIL, turn to, incline, bend towards, will, from WIGED ; WEN, incline, turn to ; WENSC, a turning of the mind to an event, a wish ; WIG, turn, stir in a place ; also a habitation ; WIGN, or WIN, dwell ; WON, a dwelling-place, a haunt ; WONT, or WONED, haunted, dwelt, used ; WAEL, and WEAL, turn round as a pool, or as boiling water ; WAER, WAR, WEOR, WYR, from WIGR, or WAEGER, turn, move about, circle, go ; HWEOREL, whirl ; HWEORR, and HWEORF, turn, whirl ; WEORC, for WIGERIC, motion, activity of body, work ; WEOC, a turn of time or of office, a week ; also a twisted wick for a candle ; WATH, for WAGTH, wandering ; WITH, and WATEL, a twisted willow twig ; WIG, wave, consecrate, hallow.

'These are derivatives of *WAG*, taken only in one of its numerous senses.' pp. 447, 448.

As a specimen of etymology, take the following :

'Dash, *DWAGS*, *DWASCH*; die, *DEAG*, *DWEAG*, become weak, soft, insensible, as if crushed or beaten. Dull is *DOFL*, *DEAFL*, *DOB*; deaf is *DEAF*, *DAUBS* in Visigothic; dumb is *DOMS*, *DAUBN*, and *DAUBENIBA*, all from *DWAG-BA*, bruised, blunt, obtuse in mind, body, ears, voice, and eyes; for the Greek *TUPHLOS* is from *DOFEL*. Dull is also what is not firm, deaf, douf, hollow.' p. 154.

We deem it unnecessary to add any further remarks on this most philosophical history of language. Of all theorists, a philological one is the wildest. These volumes deserve to rank among the curiosities of literature. Never was profound learning allied to greater imbecility as manifested in the use of it. As to the attempt to shew that the verb was the first invented part of speech, it strikes us as very much like undertaking to prove that fire existed before fuel.

Art. VI. *A Manual of Devotion; being Meditations and Hymns for every Day in the Month.* By Mary Holderness, Author of "New Russia" and "Manners and Customs of the Crim Tartars." 12mo. pp. 152. Price 4s. London, 1825.

THE little volumes by which Mrs. Holderness is known to the public, were the result of, we believe, an involuntary residence of several years among the semi-barbarous hordes of New Russia. The preface to the present work alludes to the trials which the Author has been called to sustain, in a manner which will not fail to create an interest in the minds of our readers, and pre-dispose them in favour of these simple effusions of heart-felt experimental piety.

'Called to much trial, and exercised in the school of Affliction, I have had more than common reason to be grateful for the sustaining influence of Religion; and under all difficulties and dangers and trials, like David, to say, "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice:"—"My soul shall be joyful in the Lord; it shall rejoice in the God of my salvation."

'Induced by peculiar exigencies to make some more than usual effort for my Family, I desired to do that which, through the blessing of God, might induce others to seek that refuge from the storm, which it has happily been my lot to have chosen, or, that it might at least give me the privilege, the Christian's exalted privilege, of magnifying God on earth.'

We shall make room for an entire meditation with the an-

nexed hymn, and leave these specimens of unaffected Scriptural piety to speak for themselves in recommendation of the volume.

‘ SEVENTEENTH DAY.

ON THE SABBATH.

‘ “ *A day in thy courts is better than a thousand ; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*” Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

‘ The ardent delight which David expresses in the privileges of public worship, must be more or less felt and acknowledged by all such as worship the Lord their God in spirit and in truth. Yet that too many live in contempt of the holy ordinances of the Sabbath, or in a cold and formal observance of them, it is to be feared, the experience of all Christians will find a subject of mourning and regret.

‘ We realize one of the promises of our great and merciful God, when we find some degree of spiritual growth, a blessing consequent upon the keeping holy the Sabbath. “ If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day ; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, *then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.*”

‘ It has been said, that the keeping holy the Sabbath, is no where so strictly enjoined in the New Testament, as it was under the Mosaic dispensation. But let it be remembered that our blessed Lord said, “ Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets ; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.” And St. Paul also saith, “ Do we then make void the law through faith ? God forbid ; yea, we establish the law.” And indeed we might as reasonably contend for the dismissing or annulling any other of the Commandments from the Decalogue, as seek to remove the force of that which enjoins us to consecrate one day in seven to the service of our God, to the concerns of immortality, and to the hopes of a glorious resurrection.

‘ Oh ! if we be indeed persuaded that we must soon enter into that eternal world, from whence there is no returning ; surely we shall not only be ready to rest from the cares and pursuits of this world, and meditate upon the things which belong unto our peace, but we shall with joy hail each revolving Sabbath, and in humble gratitude acknowledge the infinite mercy of our God, in giving to his people so great and inestimable a blessing.

‘ Retire then, Oh my soul ! and in the inmost recesses of the chamber, pour out in humble prayer and ardent praise, thy feelings to thy God ; let it be to thee a joyful and a valued privilege, to spend this holy and consecrated day peculiarly as in his presence ; either in the public sanctuary, in private communion, in family worship, or in conversation holy and profitable for thy eternal good.

‘ Carry with thee to God’s house, a spirit of lively devotion for prayer, a spirit of solemn attention to hear ; that the preaching of the word may not be in vain unto thee, but that it may be found by thee

"profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" that thou mayest become "perfect, thoroughly furnished to all good works." At home, recount the unwearied mercies of thy Heavenly Father, and think upon his unbounded love.

'What possessest thou, which his bounty hath not given? What attainment dost thou own, which may not be converted to his praise? Think not, if thou be rich, thou hast no need to ask his blessing; think not, if thou art poor, thou art beneath his notice; think not, if thou be afflicted, that his anger having chastened, his mercy will not hear thee; think not (sinner though thou art) his mercy will not spare thee. Seek the Lord thy God, and honour his holy Sabbath; for "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies;" "for this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous."

' HYMN.

- ' The brightest hours of bliss below,
Are those when to my God I flee;
The purest joy this heart can know,
Is high communion held with Thee.
- ' When this deep-feeling anxious heart
Pours out its griefs in fervent pray'r,
Implores the strength thou canst impart,
And seeks a Heav'nly Father's care:
- ' Shall not it's fears be hushed to rest,
When 'tis assured that God is nigh?
His presence makes the mourner blest—
He comes to wipe the tear-fraught eye.
- ' With joy I to thy presence speed,
With love I to thy courts repair;
Convinc'd, whate'er the sinner's need,
He'll find his God and Saviour there.
- ' When grateful voices loudly raise,
And high the peeling organ swells
The notes of prayer and ardent praise—
On these my heart with rapture dwells.
- ' To listen to the sacred lore,
To learn thy love and gracious will,
To contemplate thy mercy's store,
Be my delight and pleasure still.
- ' Full oft my heart and eyes o'erflow
With grateful feeling's magic pow'r;
Triumphant over all below,
My soul enjoys the sacred hour.
- ' For ever in thy courts to dwell,
Were bliss too pure on earth to be:
But Oh! attune my tongue to tell
How great the bliss of loving thee!

Art. VII. 1. "*The Progress of Dissent*;" containing Observations on the remarkable and amusing Passages of that Article in the Sixty-first Number of the Quarterly Review: addressed to the Editor. By a Nonconformist. 8vo. pp. 140. Price 2s. 6d. London. 1825.

2. *The Protestant Dissenter's Catechism*; containing—1. A Brief History of the Dissenters. 2. The Reasons of Dissent from the National Church. The Seventeenth Edition, with an Appendix and Preface. By William Newman, D. D. 12mo. Price 1s. London. 1823.

AT length we have endeavoured to do our duty. Where-soever the English language is understood, there will 'this Review go forth.'*—Such is the imperial tone in which the Conductors of the Quarterly Review now think themselves warranted to speak of their critical labours. On the strength of a large sale, which is not precisely synonymous with a rising reputation, this 'holy alliance' of literature, the Church, Albemarle-street, and the Admiralty, imagine that they may dispose of facts, doctrines, and reputations, in the same style as the Congress of sovereigns partitioned territories, and cut and shuffled nations. We deeply feel our comparative insignificance in the presence of this mighty boaster; we have no such means of forcing our way into high places, and making our voice to be heard. Nevertheless, we have a duty to perform to our readers, and to ourselves, which forbids our passing over in silence the wanton aggressions of this literary autocrat.

The tract which stands second at the head of this article, has lately obtained very distinguishing attention, no fewer than three Reviews in the interest of the hierarchy having condescended to notice it. To review a pamphlet for the first time in its seventeenth edition, when its Author has been deceased more than twelve years, is a somewhat unusual mode of proceeding; and in the present instance, the circumstance is the more remarkable, inasmuch as other recent publications bearing on the same points, have been passed over in expressive silence. We happen to know that the writer of one of the articles alluded to, had forwarded to him, by his own desire, several of these publications, (among others, Mr. Conder's work,) for the purpose of reviewing; but, when the Number appeared, lo! an article on Mr. Palmer's Catechism! The Quar-

* No. lxi. p. 125.

terly Reviewer affects to consider this tract as 'a sort of official publication, being a modified reprint of *the old standard work* among Dissenters.' For this representation there is not the slightest ground: it has not a single mark of an official or semi-official publication. It has not the recommendation of any name affixed to it besides that of the Editor,—a deservedly respected individual, but who would indignantly repel the charge of having put forth this Catechism in the name and on the responsibility of the body to which he belongs. It can only be in sarcasm, or for the purpose of misrepresentation, that this Reviewer styles this Catechism, a 'standard work' among the Dissenters. We cannot give him credit for so much ignorance. There are tracts explanatory of the principles of Dissent which have obtained a ten-fold larger circulation. But, if he never met with any of these, he must have *heard* of Towgood's *Letters to White*, which, perhaps, has some claim to be styled a standard work among Dissenters, as it is a staggering work among Churchmen,—a work which it would have been worthy of the prowess of a Quarterly Reviewer to encounter. We say nothing of Mr. Conder's work for obvious reasons,—although it might be presumed to be not less a standard work, than the Protestant Dissenters' Catechism. The Reviewer is, in fact, pleased to refer to it as a work of superior pretensions, and to style its Author 'the defender of Protestant Nonconformity.' Mr. Conder would, we are persuaded, feel duly grateful for the high honour conferred upon him by this condescending reference, slight and passing as it is, were it not that the compliment has attached to it, the drawback of a gross misrepresentation, and, founded on that misrepresentation, a sweeping charge of intolerance. In a passage cited by the Reviewer, the 'Defender of Nonconformity' ventures to put the question, What is the Scriptural character of the possessors, the proprietors of this world? 'Whom,* under any conceivable change in human affairs, which should leave human nature itself unchanged, can we expect them to be, but such as the inspired writers emphatically denominate the men of this world; men who "discern not the things of the Spirit of God."'

'This charitable and sweeping condemnation, be it observed,' says the Reviewer, 'comprises in its sweeping malediction, all the prelates and chief ministers of the crown, in whom the greatest part of church patronage is usually vested.'

By what spirit was the Reviewer actuated when he termed

* Printed in the Review *How,* under any, &c.

the statement we have transcribed, a malediction? According to this use of the word, the Apostolic writings are full of maledictions. No candid reader could possibly misunderstand the passage referred to, as denying that any devout and spiritual individuals are to be found among the higher classes. The very next sentence fixes the meaning in a qualified sense,—that such is not, and never can be expected to be, the *prevailing* character of the mighty, the noble, and the rich. Is the Reviewer prepared to maintain the reverse of this proposition? Will he venture, in the teeth of facts and of every Scriptural representation of human nature, to contend that ‘all the prelates and the chief ministers of the crown,’ and other holders and dispensers of church patronage, are men enlightened by the Spirit of God, and characterised by those qualities which constitute, in the Scriptural sense of the word, a spiritual, in contradistinction to a worldly man. The Author is speaking of the questionable competency of the bulk of patrons, to judge of the qualifications of the men on whom they bestow livings. He maintains that they are for the most part secular and irreligious men. Not a word is said by him of prelates and ministers of the crown, but the Reviewer introduces their names for an obvious purpose. Let them be included, however, in the general statement; and we again ask, will this writer carry his sycophancy so far as to maintain that the prevailing character of the higher classes in this country, is that of men of piety and spiritual discernment? We imagine that he would not; for he has not dared directly to impugn the statement he misrepresents. But if he would not maintain this, where is his candour, where his honesty, in attempting to fasten on the ‘Defender of Nonconformity,’ an invidious opinion, a ‘malediction,’ when his own observation and conscience admonish him that the statement is in accordance with notorious fact?

We shall have occasion to recur to the sentiment in question; but, before we dismiss the Catechism which has led to this digression, we must in fairness state, that while we give great credit to Dr. Newman for his modifications of the original, we are not prepared to give our sanction to its republication. Several years ago, the Writer of this Article had occasion to examine the Catechism, with a view to revising it for the press; but the result was, a conviction that it was not an eligible form in which to exhibit either the history of the Dissenters or the reasons of Dissent. This conviction has been strengthened by the readiness which the Reviewers referred to have shewn to drag it into notice,—a sure indication that *they* consider it as ineffective and harmless. In the first place, an

historical catechism has always appeared to us a most bungling method of teaching history. Historical questions, referring the pupil to a work from which he is to derive the proper answers, are quite a distinct method of instruction, and a most excellent one. Then, we object to the very first question in the history, and still more strongly to the answer which is given to it. To speak of '*the Pagan Religion*,' is absurd; to name *it* the first of the '*four*,' is grossly improper; to class the '*four*' together, and not add a word either as to their distinguishing characteristics, or the evidence which proves the Christian to be the only true religion, is the height of injudiciousness and impropriety. This single question, placed as it is in the front of the Catechism, might almost seem to give colour to the first part of Bishop Horsley's condemnatory sentence. We will not pursue our criticism. To the sentiments and statements of the Catechism, we should not find much occasion seriously to object, nor are we aware that it contains *one* 'thrice refuted calumny against the Church;' but we regard the catechetical form as a vehicle wholly unsuitable for the sentiments and information which the work comprises, and we very much doubt the useful tendency of such a mode of stating and inculcating the principles of Dissent. The liberties which Dr. Newman has taken with the original, shew that he was far from satisfied with it, and he must pardon us for carrying our dissatisfaction still further, so as to apply to its republication in any shape.

We return to the Quarterly Reviewer. The object of the somewhat singular article in question is, to vindicate the clergy from 'the general impeachment upon their conduct' which is often deduced from the progress of Dissent.' It is honestly admitted, that Dissent has made progress in this country;—that its progress has begun to occupy public attention, and that too in influential quarters;—and that inferences have been drawn from that circumstance, not in perfect unison with Paley's doctrine of the expediency of an Establishment. In plain words, the immense revenues of the Established Church of Great Britain and Ireland have begun to attract the attention of the nation's representatives. Who those persons are, that have been guilty of sacrilegiously mooting this delicate point, the Reviewer tells us—'the blundering demagogue, the bitter and envious Dissenter, and the artful infidel.' He means Mr. Hume and Mr. Bentham, and the Dissenter is suspended between the two for the sake of completing the triumvirate. On the part of the Dissenters, this attack of the Quarterly Reviewer has been wholly unprovoked. *They* have not been bringing impeachments against the clergy. *They*

have not been petitioning against tithes and church-building. The Dissenters of this kingdom never led more quiet and peaceable lives: and unless, like troublesome children, their being quiet is deemed a proof that they are busy with mischief, we cannot conceive of any occasion that they have given to these new demonstrations of activity and alarm among the churchmen. This Reviewer represents us indeed as having grown most complacent towards Mother Church. 'That the interests of the Church,' he says, 'are dear to the nation at large; that by the Dissenters themselves it is considered absolutely necessary for the maintenance of true religion in this country, we have no doubt whatever.' Fond man, he may not doubt it, but he is mistaken for all that. 'A few sour fanatics,' he adds, 'and a few cross-grained politicians may look forward with bitter hope to its downfall, or with greedy anticipation to its plunder.' A tolerably intelligible insinuation that all who do not think the Church Establishment absolutely necessary for the maintenance of true religion, belong to one of these classes. But what does this pretty word *plunder* mean? Suppose the case—that any portion whatever of the Church property were applied by Parliament to the relief of the public burdens and the further diminution of taxation, what individuals would gain any plunder by it? In imputing such base and mercenary motives to any cross-grained politicians, the Reviewer sins not more grossly against charity than against good sense. He must be thinking of the suppression of monasteries. But a politician must not only be cross-grained but light-headed, not merely greedy but mad, to dream, at this time of day, of coming in for plunder, in case of the suppression of prebends and chapters, or any other alienation of unproductive church property.

But leaving the politicians and fanatics to answer for themselves, we shall confine ourselves for the present, to the causes adduced by the Reviewer, as accounting for the diminished influence of the clergy, and the accession to the Dissenters. The first and greatest cause has been, he contends, the enormous increase of local population, in connexion with the supineness of—the clergy? Oh, no, 'If any where, the blame clearly attaches to the legislature.' The clergy, no doubt, did all they could do. As the population increased, and their tithes increased, they doubled their exertions, and finding their churches overflowing, made every effort to provide church-room for the poor! They are not to blame if the Legislature turned a deaf ear to their petitions, and left unencouraged and unrewarded their activity and zeal. Was it so? We shall

avail ourselves of the plain questions put by a Nonconformist, by way of reply.

‘ 1. I desire to ask, what affinity there can possibly be between *empty churches*, and an *increasing population*? I can readily conceive, if a town or city were gradually depopulated, that the church would suffer a reduction in its members; but, when your Reviewer argues, that the population has increased, and therefore the church has diminished, I must beg to decline his inference. 2. I would inquire, if the increase of population was really against the clergyman, how it could be in favour of the Dissenter? Surely this is very paradoxical. If the growing numbers of the people widened the field of labour to the Dissenter, could it by the same circumstance be narrowed to the Churchman?

‘ But “towns,” you say, “sprang up like an exhalation, in districts which were thinly occupied by a scattered agricultural population.” And if this were the case, had not the Church every advantage against Dissent? Were not her ten thousand ministers already planted over the face of the land, to take the full benefit of these occurrences? Whatever changes might happen, could a town arise, or even an individual be born, in any spot not previously brought within the well-defined limits of some parish? Had not that parish a priest? And was not the priest then in a state of local preparation to observe the growing wants of his charge, while as yet Dissent and Dissenters were not perhaps known to his borders?

‘ Yet, your Reviewer continues, whatever the priest might have done, *church-room* would be wanting. But will your Reviewer inform me, if this was to the disadvantage of the Church, how it could be to the advantage of the Dissenter? The Dissenter was poor and feeble, and had the tide of general opinion against him: the Church was wealthy, had a powerful representation in the Court, the Cabinet, and the Parliament, and could tax the whole land to effect her object. If both parties were, therefore, seeking to afford advancing accommodation as the people multiplied, it is most obvious where all the facilities must rest. The Dissenter would have to do it alone and out of his penury; the Churchman, from his ample resources of wealth and influence.

‘ What the Dissenters have done, the Church could have done, “and much more abundantly.” I must refer, therefore, the continuance of the evil, on her part, not to the absence of power, but of *disposition*. Indeed, the Reviewer, in his eagerness to mark the motives of the Dissenters, has unconsciously committed himself to the same opinion. “In the mean time,” he says, that is, while the population was increasing, and the Church was indolent, “the Dissenters perceived and seized their advantage.” Yes, this is exactly the fact; the Dissenters saw, and the Church did not see. The Dissenters did their best to meet the moral and spiritual wants of the nation on this emergency; the Church was content to do nothing, was blind to the demands of the occasion, and was only moved into constrained effort by her ultimate jealousy of rival exertions. The history of the

last twenty years is "attestation strong," in support of this statement. When the Dissenters, and a few pious clergymen, originated the Bible Society, the Church first fulminated her wrath, and finding her bolts fell, like the dart of Priam, innoxious to the ground, she betook herself, with better purpose, to the revival of the "Bartlett's Buildings Society," and the formation of a "Prayer Book and Homily Society." When the Dissenters embodied themselves into a "Missionary Society," another slowly followed among the serious clergy; while the Church, after vain and various resistance, is at last inoculated with the spirit of the times, though the virus has not taken so happily as might be wished, and is sending forth her mitred and unmitred missionaries. When the Dissenters had carried the Lancastrian plans of education over the nation, then the Church formed a "National Society" for the education of the people; and when the system of the Sunday Schools, by far the least exceptionable for the instruction of the poor, had been used so efficaciously by the Dissenters, many of the clergy sought to avail themselves of it, but wanting gratuitous and suitable teachers, it has generally amounted to a failure. And finally, when the Dissenters were doing their utmost to provide local accommodation for the worship of the people, and had really done more than their friends or foes expected, the Church was awakened by fear from her slumbers, lifted up her voice in the senate for more, and still more churches; and her only surprise has been to find, that her application was deemed so reasonable in its nature, and so late in its arrival.

'However serious my detail may appear, Mr. Editor, the inference I derive from it, I doubt not, will divert you. It is, that Dissent is necessary to the Church. That they are two elements making one existence,—that the erratic and pungent spirit of nonconformity acts like the galvanic shock on the plethoric habits of the mother church, keeps her among living things, and renders her in advanced age verdant and fruitful;—that, without Dissenters, we should have had no National Schools, no Episcopal Missionaries, no new churches; and consequently, that we Dissenters are the great, original benefactors of the land.' pp. 14—16.

The Reviewer may not have the candour to admit as much as this; and yet, in speaking of the 'fair opposition of religious zeal and activity,' he virtually concedes to the exertions of the Dissenters the merit of an immense political benefit. We are not so unreasonable, however, as to look for gratitude in the clergy towards their opponents. Dr. Chalmers, indeed, has done himself honour by the manly testimony he has borne to the Dissenters in this respect. 'We shall ever,' he says, 'look upon Dissenters as great moral benefactors of their country. They call forth a most salutary reaction in the Church. They exert a most salutary control over the dispensers of patronage. They do make such progress at times as to perplex and alarm the bigots of an Establishment. But such

‘ we believe to be the native preference of our people for our Establishments, that we feel quite confident and secure that the Dissenters *will never make more progress than they deserve to make*; and that they will never obtain such an ascendancy over the mind of the country as to lead to the subversion of its religious establishments, till these establishments deserve to be subverted.’ This is language worthy of a Christian patriot. But the Reviewer, while he does not pretend to deny that the best and most disinterested motives have prompted, in many instances, the exertions of the Dissenters, complains that the spirit of pecuniary speculation has mingled itself with this religious zeal; and he thinks it hard that the clergy should have to struggle with that unfair class of competitors, the chapel-builders and the chapel-proprietors. ‘ This consolidation of interest with religious zeal,’ he says, ‘ animates and supports the system of proselytism which is the life of all dissent.’ It is not very obvious, what the motives of individuals have to do with the fairness of the competition against which the clergy have had to stand. If chapels are built as a pecuniary speculation, it proves that there is a want of what is termed church-room,—that there is a demand for the article supplied. But, in order to make church-room, when so provided, from whatever motive, a valuable property,—to render the rent a source of income,—there is but one expedient that is found to succeed; the pulpit must be effectively supplied. When this is not the case, notwithstanding the increase of population, there will be found, whether in church or chapel, empty pews. The Reviewer represents, indeed, that the chapel-proprietors will, in such cases, go canvassing about the neighbourhood for ‘ proselytes;’—nay, that possessors of houses will stipulate that their tenants shall take a pew in the conventicle. Such things may be done by Churchmen: they are not done by Dissenters. Numerous cases have come within our personal knowledge, in which these disgraceful expedients have been resorted to for the purpose of filling a church;—in which tenants have been discarded for attending the meeting, and labourers have been threatened with the loss of work, or a retrenchment of parochial relief, if they persisted in going to the conventicle. When the Reviewer affirms, that ‘ in the nature of things, this system of proselytism cannot be so actively exerted in favour of what is old and established,’—he asserts what is contrary alike to reason and to fact. We say that this system of proselytism is carried on in favour of the clergy, but we never heard of a single instance in which it was employed against them. We do not say that such a thing may not have happened, but, in representing it as one of the causes of the progress of Dissent, the Reviewer must be understood

as charging this upon the Dissenters as a common practice. It is a calumny. Either he has been grossly misinformed, and is disqualified by his ignorance for the task he has undertaken, or he is guilty of a degree of disingenuousness which ill accords with the sensitive horror he attributes to the clergy with regard to any infringement on the ninth commandment of the Decalogue.

But is it the advocate of Ecclesiastical Establishments who complains of the consolidation of interest with religious zeal, as animating and supporting the system of Dissent? Why, the whole fabric of the Church is built on this principle. The Reviewer talks of 'Tabernacle bonds' being as marketable securities as Mexican scrip.' What are advowsons? How can the competition which is so pathetically complained of, be unfair, even if the Reviewer's statements be correct? He means, perhaps, to say, that Dissenters are following the Church too closely—fighting the clergy with their own weapons. So far as there is any slender foundation for this statement, such a circumstance can with no propriety be reckoned among the causes of the progress of Dissent: it is simply an effect and indication of that progress. And so far as it exists, we believe that its influence on the prosperity of that cause is prejudicial, for this reason; that Dissent, as a cause, must ever rise and fall in this country in proportion as it is identified with the maintenance and promotion of the religion of Christ in its evangelical purity. As Dissent has no other object than this, so, it has no other basis or conservative principle. Exclude evangelical religion from the pulpits of the Establishment, and you would make the cause of Dissent triumphant, because that identification would be complete, and then, wo to the Church. But let Dissent be despoiled of this its secret strength and primitive glory, or let it cease—and blessed be God it has ceased—to be the exclusive prerogative of Dissenters to uphold the doctrines of the Reformation in this country; as a cause it must grow weaker, for it will have parted with a measure of its attractive force. In the latter case, it is not that its principles have ceased to be less true, but the occasion for recurring to those principles becomes diminished; and thus, without any deviation from its proper course, its influence on the tide of public opinion may be weakened by the operation of a counter attraction.

But the Reviewer is evidently bewildered with phenomena, the laws of which he does not comprehend; and in accounting for the progress of Dissent, he falls into the most ludicrous inconsistencies, which have not escaped the keen observation of the Nonconformist. That any difficulty is found in abandoning sect for the Establishment, or that it exposes the seceder to

any of the consequences pictured by the Reviewer, our readers will know to be utterly unfounded. The Reviewer is again in error, owing to his arguing from what takes place when a Churchman turns Dissenter, to what he supposes must follow on a Dissenter's turning Churchman. But this statement, which occurs at the top of the page, is contradicted before he gets to the bottom; and the paragraph which sets out with accounting by this means for the progress of Dissent, ends by pointing out one cause that it has not made greater advancement.

We must pass over the remarks of the Reviewer on Sunday evening lectures, which, he admits, have been regarded by the clergy as heterodox and fanatic, purely because they were begun by the Methodists. No doubt, they have aided the progress of Dissent, and the progress of something better than Dissent, apart from which Dissent is a 'cold negation.' The Reviewer's statements amount to this, and, says our Non-conformist, 'we thank him for his candour,'—that

'the Dissenter has considered the people, the Clergy have considered themselves. The Dissenters, like Dr. Southey, have "moved with the sun," and the clergy have stood perversely still, and are left in darkness.'

'Another cause of the progress of Dissent, in many large towns,' says the Reviewer, 'is the poverty of the benefices.' Hence, he contends, these churches are 'by no means courted by men of splendid abilities and high character.' Here, again, is something very much like a concession in favour of the superior abilities and character of Dissenting preachers in large towns as compared with the clergy. This is an important fact. But the poverty of the benefices has little to do with the matter. The Reviewer declaims against what, he says, 'we dare to call the vulgar prejudice against the opulence of the clergy.' We believe that no such vulgar prejudice exists. It is against the opulence of the hierarchy, not of the clergy,—of the drones, not the working bees, that there exists, not a prejudice, but a well-founded sentiment of indignant dissatisfaction. No one will say that the curates of the Establishment are adequately or even fairly and honestly remunerated by the benefice-holders. We are quite sure that we speak the feeling of Dissenters in general when we say, that it is not the wealth of the Church of England, but the unequal and unprofitable distribution of that wealth, which is regarded as the crying grievance,—together with the evils connected with the present mode of levying it. We cannot indeed say as much with regard to the infamous opulence of the Church of Ireland. Will it be urged, that were the benefices richer, the curates might be better paid? The fact is, that the richer the benefice, very often, the poorer the curate. The poor

benefices not unfrequently fall to the share of the ablest and most laborious men in the church. We are persuaded that Dissent is not indebted in the slightest degree for its progress to the poverty of benefices. Whether, or not, it has thrived the more in consequence of non-resident incumbents and pauper curates, is another matter.

Another cause assigned by the Reviewer is, 'the superior liberality of opinion professed both in word and practice by the clergy of the establishment.' Conscious that this bold position would 'excite surprise,' even in the readers of the Quarterly Review,—a feeling which it could not possibly awake were it other than a *paradox*,—the writer is more than ordinarily ingenious in the attempt to *demonstrate* it. Serious argument, however, would be thrown away in the attempt to expose the flimsiness of this part of the Reviewer's plea for the clergy. Indeed, we are not sure whether he is quite in earnest. His panegyric savours strongly of raillery. His whole plea reads like covert satire. The temper he ascribes to the clergy could not be a cause of the progress of Dissent. He tells us himself, that it is adapted to remove the prejudices of Dissenters against the Establishment. Is it not evident, then, that the real meaning he intends to convey by what he facetiously terms a paradox, is, that the *absence* of this liberality on the part of the clergy, has been one cause of the progress of Dissent? He may be right.

The next cause which is represented as acting in diminution of the influence of the clergy, is political Jacobinism. But this we may dismiss, as the Reviewer does not venture to rank it among the causes of the progress of Dissent. He is aware that the most effectual counteraction of the spread of Jacobinical tenets, has been supplied, almost exclusively, by the exertions of Dissenters. He bears testimony to the successful and praiseworthy labours of the Methodists. But then, fearful that he has conceded too much, he goes on to speak of the 'great evils' and 'grievous sins' chargeable nevertheless on these same Methodists. The great evil is, that the rich and poor do not meet so often as they did in the same parish church, where 'the real feeling of Christian equality' was so powerfully excited by the cushioned pews of the rich and the benches of the poor. The grievous sin is, that the 'low preachers' urge perpetually those passages of Scripture which denounce woe and danger against the rich, 'to gratify the spleen, rather than to comfort the hearts of the poor,'—'to justify their hatred of the opulent.' 'The poor,' he says, 'are taught to read the fate of Dives, not merely without commiseration, but with sensations of fierce and bitter triumph.' We will not trust ourselves to charact-

erize this statement, lest our expressions should seem to partake of the fierceness and bitterness which he ascribes to the poor Methodist. We leave it to the indignation of our readers.

We find that we have not room to notice the remaining causes adduced by the Reviewer, *viz.* 'the sort of reflected interest which the Dissenters derive from the sufferings of their forefathers;' 'the great advantage which the Dissenters possess in the strict adaptation of their buildings to the purpose of preaching;' and the system adopted by some of the evangelical clergy. These points are all ably touched upon by the Nonconformist, together with a few collateral subjects to which we may perhaps advert on a future occasion. He has hunted the Reviewer through all the mazes of his inconsistencies, and has torn off the mask of philosophical candour with which he attempts to conceal the unsightliness of his bigotry. In point of ability, the Quarterly Reviewer must feel that he is in the gripe of at least an equal; and it is not for the aggressor to complain of rough handling.

Art. VIII. 1. *A Pocket Expositor*; containing Reflections on every Chapter in the New Testament: selected from Doddridge's Family Expositor. 18mo. pp. 250. Price 3s. 6d. London. 1824.

2. *Selections from the Works of Archbishop Leighton*; to which is prefixed a brief Sketch of his Life. By the Rev. W. Wilson, D.D. Vicar of Church Oakley, Hants. 18mo. pp. 204. Price 3s. 6d. London. 1824.

THE practical reflections contained in Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor have generally been considered as not the least valuable part of the work. They are eminently judicious, and always breathe an admirable spirit. Some degree of sameness was, however, unavoidable, which, together with an occasional feebleness in the style, renders them susceptible of being abridged with advantage.

The Selection has evidently been made with much care, and the volume, we have no doubt, will be very generally acceptable.

We are still better pleased with the Selections from Leighton. 'The originals,' the Editor justly remarks, 'are too important and instructive to be displaced by any abridgement;' but this neat volume contains an 'essential extract' of the original in a portable form, and will be found a delightful little closet manual.

These two volumes form part of a series, which, if continued with the same judicious selection and care in the editing as are displayed in these specimens, will deserve well of the religious public.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The Rev. Dr. Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth*; with extracts from his private and official correspondence and other papers not previously investigated. The work is intended to form two volumes in 4to., and to be accompanied by portraits and other engravings by the first artists.

Reflections on the Word of God for every Day in the Year, by William Ward, Missionary at Serampore, is reprinting from the Serampore edition, and will be speedily published in one thick volume, 12mo.

In the press, *Lectures on Popery*, delivered in King-street Chapel, Maidstone. By William Groser.

Mr. Phillips, Author of *Pomarium Britannicum*, and other works, has just committed to the press a new volume, on which he has long been engaged, entitled *Floral Emblems*, containing, together with a complete account of the most beautiful picturesque devices employed in ancient and modern times by the most celebrated painters and poets, a Grammar of the Language, whereby in the most pleasing manner, ideas may be communicated, or events recorded, under semblances the most fanciful that can be applied to the purposes of amusement or of decoration. The poetical passages in which a specific character is given to the different Flowers, are selected from the best writers of all ages, and the plates, which present a variety of new and delicate associations, have been designed and executed by the Author.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

EDUCATION.

Sophoclis Tragediæ. Nova editio accurata in usum Prælectionem Academicarum et Scholarum, 2 tom. uniform with the Regent's Classics. 10s.

Thucydidis de Bello Peloponnesiaco, libri octo. Ad optimorum librorum fidem accurate editi, 2 tom. uniform with Sophocles. 12s.

Pindari Carmina. Ad optimorum librorum fidem accurate edita, uniform with the above. 6s.

An Introductory Key to the Greek Language: consisting of an Elementary Greek Grammar, including a "copia verborum," and some new rules for the formation of Tenses, with numerous examples: an interlineary translation of the Gospel of St. Luke: preceded by the original Text in a separate form, with a Key to Parsing. For the use of Schools and Private Students. 8vo. 9s.

Greek Delectus, for the use of Schools, consisting of Extracts from Xenophon, with an interlineary Translation, on a new plan. 8vo. 2s. A few copies to which the Grammar is added, 3s.

Hunt's Bredon's Tables of the History of the World; particularly adapted for Schools, Libraries, Reading Rooms, Coffee Rooms, &c. On three large sheets.—1. Ancient History.—2. Middle Ages.—3. Modern History. 3s. or folded in covers, 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Progress of Dissent;" containing observations on the remarkable and amusing passages of that article in the Sixty-first Number of the Quarterly Review: addressed to the Editor. By a Nonconformist. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Persecuted Family: a Narrative of the Sufferings endured by the Presbyterians in Scotland, during the Reign of Charles II. By the Author of "Helen of the Glen." 18mo. 2s.

Ralph Gemmel. A Tale. By the Author of "Helen of the Glen." 2s.

Fragments of Wisdom: a Cabinet of Select Anecdotes, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining, many of them Original, and not to be found in any former publication. With a beautiful and striking likeness of the Rev. Rowland Hill, Minister of Surry Chapel, Blackfriars, London. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

The Duty and Advantage of Early Rising, as it is favourable to Health, Business, and Devotion: including valuable Extracts from the writings of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.; Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.; Rev. W. Paley, D.D.; Right Rev. George Horne, D.D. Lord Bishop of Norwich; Dr. Gregory; Miss Taylor, and others. 18mo. 2s.

Pacaltsdorp; or an Account of the remarkable Progress of Civilization and Religion in a Hottentot Village, origi-

nally called Hooge Kraal, in a Letter from the Rev. John Campbell. 9d. or 7s. 6d. per dozen.

THEOLOGY.

Calvinistic Predestination repugnant to the general Tenor of Scripture: shewn in a series of Discourses on the moral attributes and government of God. By the very Rev. Richard Graves, D.D. King's Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, Dean of Ardlagh, &c.

Scientia Biblica: containing the New Testament in the Original Tongue, with the Authorized English Version, and a

Copious and Original Collection of Parallel Passages, printed in words at length. The whole so arranged as to illustrate and confirm the several clauses of each Verse; with the various Readings and the Chronology. 3 vols. 8vo. 3l.; large paper, 5l.

Practical Sermons. By the late Rev. Joseph Milner, M.A. Vicar of the Holy Trinity Church, Hull. Vol. III. 8vo. 12s.

Sermons, chiefly designed for the use of Families. By John Fawcett, M.A. Rector of Scaleby. Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Eclectic Review.

SIR,

IN the article of the "Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. William Ward, late Baptist Missionary in India," reviewed in the Number for February, there are some mis-statements which your present correspondent is able, on very good authority, to correct.

It is stated that Mr. Ward, after he came to Hull, "joined the Baptist Church, then under the pastoral care of a Mr. Beatson."

At the time when Mr. Ward came to Hull, Mr. Beatson had relinquished the pastoral office, if he had not already "entered into his rest." However, of the Church of which he had been the pastor, Mr. Ward never was a member. A Baptist Church had been recently formed, which assembled, and which still assembles, in George-street, Hull. Of this Church, and not of the Old Baptist Church meeting in Salthouse-lane, Mr. Ward became a member.

It is further stated, that on the subject of his becoming a *Missionary*, "Mr. Ward never expressed his feelings till after his removal to Ewood-hall." On *that* subject, which evidently lay near his heart, Mr. Ward expressed his feelings and his desires *very strongly*, at an earlier period, to your present correspondent, who, to the utmost of his power, encouraged him in his views; who was his pastor, and his only pastor at Hull; who baptized him there on the 28th day of August, 1796, and afterwards received him into the Church, to the great satisfaction and joy of all the members, as well as of their pastor,

WILLIAM PENDERED.

Wellingborough, Feb. 14, 1825.

Since we received the above letter, Mr. Stennett also has written to us, acknowledging the inaccuracy of the statement which we copied from his Memoirs, and requesting us to insert a similar correction.

. The conclusion of the article on Epidemic Fever is unavoidably deferred, owing to the pressure of the writer's professional engagements. We hope to be able to insert it in our next Number.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR MAY, 1825.

Art. I. Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence; with correlative Details of the Literature and Manners of Italy and Provence in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. In two vols. 8vo. London. 1824.

HISTORICAL memoir-writing, or, in other words, the selection of some particular reign, or of some eminent character in history, for the purpose of illustration by contemporaneous details, is rapidly gaining ground among us. It must not be denied, that works of this description may be rendered, in many respects, both useful and interesting; useful in filling up those chasms in general history which its extended compass renders unavoidable; interesting from the minuter picture of manners, and the greater variety of anecdote, which writers occupied with the incidents of a limited period, are enabled to present. The volumes before us are entitled to take no mean rank among such productions, and deserve high praise for the taste and industry with which they have been compiled, and the contributions which they have brought to elucidate one of the most important epochs of modern history—the revival of letters in Europe.

But for these adventitious circumstances, we should scarcely have thought the life of Joanna of Naples worth the expenditure of so much time and learning. Amid the crowded and turbulent events of the melancholy period in which she flourished, little is distinctly known of her personal history; and to that little, we fear, not much has been added by her present Biographer. For our own part, our curiosity, we frankly confess, has never been more strongly attracted towards this unfortunate princess, than to many other historical shadows, dimly descried through the mists of intervening ages; and we had satisfied ourselves with the few general anecdotes of her life and fortune, which the virulence of her

enemies and the exaggerated praises of her partizans have left undisputed. These in truth are few, and we shall shortly state them. Joanna, who inherited her crown from her grandfather Robert, had been espoused, while yet a child, to her cousin Andrew, son of Carobert, king of Hungary, who was educated with her at the Neapolitan court,—a union which, contrived as it was to silence a subsisting claim upon the kingdom, proved eventually the source of civil war and calamity for one hundred and fifty years. She is therefore called by an Italian historian, the Pandora of her country. Andrew was barbarous in his manners, and gave himself up to the society of Hungarians, who taught him to insist on his paramount hereditary right to a crown which he held only by virtue of his marriage. He was actually urging the papal court at Avignon to permit his coronation, which would have placed in great hazard the rights of his queen, when, one night, he was seized and strangled. The guilt of this mysterious assassination, by all historians except Costanzo and Giannone (Neapolitan writers), and the Abbé de Sade*, whose vindication does her more harm than good, has been imputed to Joanna. No doubt, the suspicion prevailed very recently after Andrew's death, whatever her advocates, among whom the anonymous Author of this work is not the least strenuous, may say to the contrary. His brother Louis, king of Hungary, a just and stern prince, invaded Naples, for the avowed purpose of avenging his death. After her second marriage, with Louis of Tarento, she fled to Provence with her husband, where a solemn, if not impartial investigation was instituted into the case, and sentence of acquittal was pronounced by Clement VI. Joanna soon recovered her crown, and reigned for thirty years without molestation. At length Charles, duke of Durazzo, the presumptive heir of her crown, (for she was childless by four husbands,) invaded the kingdom with an Hungarian army, got the queen into his power, and took possession of the throne. In this project, he was aided by Urban VI, for Joanna had unfortunately taken part against that pontiff in the great schism of the Church. She was smothered with a pillow in prison, by Durazzo's order. Whether guilty of her husband's murder or not, her after life had been irreproachable. Dissolute manners have been laid to her charge, but upon no specific proof or contemporary evidence. These leading features of Joanna's public and private history, we will venture to say, are nearly all that the utmost diligence of research can collect

* *Vie de Pétrarque*, t. II.

concerning this unfortunate queen; and the two volumes before us, comprehending her life and the events connected with it, if stripped of their correlative matter, would be found to corroborate our assertion. The controversial reasoning with which it is interspersed, belongs not to history. It is the application of mere ingenuity to a doubtful question, the testimony which could alone decide it being irrevocably lost. In like manner, the advocates for the problematical innocence of Mary, queen of Scots, who reason upon a particular side, and as it were from a brief drawn up in her favour, occupy themselves with watching all the ambiguities and contradictions of her case, and manifest their zeal for their royal client, by giving undue emphasis to every thing that can be fairly urged in her defence, and suppressing or wresting to their own purposes, all that tends to a contrary conclusion. A chivalrous gallantry enters not a little into this posthumous enthusiasm; and the beauty of Mary, and the personal charms of Joanna, which, according to Boccaccio, were irresistible, have had no slight share in animating the pens and warming the hearts of their historical combatants. Many a princess of coarser features, 'cheeks of sorry grain,' and inelegant manners, though equally ill-treated and oppressed, has been left to moulder in the quiet oblivion of the tomb, without calling forth one adventurous knight to redress her wrongs, to refute the charge of her supposed crimes, or to defend her injured virtue. Such is the power of beauty even in the grave! As a work, however, of this description, whatever its title-page may promise, is intended for general amusement, by bringing together a variety of interesting matter connected with the main subject only by a slight and often an invisible thread, we shall proceed to lay before our readers a few passages as specimens of its style and its execution, as well as of the materials which compose it.

A book written with such aims and in such a spirit, must not be rigidly confined either in point of time or of incident; and the Author of the life of Joanna has by no means hesitated to make use of his privilege. The birth of this princess is supposed to have taken place in the year 1327; but he begins with the early civilization of Florence; (in which, we would humbly suggest, his heroine could have had no share;) the inheritance of the fiefs constituting that country by Beatrice, daughter of Berenger; her marriage in 1245 with Charles of France, afterwards called Charles of Anjou; the deposition of Frederic II., of Suabia; the crusade under St. Louis in 1250; the usurpation of the Neapolitan crown by Manfred; the papal investiture of Naples in Charles of Anjou; and all the intermediate events of Neapolitan and Provençal history,

till the death of Robert the Wise, the grandfather of Joanna. These preliminary subjects occupy a considerable portion of the first volume. As for Joanna, we may say with Ovid, '*pars minima ipsa puella sui.*' Yet, the introductory and miscellaneous topics are far from being uninteresting, and they are, for the most part, expressed in a pleasing, though not always, an unaffected manner. The following account of Provençal literature, is a strong testimony to the Author's knowledge of the subject, and of the writers who have treated of the '*science gaie.*'

'At the close of the eleventh century, the marriage of the heirs of Provence united her territories with those of the Count of Catalonia, and various portions of Northern Spain, and Southern France, were, during the middle ages, ruled by the same lords. The courts of their Spanish lords were constantly frequented by the minstrels of Provence, and from the Arabian settlers of the Peninsula they derived the ornament of rhyme, the form of their verses, the character of their poetry, and that superior intellectual cultivation, which for three successive centuries rendered their language and their poetry the admiration of Christian Europe.

'The gallant knight and the gay Troubadour are in our minds closely associated, and not without reason. They flourished and declined much about the same period. The Troubadour, like the knight, was required to be courteous and frank, true and faithful in word and deed. "Like the knight, he selected the lady of his heart towards whom all his thoughts were continually to be directed, whom he invoked without ceasing, whose favour he was to win by his poetic triumphs, as the knight by his feats in the field or tournament. Religion, renown, and love, were alike the sacred objects of their worship: neither ever separated three things closely united in their hearts, God, honour, and the ladies."—"The knight vowed to consecrate his sword to the defence of the weak and oppressed, the Troubadour devoted his lyre to the same sacred purpose. The knight acquired his rank after long probation as a squire, the Troubadour acquired his title in some renowned court, where he at first appeared in the service of an elder bard, as a jongleur. The feudal hall was the resort of both, they were hailed with the same welcome, received the same rewards, and were retained in the service of the same lord."

'These closely assimilating characters were often united in the same noble or royal personage. The compositions of William IX. count of Poitou and duke of Aquitaine, who died in 1107, furnish the most ancient specimens of Troubadour poetry extant. Alphonso II. and Peter III. of Arragon, Richard Cœur de Lion, Frederic III. of Sicily, a dauphin of Auvergne, a count of Foix, some of the princes of Orange, and many other of the bravest sons of chivalry, were also known to fame as professors of the art of *jonglerie*. But this art, as the profession of the Troubadour was originally called, was principally cultivated by the poor and low-born, as the sure road to

riches and honours. Pierre Vidal was the son of a furrier, Perdigon of a fisherman, and Bertrand Ventadour, the favoured lover of Eleanor of Guyenne, wife of Henry II. of England, was the offspring of a menial servant.

There was no little empiricism in the art of the troubadour. 'Vice,' says Pierre Vidal,

has passed from kings and nobles to their vassals—sense or knowledge are no longer to be found in either—knights, formerly loyal and valiant, are become cowardly and deceitful. There is but one remedy for these evils, it is *jonglerie*: this profession requires spirit, frankness, gentleness, and prudence. Let us not imitate those insipid jongleurs who cloy their hearers with amorous and plaintive lays. We must vary our strains—proportion them to the sadness or gayety of the auditors, and avoid rendering ourselves despicable by mean or noble recitals.

Pierre de Corbian, in his somewhat vain enumeration of his own acquirements in a sirvente entitled his *Treasure*, gives a high idea of the knowledge possessed by the eminent amongst the troubadours.

“ Though I have not,” says he, “ castles or bourgs or vast domains, I am nevertheless richer than many a one with a thousand ounces of gold; my revenue is but small, but my courtesy and genius are not so. I walk as erect as he whom power and fortune have loaded with their favours. I possess a treasure more precious than diamonds or silver, a treasure which cannot perish nor be taken from me by thieves—it is knowledge.”

As the *jongleur* confesses all knowledge to be derived from God himself, as the first and principal part of his *treasure*, he rapidly runs through the Old and New Testament, beginning with the fall of Adam, and ending with a description of the day of judgment from the Revelation. The second and minor part of his treasure comprehends all the liberal arts in the following order—grammar, the Latin language (of which he is master), logic, rhetoric, the science and practice of music in an eminent degree, arithmetic, geography, astronomy, a little of medicine and surgery, *magic* and all that relates to it!

“ I know,” continued he, “ Mythology better than the ingenious Ovid and the lying Thales. I know, by heart, the history of Thebes, of Troy, and of Rome. I know the exploits of Cæsar, of Pompey, and of Augustus. I am not ignorant of who Vespasian and Titus, who destroyed Jerusalem, were; I can speak of all the *Cæsars*, up to Constantine.

“ Grecian history is as familiar to me as that of France, from the time of Clovis, consecrated by St. Remy, to the good king Louis, who fell in battle, and who was the most equitable of kings, having never gained or lost any territory but according to justice.”

Pierre de Corbian, after having declared himself equally well acquainted with the history of England, and all other kingdoms, finishes by displaying his knowledge of poetry, enumerates the various sorts of verse he is able to write, and says he is equally successful in pleas-

ing both knights and ladies. "Behold my treasure and my pleasure! behold my wealth! it causes me no inquietude, and nothing hinders me from being gay every day of the week." Happy man!

* * * *

The troubadour, properly so called, rarely recited his own compositions; they were generally chaunted by the attendant *jongleurs*, one or more of whom always followed in his train. The *jongleurs* were required to play on some of the following instruments—the harp, the lute, the guitar, the manichord (a sort of spinette), the gigue (a sort of bagpipe), the rebec or viol with three strings, the psaltery (a stringed instrument), and a wheel with seventeen strings, now unknown as a musical instrument, as the moderns have been unable to divine its construction, or the manner in which it was played. To these imperfect instruments, the harsher din of drums, cymbals, bells, and castanets, was not unfrequently added. The airs of this period are not thought to have possessed much excellence or beauty; and we may observe, that the balance between music and poetry is never equally preserved in their union: as music improves, the verses that are sung to it become gradually worse, and the effect of music on the human mind, however paradoxical it may sound, has consequently almost always been in the inverse ratio of its excellence.

In addition to music, the *jongleurs*, in the decline of their art, called in the assistance of tricks of sleight of hand for the amusement of their patrons; hence the modern term jugglers. They also imitated the song of birds, displayed the tricks of apes and other animals, which were trained to various feats of agility or dexterity, amongst others, to jump in and out of a number of hoops in succession. Sometimes similar exercises of agility were performed by groupes of children, whose flexible forms displayed a thousand graceful attitudes. But all these 'appliances and means to boot,' were not resorted to until the '*noble art of jonglerie*' had fallen from its original dignity and estimation.

Pierre Vidal holds the first rank amongst troubadours for genius and extravagance. He flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century, and excelled all his contemporaries, in harmony of verse and beauty of expression. His happy talents were, however, alloyed by an unfortunate propensity to fall in love with every fair and noble lady whom he saw, whilst his vanity prompted him to believe that he was in return beloved by all; and his indiscreet boasting caused one indignant husband to pierce his tongue with a hot iron. This severe lesson had, however, so little effect on him, that he shortly after had the presumption to kiss the beautiful Adelaide of Roque Martine, when she once accidentally fell asleep in his presence. Banished by her from Marseilles, he joined the crusade under Frederic II., to the Holy Land, and became at once the jest and the admiration of the assembled crusaders. Imagining himself a hero, he boasted of his own feats of arms in sirventes, whose more than poetic fictions exposed him to universal ridicule. The nobles encouraged his folly to the utmost, and induced him, at Cyprus, to marry a Grecian woman

of low birth, who they persuaded him was the niece and heiress of the emperor of the East. He immediately assumed the title of emperor, arrayed himself and his bride in royal robes, had a throne carried before him, and appropriated the liberal gifts of the barons to raising money for the conquest of his supposed empire.

‘ The exhaustion of his finances probably cured him of this folly, and sent him back in poverty to Europe, to fall into another which had well nigh proved fatal. On his arrival in Provence, he became enamoured of a lady unfortunately called *Louve* de Penautier; he called himself *Loup*, in honour of her name, and not content with this mark of his gallantry, he habited himself in a wolf’s skin, and suffered himself to be hunted by shepherds and dogs, till, exhausted by wounds and fatigue, he fell, and was recognized by his pursuers.’

Some interesting incidents in the life of the greatest of Italian poets are selected; but the Author is not sufficiently careful in intimating the sources from which he has taken them. Brunetto Latini, a celebrated grammarian of the thirteenth century, was the preceptor of Dante from the earliest dawn of his faculties.

‘ He happened to be at Florence at the period of the birth of the immortal Dante Alighieri, and being eminent as an astrologer, was employed by his parents to draw his horoscope, and foretold for the new-born babe a glorious career in literature and science. Dante early lost his father, but his mother Bella, as the astrologer’s prediction was confirmed by the fond dreams of maternal love previous to the birth of her child, took the utmost care of his education, and gave him Brunetto as a preceptor, who, by carefully imparting to him his own knowledge in grammar, philosophy, theology, and political science, contributed not a little to the fulfilment of his astrological prediction. Hence it happened that Dante, like our own Milton, to whom he has often been compared, was one of the most erudite of poets. He, however, cultivated not only the abstruse sciences, but the fine arts, in his youth, particularly music and painting, and was also remarkable for the beauty of his hand-writing. These various tastes led him to cultivate the friendship of the poets, painters, and musicians of Florence; he was equally intimate with the poet Guido Cavalcanti, the painter Giotto, and the musician Casella. One of his favourite amusements was, to take part as a performer in the private concerts of the musicians of his native city. Perhaps the utmost effort of their skill would not have afforded much delight to the fastidious ears of a modern amateur, though the science of music had made some progress since the invention of the modern system of notation in the eleventh century by Guido Aretini.’

* * * * *

‘ When but nine years old, Dante first saw Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Poliuari, at a family festival; and from that early age cherished a passion for her which terminated only with his life; but

her death taking place when he had attained his twenty-fifth year, he vainly endeavoured, in the following year, to console himself for her loss by a marriage with Gemma Donati, a lady of that powerful family which was at the head of one of the subdivisions of the Guelph party, under the appellation of the Donati or the Neri: whilst Dante himself was inclined to the opposite faction of the Cerchi or Bianchi. This marriage was an unhappy one; party spirit might, perhaps, in the first instance have engendered matrimonial discord. Gemma was not remarkable for a meek temper, and Dante's exalted imagination was, perhaps, too much inflamed by the perfections of a dead mistress, easily to pardon the faults of a living wife. From the circumstance of his having called his only daughter after that Beatrice whose name he has immortalized in his works, we may naturally conclude that his avowed adoration of her memory, could not but be wounding to the pride, if not to the affection, of his high-born spouse; whilst, on the other hand, her errors served not a little to give strength and duration to his regrets for the loss of the object of his early passion.'

* * * * *

'Dante was of the middle stature, of a grave and dignified air, the contour of his face long, his complexion brown, his nose large and aquiline, his eyes prominent and full of fire and expression, his under lip projecting, his hair and beard black, thick, and curled. He had habitually a melancholy and thoughtful air. One day at Verona, when his *Inferno* had acquired much reputation, he happened to pass by a house at the door of which some women were seated—"Do you see that man," said one of them to the rest in a low voice, "that is he who goes down into hell and comes back again whenever he likes, and brings up to the earth news of those who abide there below." "What you say is true enough," replied her companion, "Don't you see how brown his complexion is, and how his beard is curled up?—it must be the smoke and the heat there below that occasions it." Dante amused, and gratified at the effect his powerful genius had produced on the imaginations of the lower order, smiled at the simplicity of the women, and passed on. This great poet studied much, and spoke little, but his replies were pointed and acute. He was not unfrequently subject to fits of absence: having found, by chance, in an apothecary's shop at Vienna, a book he had long been in search of, he began to read it with such avidity, that he remained motionless on the same spot from morning till evening in the open shop, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of a marriage procession, which passed close by him.'

Charles, duke of Calabria, eldest son of Robert the Wise, and father of Joanna, was invited by the magistrates and principal citizens of Florence to take the government of that state, as the means of pacifying the civil dissensions which had caused the exile of Dante, and still continued to rage with unabated fury. The entry of the duke and dutchess into Flo-

rence, the administration of that prince, a great banquet given by the duke before his departure for Naples, a magnificent ball on the same day by the dutchess, are successively described. At length we arrive at the central subject, round which these varied topics are made to revolve. Joanna was born after their return to Naples, and her healthy constitution promised length of days, to the great joy of the good old king, whose prosperity had been somewhat alloyed by the dread of seeing his race expire with his son. Now follows a subject, which is sure of occupying its due space in a work of this kind—the customary arrangements of the apartments of a princess on the birth of a child. To those who are gratified by pictures of the ancient domestic manners of Europe, and by tracing the progress of the arts and refinements of life, the minuteness of the description will not perhaps be considered frivolous. We presume that it is taken from the Abbé St. Palaye's *Memoirs of Chivalry*. No suspicion, therefore, can be entertained of its correctness.

‘ These apartments consisted of three rooms in suite; *the chamber of parade*, that of the mother, and that of the infant. The articles of furniture in these rooms were few in number, but splendid in their material. The chamber of parade contained only a buffet with long narrow shelves, of which our modern kitchen dresser is an exact copy in form;—a bed, never used, except to place the infant upon on the day of baptism; and a single low chair with a cushion, *such as princesses were wont to sit on*.

‘ This chamber, as we may suppose from the name, was adorned with the utmost magnificence the times could boast; it was hung with crimson satin embroidered with gold; the floor was entirely covered with crimson velvet; and the curtains, tester, and coverlet of the bed, corresponded with the hangings of the walls. The single low chair was covered with crimson velvet, and contained a cushion of cloth of gold; a similar cushion lay on the bolster of the bed. The buffet stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, its long narrow shelves were covered with napkins of fine white linen, on which stood flagons, cups, and vases of gold and silver plate.

‘ This apartment, resplendent with crimson and gold, and fine linen, led into that of the mother, which was entirely hung with white figured satin. It is doubtful whether modern luxury could exceed the simple splendour of the one, or the chaste elegance of the other.

‘ This interior apartment contained rather more furniture than the exterior, having two beds, a couch on rollers, a buffet, a small table, and a single high-backed chair. The walls were hung with white figured silk damask; a traversaine or curtain of white figured satin, bordered with silk fringe, hung across the entrance: two others of the same description were festooned up at the upper end of the chamber in the day-time, but running on rings, were drawn at night, so as to enclose the space which contained the two beds on a line with

each other, about five feet apart. These two beds, and the space between, were covered with one tester of white silk damask, with valances of the same white satin and silk fringes as the traversaines, a curtain similar to which was drawn up at the head of the alley between the two beds, under which stood the high-backed chair of state, covered with crimson cloth of gold, with a cushion of the same material. The coverlets of the beds were of ermine, on a ground of violet cloth, which appeared "*three-quarters of a yard*" below the ermine all round, and hung down the sides of the bed a yard and a half, below which again appeared sheets of fine cambric, starched clear. The couch on rollers was hung and furnished with cushions and coverlets, similar to those of the beds, and commonly stood under a square canopy of crimson cloth of gold, terminating in a point at top. The floor was entirely covered with a carpet of velvet.

‘ But the principal ornament of this apartment was the great buffet which stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, with a border of black velvet embroidered in gold, with the arms of the parents. The number of the shelves of this buffet marked in a conspicuous manner the rank of the parents of the new-born babe. Two were appropriated to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to the consort of a reigning duke or prince, and five to a queen. On these shelves, covered with white napkins, were ranged "*vessels of crystal, garnished with gold and jewels, basins and cups of wrought gold and silver, never used on any other occasion,*" and all the most magnificent plate the banneret, count, duke, or king, possessed.

‘ At each end of the buffet stood massy candlesticks of gold, with wax tapers, which were lighted "*when visitors entered,*" two other lights stood before the buffet, and were kept constantly burning, night and day, as even in summer the day-light was excluded for fifteen days, in conformity to etiquette. On the buffet were placed three *dragcoirs* (confection-boxes) of gold, ornamented with jewels, each rolled in a fine napkin, and at the side stood the low table, on which were placed the gold and silver cups, in which spiced wines were served, after confections had been presented from the buffet. The chamber of the new-born babe was arranged much in the same manner, except that the hangings were of silk of an inferior quality.

‘ On the birth of Charles the Seventh of France, his mother hung her apartments with green, which then became the colour appropriated to queens alone; but previous to that period, princesses, with better taste, had adopted that colour which is emblematic of infant innocence.

‘ On the day of baptism, preparatory to total immersion at the font, the infant was laid on the bed of the chamber of parade, enveloped in a mantle of cloth of gold, lined with ermine, but otherwise quite naked. A *couvre-chef*, or wrapping quilt of violet silk, covered the head, and hung down over the mantle. All who took part in the ceremony assembled in the chamber of parade. The child was carried by the most illustrious of its female relatives, and the cumbrous mantle was borne up by the next in rank.

‘ The bearer of the infant was supported by the most exalted of its male relatives, followed by three others carrying wax tapers, a

covered goblet containing salt, and two gold basins (the one covering the other, containing rose water for the font. Before these royal pageants, walked a long line of torch-bearers, two and two; others were stationed on each side of the space the procession was to pass, from the palace or castle, up to the font of the baptistery. The streets, the body of the church, and the font, were hung with tapestry, silk, or cloth of gold: and a splendid bed, richly draped in front of the choir of the church, marked the highest rank. As soon as the ceremony of baptism was concluded, the sponsors and their attendants assembled in the apartments of the mother, when the infant was laid beside her. A matron of royal birth presented the drageoir or confection-box to her immediate superior, and was followed by another bearing the spiced wines (hypocras or pimento.) A less noble matron served those who held the rank of princes of the second degree, that is, counts or barons, lords of fiefs; whilst those still inferior, as simple knights not bannerets, or the minor officers of the household, were served by an unmarried lady of gentle blood.' pp. 111—16.

In the year 1328, the duke of Calabria died of a fever caught in the diversion of hawking. An anecdote is told of Robert, which does equal credit to the feelings and to the philosophy of that monarch. Having sat, during the last illness of his son, night and day by his bed-side, anxiously watching every changing symptom of the disease, when life and hope had expired together, the disconsolate parent walked about ejaculating in the words of the prophet, *Cecidit corona capitis mei—væ mihi, væ vobis!* Yet, so far did his sense of the high duties of his office restrain his paternal sorrow, that he actually administered justice on the day on which the duke expired—an admirable instance of Christian fortitude! The dutchess of Calabria survived the duke but three years, leaving two daughters, Joanna, and Maria of Sicily, born only a few months after his death. In 1331, the king, anxious to establish the peaceable succession of Joanna, caused the oath of allegiance to be taken to her, with remainder to her sister; and as heiress to all the rights and privileges of her father, she was styled dutchess of Calabria.

The early nuptials of Joanna and Andrew were celebrated in the year 1333, with great pomp. It was an ill-fated union, and destined to destroy the Angevin dynasty of Naples. The young prince was left at the Neapolitan court under an Hungarian governor, and Friar Robert was invested with the unlimited charge of the religious faith and literary education of his royal pupil. The latter is described by Petrarch as a most odious and crafty hypocrite, ostentatiously arrayed in filthy habiliments to give him the appearance of outward sanctity, and an indifference to worldly luxuries. In the mean while, the prince acquired at Naples nothing from his Hungarian precep-

tors, but their coarse manners, while, from the weakness of his character, the influence of the artful monk became complete over his mind, who laboured to instil into him notions of the validity of his own personal title to the crown. The anonymous Author of the life of Joanna, does not, however, give the slightest hint from what historical sources he derives this fact. Robert, foreseeing that immediately upon his death, the Hungarians would seize the reins of government, adopted an expedient, which could only serve to palliate the evils he dreaded—that of causing allegiance to be sworn to Joanna alone, thus leaving to Carobert the title only of king-consort.

Robert was styled by Petrarch, the Solomon of his age, and some resemblance might be traced between the character of our James the First and the Neapolitan monarch. Through his influence, the Poet of Vaucluse obtained the laurel crown from the Roman senate. It should seem, however, that although the Italian poems of Petrarch were so popular that they were repeated and sung by all classes, it was his Latin works, and particularly his *Africa*, a poem seldom read in modern times, and of which a complete analysis may be found in the excellent work of M. Ginguénet (*Hist. Litt. d'Italie*, tom. 2.) that he was indebted for the poetic laurel. Several anecdotes of Petrarch have been judiciously introduced, and nothing that relates to that enchanting poet can be uninteresting.

‘ In his youth he was so remarkable for his personal beauty as to be pointed at in the streets and public assemblies. His figure was peculiarly elegant, his features noble and regular, his complexion florid, and his eyes were remarkably fine and expressive. Prizing these advantages to their full value, he was, in early life, somewhat of what we moderns would call a *fop* in his dress. In a letter written to his brother when the hey-day of youth was over, he recalls to his recollection their former anxiety about dress when they used to spend half the day in arranging to advantage the luxuriant tresses it was then customary for men to wear. “Do you remember,” continues he “our wearing white robes, in which the smallest fold ill-placed would have been a subject of sincere sorrow! When our shoes, which would not admit of the smallest wrinkle, which were made so tight that we suffered martyrdom, and which, in the end, would have made me lame, had I not at length discovered, that it was better to consult the comfort of my own feelings than to please the eyes of others. Then when we passed through the streets, what care, what study to avoid the sudden gusts of wind that might have deranged our curled locks, and the spots of mud that would have soiled the lustre of our robes!”

‘ The life of Petrarch was unmarked by the greater vicissitudes of fortune, and a continued course of even and moderate prosperity was unalloyed by any affliction except that arising in the course of nature

from the loss of friends. Perhaps no individual unpossessed of rank, riches, or political power, ever acquired such respect and consideration from his contemporaries. Kings, emperors, and popes, admitted him to familiarity and friendship, as if rather honoured than honouring, and received the freedom of his remonstrances with a degree of good temper not less admirable than surprizing. The deference rendered by all ranks of men to the learning and worth of Petrarch, is not less creditable to the age in which he lived than to himself.*

Petrarch was the guest of Robert, and during his sojourn at Naples, was honoured with the greatest attention by the king. Anxious to gratify his prevailing tastes, the monarch accompanied him on visits to several interesting objects near Naples, —among others, to what is traditionally called the tomb of Virgil, and the Grotto of Pausilippo.

* Virgil is still considered by the populace of Naples to have been a magician, and was at this period so reputed all over Europe, even by the higher orders, and this opinion was then so firmly established at Naples, that it was scarcely safe to attack it. When Pope Innocent VI. believed Petrarch to deal in magic because he studied the works of Virgil, it was more from an idea of the unholy nature of his writings than from the rarity of the power of comprehending them. Robert, on the contrary, fell into the opposite extreme, and despised them altogether as possessing no other merit than beauty of expression.

* What is called the grotto of Pausilippo is a passage cut in the mountain, about a mile in length, and when visited by Petrarch, was low, narrow, darker still than in modern times, and nearly suffocating with dust. It was, however, held so sacred, that robbers and murderers avoided its precincts, and it was never known to have been the scene of crime. The supposed tomb of Virgil stands near the entrance; a laurel, said to have sprung from it, shaded the hallowed spot for centuries, until it was destroyed by the fall of a poplar from the mountain in 1668. When Petrarch arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Robert asked him if he did not think, like every body else, that Virgil had made this excavation by the force of incantations. This question embarrassed him for a moment, as he knew the tradition was held sacred by the Neapolitan nobles who accompanied the king; but laughing at the snare which Robert had laid for him, he replied, "I knew Virgil was a poet, but I never before understood he was a sorcerer! besides, I see the marks of the chisel." Robert approved the reply by a movement of his head, and agreed there was nothing of sorcery in the matter.' pp. 156, 7.

Boccaccio's attachment to Maria of Sicily, Robert's natural daughter, is most fantastically accounted for. It seems, that

* Three days after the departure of Petrarch for his coronation, whilst the imagination of Boccaccio was still exalted by the circumstance, he found himself, on the eve of the same festival, in a church

of the same name as that in which Laura had first appeared to her lover's view, and he sought amongst the assembled beauties (unconsciously perhaps) the distinguished fair one who was to be the mistress of his heart :—his eyes were attracted by the exquisite beauty of Maria, and at the shrine of her charms he consecrated the offspring of his genius.'

We do not pretend to solve the enigma of this mysterious passion. This falling in love *with malice prepense*, baffles our comprehension; it is one of those untried sentiments that acknowledge none of the ordinary laws of pathology; undefinable as a dream, the mere fume of that mystical absurdity which has been dignified with the name of Platonic, because a sounding epithet was wanting to designate so vain and senseless a chimera. It is sickening to be told, that, by some secret sympathies, the identity of a festival, or of the name of two churches, could have prompted a man of sense to look for a distinguished fair one, who was to reign the lady of his thoughts, and that his eyes singled out a person, to whom he had never spoken, to act the part of a mistress ;—all this too without his being in the slightest degree conscious of what he was doing. The plain, unsophisticated mode of considering these things, and talking of them, as Prior says in the song, 'like folks of this world,' leads to a much simpler conclusion. Chivalry had still left its traces in every court of Christendom, and the artificial gallantry of that period required some nominal object of adoration, as the peg on which the poet was to hang his sonnets, or the romance-writer his exaggerated descriptions of female beauty. In truth, though Petrarch's ardent nature might have rendered him an exception, the singling out of such a mistress must be considered as little more than a *dedication* of the poem or of the romance to the lady whose charms, by this most ingenious flattery, are celebrated throughout the work, instead of occupying the space of a dedicatory epistle at the beginning.

The king and queen, and the duke and dutchess of Calabria, with the young princess Maria, resided at this time at Castel Novo, near the sea. The castle communicated with extensive gardens, and with the mole which formed the port of Naples, and which was then the favourite scene of the cavalcade of the younger branches of the royal family and the nobility.

'A considerable degree of magnificence began now to distinguish the interior ornaments of the residences of the great, especially in the south of Europe. The walls were hung with velvet, satin, or damask, or painted in a regular series of stories from Scripture, or from the innumerable romances then in vogue, and the windows were

requently glazed with that brilliant painted glass which modern art so vainly endeavoured to emulate.

‘ Whilst the walls of palaces were thus sumptuously decorated, the floors were generally neglected. When carpets were used they were of silk or velvet, corresponding with the hangings; but these were rare, and spread partially, in the oriental fashion, for the comfort of individuals of rank. The brick or marble floors were generally strewn (at least in summer) with rushes or odoriferous herbs, or the flower of the yellow broom when in season, which thence became the emblem of humility. Vases of flowers were also a favourite ornament of both their eating and sleeping apartments, as appears from the *Decameron*; and Petrarch in one of his sonnets compares Laura to a vase of gold, filled with white and red roses *fresh culled by virgin hands*. With less elegant taste, gold and silver plate embossed or encased with elaborate designs, was ostentatiously displayed on buffets, under canopies of cloth of gold or silver. Mirrors of great beauty fabricated at Venice were much esteemed, and occasionally lent their useful aid to the ladies’ toilet. The beds of the great were placed in alcoves ascended by steps, and the hangings and counterpanes were embroidered in gold.

‘ But the chief magnificence of the great was displayed in their own personal attire, which varying in fashion from day to day, and differing in every different capital, may be described as ludicrous or splendid according to the scene or occasion chosen.

‘ Of the male sex, some wore party-coloured dresses, made short and tight; others long robes trailing in the dirt; but the mantles and robes of ceremony were always long and flowing, and the ground of a single colour, usually purple or crimson. The French fashion, generally adopted in Italy in 1342, Villani states to have been as follows:—“ A tight and short vest which could not be put on without assistance, being laced behind, a girdle of leather like the girth of a horse with a splendid buckle and tongue, and a magnificent purse or pouch in the German fashion. The hood in the fashion of a buffoon, with capes descending to the middle, or lower, with his hood and mantle adorned with quantities of embroidery and fringes. The bands of the hood are so long as to reach the ground, and are occasionally wrapped round the head to keep out the cold; they wear their beards long and flowing, to appear more terrific to their enemies in war. The cavaliers wear a surcoat or robe tight above the girdle, and the ends of the sleeves touching the ground, bordered with ermine or miniver.”

‘ The loose hanging sleeves were adopted by the Italian ladies from these surcoats, and both sexes wore girdles, coronets, and collars (or carcanets as they were called) of gold, silver, or gems, the women also wearing pendants in their ears. If to the dress of the male sex, described by the Florentine historian, we add the shoes with toes so long as to be fastened to the knees with gold chains, and carved at the extreme point with the representation of a church window, a bird, or some fantastic device, the dress of the head and feet will throw the whole figure into a sufficiently ridiculous masquerade. These long-

toed shoes are said to have been invented by Fulk, count of Anjou, to hide an excrescence on one of his feet. The clergy preached against the preposterous fashion with as much vehemence and as little success as they did against more serious errors, on the idea that it was contrary to the Scripture, which says, no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature; but this text might, with more justice, have been applied to the high-heeled shoes, or the high conical caps with streamers of silk falling to the ground with which it was the pleasure of the diminutive amongst the fair sex to add to their stature. This, however, was not the only artifice of the toilet which they were accused of practising; many used white and red paint, others wore false hair, or coloured their own with saffron to imitate the golden tresses of poetry, and some amongst the Southern beauties, whose locks, too obstinately sable for this latter expedient, wore thick fringes of white and yellow silk hanging over their faces.'

We are sorry that we cannot insert the interesting detail of the manners of this period, when every one rose with the sun, ate his first meal at the third hour of the natural day, and his second at the ninth. Froissart, St. Palaye, "*Les Honneurs de la Cour*," and the "*Customs of France*" compiled by the Countess of Furnes, (the last two books well known to the lovers of black letter,) have supplied our Author with much entertaining matter illustrative of the prevailing manners of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

'A brief space of fifteen years of happiness was permitted to Joanna, to enjoy these various delights, ere the storms which had been so long gathering on all sides, burst with overwhelming violence upon her devoted head. Lively, bold, and prompt, in her intellectual powers; cheerful, generous, confiding, and affectionate, in her disposition, she possessed all the qualities most natural and most engaging in youth: and as yet happy in the protection and idolizing fondness of her grandfather, in the society of her sister, in the real or feigned attachment of all around her, she enjoyed, in happy unconsciousness of the future, the magnificence befitting her rank, and the vivacious pleasures of her age; now listening with filial reverence to the lessons of the royal sage, or poring over the wisdom of antiquity; now lending a pleased attention to the strains of the minstrel, or leading the graceful dance, the splendid cavalcade, or the games and pastimes of her young companions. All historians have concurred in extolling the exquisite beauty of her person, the eloquence of her speech, and the majestic graces of her air and manner. Boccaccio was so impressed with the exalted qualities of her mind, and the beneficence of her disposition, that he gives but five words to describe that personal beauty to which alone many succeeding writers have done justice—yet these five words convey, that she was "fair and goodly to look on," of a graceful presence, of a cheerful and beautiful countenance. Brantome, the enthusiastic admirer of every princess of French ex-

reaction, maintains that her beauty far exceeded that of Petrarch's Laura. "Her portrait, which is still to be seen, shews," says he, "that she was more angelic than human. I saw it at Naples, in a number of places, where it is treasured with the greatest care. I have seen it also in France, in the cabinets of our kings and queens, and of many of our noble ladies. Certainly this was a beautiful princess, whose countenance displayed great sweetness, with a beautiful majesty. She is painted in a magnificent robe of crimson velvet, loaded with gold and silver lace, and embroidery. This robe is almost in the exact fashion our ladies wear now on days of great solemnity, which is called a *Boulonnaise*, with a great quantity of large rings of gold; on her head she wears a bonnet on a cushion. In brief, this fine portrait of this lady represents her as all beauty, sweetness, and true majesty, so well, that one becomes enamoured of her mere image." Vol. I. pp. 188, 9.

In the mean time, Andrew grew up in torpid indolence, despised by the learned for his ignorance, and by the valiant for his indolence. Every instance of his weakness increased the regrets of Robert, and the licentiousness of the nobles, who, seeing the life of the king near its termination, waged continual war upon each other. Perceiving his end approaching, Robert dictated his testament, leaving to Joanna not only Naples, but the counties of Provence and Piedmont. We pass over a great deal of matter, which our Author, who seems to have set out with a strong resolution to spin out his materials to two volumes, has lengthened to the wire-drawn extent of Guicciardini himself. "Friar Robert possesses himself of the government,—his tyranny and insolence;—the duke of Durazzo carries off the princess Maria;—these are topics which occupy nearly an entire chapter. In 1343, Joanna received from the pope's legate the investiture of the kingdom, Andrew appearing only as a spectator in the ceremony. Friar Robert's insolence became intolerable to the young queen, and the cardinal sent by the pope to superintend the council of regency during her minority, was wholly ignorant of affairs; but her earnest application at the papal court, to govern herself without the intervention of tutors and guardians, was ineffectual. In the mean while, the partisans of Andrew applied to the court of Avignon for a bull authorizing his coronation in right of Charles Martel, his grandfather. The pope hesitated; but, it is said, at a bribe of 100,000 florins decided the matter; the bull was procured, and the 20th September, 1345, appointed for the ceremony. The bishop of Chartres, the internuncio who was to have performed it, had already arrived at Molo di Capua on his way to Naples, when a shocking event overthrew the whole project.

Much unnecessary description is lavished by the Author, evidently, we think, to please his fair readers, upon the beautiful gardens of the Celestine monastery at Aversa, whither the king and queen had repaired to avoid the autumnal heats of Naples. A great deal follows about the song of the minstrel, the dance of the young maiden, the tale of the poet enjoyed by the side of the fresh fountain or silver stream, orange-groves, trellissed alleys, the gentle Andrew lying stretched under the tall cedar, or the olive, fondly dreaming of the crown, turning his eyes on his beautiful queen, and thinking of his little child not yet born, which was so soon to unite the jarring pretensions to the crown;—this too of a being, who, if we are to believe all historians, even the Author himself, never thought of any thing in his life, and seldom turned his eyes to the queen, with whom he lived in discord! After ‘by much too much’ of this intoxicated prose, we arrive at the circumstances of the murder.

‘On the night of the eighteenth they retired to rest as usual, intending to return at an early hour the next day to Naples, preparatory to the ceremonies and fatigues of the morrow. The Hungarian attendants of Andrew were sunk in sleep and wine, the monks of the convent were enjoying their short repose previous to their customary hour of chaunting matins, when Mabrice, the sister of Jacobuzio di Pace, Andrew’s chamberlain, who was one of the ladies of the queen’s bed-chamber, entered in haste, and told Andrew that a courier from Friar Robert had just arrived, and waited to confer with him on affairs of moment. Unsuspicious of any evil design, the prince got up and dressed himself, in order to proceed to an apartment at the end of a neighbouring gallery, where, not the supposed courier, but some of the conspirators were assembled. Immediately on his leaving the queen, the door of her apartment was secured by the conspirators, we must suppose to prevent his return, or her egress. When he got about the middle of the gallery, some persons, but who they were was never positively known, surrounded him; one stopped his mouth with an iron gauntlet or glove, so as to prevent his cries; others threw round his neck a cord with a running knot, a towel, or a handkerchief—for the circumstances are differently related, and all dragged him forward to the balcony of the open gallery, from which he was hung over the garden, and some of the conspirators stationed there, strangled him by pulling him by the feet. Having accomplished their horrible purpose, they would have proceeded to bury the body in the garden, with the intention of saying he had left the kingdom for Hungary, by the advice of his counselors; but the execution of this imbecile contrivance was stopped by the unexpected appearance of an Hungarian maid (by some said to have been the nurse of Andrew, but not so called by Villani) who slept near, probably in one of the apartments under the balcony, and who was disturbed by the fall of the body, when the cord which suspended it was cut or broken. Her cries assembled the inhabitants of

the convent to the spot, and dispersed the conspirators, who fled in all directions; and the body of the unfortunate prince was immediately carried into the church of the convent. Of this horrible transaction little is certainly known, except the atrocious catastrophe. Historians disagree as to the circumstances, the instigators, and the perpetrators of the murder, and abound in directly contradictory assertions; some say that Andrew was sleeping with the queen when he was called up; and as Boccaccio on the one side, who was at Naples at the time, and Villani on the other, who had been informed by Nicholas, the Hungarian, his governor, agree in this, it was most probably the case; others, however, say he was in the anti-chamber, undressing, and others that he was in a different apartment altogether, with the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, laughing and talking with childish mirth. The queen, immediately on the murder, fled to Naples, in a dreadful state of agitation and fear; and calling round her the most esteemed friends of king Robert, commanded their counsels in this fearful emergency. Messengers were immediately despatched to inform the pope and the king of Hungary of the dreadful event; and Joanna is said to have written to the latter a most pathetic letter, imploring his protection for her and her unborn child. No authentic account remains of how or when she became acquainted, or showed acquaintance, with the murder of Andrew. Villani only says, she returned to Naples next morning, and did not shew the grief she ought to have done. Her contemporary friends, who have not had recourse to invention in her defence, are also silent on the subject.' Vol. I. pp. 225, 8.

The various speculations as to the perpetrators of this murder have left the question in complete doubt. The Abbé de Jades, Petrarch's biographer, produces a sort of Irish defence of Joanna. He attributes it to the Empress of Constantinople, who, by making the queen a widow, hoped to procure her hand for Louis of Tarento, for whom she had already inspired her with a criminal passion, *having previously persuaded her to consent to the sacrifice of Andrew*, as a measure of state-policy necessary to her own security. Philippa, a governess near the person of Joanna, and her grand-daughter Sancha, were executed because they *knew of the plot*; but no evidence to shew their priority has ever been adduced. Our Author hazards a solution of the problem as probable as can be obtained, although there are strong circumstances of suspicion, which have not yet been cleared from the memory of the queen.

'The plot,' he says, 'was evidently never of *female* devising. The vengeance of women, though not less deadly, is more timidly fraudulent in execution, and more cunning in concealment. It appears to have been a sudden burst of desperate ferocity in a set of miscreants who feared the loss of their fortunes and lives under the sway of the implacable and equally unprincipled friar. The time and the manner

of Andrew's death strongly confirm this supposition; it took place within twenty-four hours of his coronation, without any precautions whatever for concealment. The shallow artifice of burying him in the garden, shews the perturbation of hastily-concerted crime; the fresh-turned earth must have betrayed his grave to the most careless observer, and none could for a moment have believed, that he had voluntarily set out for Hungary in this secret and sudden manner, without the knowledge or assistance of any of his friends, on the eve of his long-desired coronation.' Vol. I. pp. 245, 6.

What authoritative proof, sufficient to silence all doubt or cavil, can be expected at this time of day, seeing that the evidence of the Villani, both of whom are in other respects of irreproachable faith, and who were contemporary writers, is absolutely set at nought? To be sure, the testimony of Petrarch and Boccaccio have great weight; but they were both zealous partisans of the queen, and had received considerable favours at her hands; and as for the poet, he never speaks upon the subject, nor indeed upon any other, in a calm, historical tone, but with that hyperbolic and exaggerated rhetoric which wholly unfits him to be a grave, impartial, or credible witness. In the total absence, therefore, of positive evidence, we must resort to probable testimonies; and among these, we are inclined to rely chiefly upon the unequivocal assertion of her innocence by Clement VI., and the strong, the almost irresistible circumstance, that, when the king of Hungary invaded her dominions expressly to revenge the murder of Andrew, he omitted all mention of the accusation, and insinuated nothing against Joanna in his manifestoes to the pope and the other princes of Europe on that occasion. We should have acquiesced with greater satisfaction in our inferences of her innocence, had we found on our side Muratori, confessedly the writer of modern times, the best acquainted with Italian history. But he declares, we know not upon what grounds, 'that it were as easy to wash a blackamoor white, as to clear Joanna of the charge.'

Her marriage with Louis of Taranto, a union recommended by motives of policy, took place in 1347; and the most eventful and troubled period of her life now approached. The king of Hungary invaded the Neapolitan territories with a great army, which marched towards Naples by the way of Benevento; and the duke of Durazzo treacherously deserted Joanna in her utmost need. She yielded to the storm, and retired to Provence, having first pathetically addressed her council, and absolved her nobles and people from their allegiance.

'The inexpressible grace and touching eloquence of Joanna, moved the assembly to tears. Calm and magnanimous, she alone was suf-

ficiently composed at this affecting moment to speak ; and animated by the unequivocal sympathy she excited, she bid them "cast away despondency, and share with her the cheerful hope she felt in the justice of God, who, she could not doubt, would display her innocence to the world, and restore her to her kingdom and her fair fame."

'To one convinced of the innocence of the persecuted Joanna, nothing can be imagined more affecting than this young and lovely woman thus commanding herself, and melting the stern warrior and rough burgher into tears at her feet. "If there be any thing touching in nature, it is the tears of proud man ; if there be any thing sublime, it is the mild fortitude of weak woman." The profound silence which had reigned in the assembly on the first address of the queen, was now broken by clamorous exclamations, imploring her to remain, and dare every hazard, the nobles vowing to maintain her on the throne at the risk of their own and their children's lives.

'It is not to be supposed that one of the most captivating women the world ever saw, could appeal in vain to the sympathy of man in this age of chivalry, when devotion to beauty was carried to a degree of enthusiasm often bordering on madness. Even those, in whom age and experience had chilled the ardent enthusiasm of manhood in its prime, were not less profoundly affected by her address, and whilst they applauded and confirmed her sage resolution, as the most effectual method of ultimately securing the success of her cause, they vowed never to remain at rest till they had procured her return, and to devote their lives and fortunes to her service. The 15th of January was accordingly fixed for Joanna's embarkation for Provence, and three galleys were provided to convey her and her household, with her most precious effects and attached friends. The people of Naples had hitherto been divided between horror of the crime attributed to her, and early affection formed in her happy childhood, when she had been the delight of every eye, "having grown up familiarly amongst them from her cradle." The latter sentiment now alone prevailed, heightened by pity for the misfortunes which, under any point of view, had been drawn down on her by the evil agency of others, and by "admiration of that wisdom which began to display itself in all her actions, and gave promise of what she one day proved." Their regrets were unanimous and vehement, and when she bade adieu to the mansion of her father, every man and woman in the city repaired to the scene of embarkation to kiss her hand, or catch a last sight of her beautiful form as she stood on the deck of the galley, which every moment lessened to their view. Both sexes wept bitterly as she left the shore ; and as long as the galleys could be seen, even as a small speck on the ocean, they were watched by the anxious crowd ; and when they could no longer discern the frail bark which was to bear their young queen, in the depth of winter, through a voyage which the nautical ignorance of the age rendered dangerous, they repaired to the churches, and surrounding the altars, invoked every saint to grant her a prosperous voyage.' Vol. II. pp. 283—5.

Durazzo's treachery was not prosperous in its issue. Under pretence of his being concerned in the death of Andrew, he was assassinated by order of the Hungarian king; and thus, by the removal of a formidable rival to Joanna, her restoration was facilitated, and the imputation of Andrew's murder unequivocally transferred to a person with whom it was impossible that she could have acted in concert. Her sister, the unfortunate widow of Durazzo, sought, with her children, a refuge with the monks of Santa Croce; and by their means, her friends conducted her to Provence, to seek protection and succour from the unhappy queen, whom she found as desolate as herself,—a prisoner at Aix, whither she had been conducted, while she was on the road to Avignon, by the prince of Orange, and others of the Provençal nobility. This unexpected reception of the queen arose from the calumnies of Louis of Hungary, who insinuated that she was proceeding to Avignon to barter away her French dominions with the duke of Normandy, in order to prosecute her war in Naples with more effect. Her husband had in the mean time proceeded to Tuscany, in order to obtain the good offices of the bishop of Florence, in behalf of the queen, with the papal court. She was soon released by Clement VI. Her barons, convinced of their error, flocked around her with assurances of duty; and it was on this occasion, that she publicly justified herself before that respectable pontiff. Our Author describes the pomp and circumstance of the solemnity with much minuteness. Such was her eloquence, or such the charm of her beauty, that *she was pronounced not only innocent, but above the suspicion of guilt.* Of the impartiality of this tribunal, the Abbé de Sade, her strenuous but not always judicious advocate, observes, that 'the beauty and eloquence of the queen of Naples would 'have seduced the Areopagus itself.' The count and countess of Provence (for that title had been conferred upon Louis) returned to their government amidst the joyful acclamations of the Provençals, who revered her in life and in death, and never spoke of her but as the 'good queen Jane.' 'Happy,' remarks her modern Biographer, 'had it been for her, had she left the 'turbulent and fickle Neapolitans to a harsher rule, and passed 'her peaceful days in the haunts of the muses, on the lovely 'borders of the Durance and the Rhone.'

In the same year, 1348, the plague broke out at Avignon. This suggests to the Author, Boccaccio's unequalled description of the pestilence which raged at Florence about the same time. Of this celebrated passage he has given an animated and correct translation. Louis of Hungary disgusted the Neapolitans with his tyrannical conduct. Having retired to his Hun-

garian territories, his new subjects became anxious to shake off his yoke. Joanna, having pledged all her jewels, and sold Avignon to the pope for 80,000 gold florins, equipped ten galleys, embarked from Marseilles in June, and landed at Naples with her husband, who had received the title of king from the pope, to the great joy of the inhabitants. On the day of the coronation of Louis of Taranto and Joanna, the gladness and festivity of the occasion were saddened by the loss of their only child. The king died in 1362. It was generally feared, that it would not long be possible for the queen alone to keep in check the hot heads of the Neapolitan princes;—the council, therefore, earnestly advised her to marry at the end of her widowhood. Their choice fell upon James, Infant of Majorca; and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp. Upon this occasion, Joanna received from an Italian nobleman the *present of two knights*, to be disposed of according to her own will and pleasure. Brantome relates the incident from the work of Paris of Puteo on the laws of duel, a book referred to by St. Palaye in his memoirs of chivalry.

‘Paris of Puteo,’ says the Historian, ‘a venerable doctor of laws, relates that this beautiful queen held an open and solemn ball in her city of Gaeta, amidst the flower of her nobility, on the occasion of some marriage feasts or other honourable rejoicings. Amongst the nobles present was Galeazzo of Mantua, one of the most accomplished princes of Italy in those days, whom the queen made choice of to dance with her.

“The dance being ended, and Galeazzo having acquitted himself well, he came before her royal seat, and after making a low obeisance, bent his knee to the ground, and thanked her very humbly for the honour she had rendered him with so much courtesy and graciousness; and declaring he knew not how to recompence it by any service worthy of it, made there at her feet a vow to wander through the world in search of deeds of arms at every hazard, risk, and peril, until he should have vanquished and captured two valiant knights to bestow as a gift on her, to dispose of as she thought best. See how, in past times, such as he were able to recompence their superiors!

“By this the queen saw, at least, that though not approaching in any degree to her incomparable nobleness, she had not honoured a knight who was not of some worth, nor less endowed with wit and gentleness; she replied only, that ‘*in good time, and by the grace of God, he should accomplish his vow, since such was his pleasure and the custom of knighthood.*’

“The knight then departed, and went to Franec, Burgundy, Spain, Germany, Hungary, and other regions, provinces, and kingdoms, where was then to be met the flower of chivalry. He hazarded himself, challenged, fought, and at last conquered and captured the two promised knights, partly by his valour, partly by the favour of fortune, and brought them to the kingdom of Naples.

“ At the end of the year Galeas sought the queen, and bending one knee to the ground, presented the captive knights, accomplishing his vow with great solemnity.

“ The queen in return, with becoming grace and great majesty (in which she was never found wanting) received the vow and the deed as gallantly accomplished, and offering all possible courtesies to prince Galeas, pronounced him a most worthy knight, and accepted the two captives, to whom she said these words—

“ Sirs, you are, as you see, my prisoners. By the laws of chivalry I may cause such as are in your captive condition to serve me in any ignoble office I may best please; but I think you will judge by my countenance that cruelty does not dwell in my heart to dispose of the unfortunate in such like manner. Of my clemency, then, and humanity, I give you from this hour entire liberty and franchise to act as you please, whether to return free to your own country, or before you depart, to solace yourselves in my kingdom and view the curiosities of it, which are sufficiently admirable; after having visited them, return to me, and when you choose to depart, I shall be well pleased to commend you to God.

“ Who so happy as these two knights! They did not fail to execute their gentle sentence, and to solace themselves for a good space amidst the delights of this pleasant kingdom, which then abounded in pleasures, and was governed by so noble a queen.

“ When they had seen the whole at their ease, they came to take leave of their sovereign lady and mistress (since they were captives and slaves). She furnished them liberally with gifts, as she had done before, and having given them money for their journey, and thick and heavy gold chains, they departed seeking adventures here and there, and publishing on their passage the virtues, humanity, and courtesy of the queen, as they had just reason to do, none of her time possessing these qualities in the same degree.”

“ What follows this recital is perhaps still more curious to the inquirer after ancient manners. Brantome thus proceeds—“ This doctor that I have quoted, the venerable doctor Paris of Puteo, a very worthy man, and who has well written the account of this duel, greatly extols this queen, and says, that in this instance, she merited much more praise than the canons of St. Peter's church at Rome, at whose holy altar a victor knight having given one he had vanquished and thus gained in single combat, with arms, horse, and trappings, in the lands of the patrimony of St. Peter's, for them to dispose of as they pleased, according to the laws of single combat; these canons were so inhuman, that in lieu of acting with mercy like this compassionate and good queen, they kept this poor devil of a knight in a sort of bondage in the church, without any other exercise than pacing to and fro, and sometimes looking out at the passengers through the open doors; and during his life he never passed beyond the threshold: as I saw formerly in Spain done by those who had taken refuge in the church for some crime they had committed. Thus this doctor Paris blames these holy brothers and commends this queen Jane, who

certainly cannot have as much praise as she merits for her innumerable virtues." Vol. II. pp. 49—53.

James of Majorca, whose father had been treacherously murdered by Peter of Arragon, died in Spain during an enterprise he had undertaken in that country to avenge his death. Joanna was beset with rebellion and treason, foreign and intestine; but the wisdom of her measures and the vigour of her administration restored and preserved the public tranquillity. She promoted the interests of commerce, and liberally patronized the arts and literature. Boccaccio was honoured by her most distinguishing patronage during his residence at Naples; and her Biographer enters into various details of his life, as entitled to a place in the history of Joanna and the age in which she flourished. As these, however, are not new topics, we shall abstain from them.

Of the male descendants of Charles of Anjou, none now remained except Louis of Hungary and Charles of Durazzo, of whose education Joanna had taken charge during his minority, and who accepted, against her wishes, the invitation of the Hungarian king to follow him in his wars against Venice.

'No guilty projects had as yet sullied the mind of Durazzo, his gratitude for past benefits was still warm, and that lively anticipation of future favours which has too justly been said to be the sum and substance of a courtier's gratitude, had some of the generosity of youth and the joyous confidence of hope; and whatever might have been his secret feelings, he was peculiarly formed to win affection and quiet suspicion; his mellow voice, mild speech, deliberate enunciation, measured step, and composed demeanor, appeared to denote gentleness and tranquillity of soul, and effectually concealed the latent cruelty and ambition of his nature. Low in stature, but symmetrically formed, his air was noble, and his countenance singularly pleasing, his features regular, and complexion florid. His manners were gracious to all ranks, and his generosity such as became a prince—especially to men of letters, whose society he courted in emulation of his patroness. History and poetry were his peculiar studies and favourite relaxation amidst the fatigues of a camp, and he understood better than most of his time those favourite points of discussion which were usually debated by the erudite at the conclusion of the social repast. As a soldier, he united both courage and conduct, and so great was his personal prowess, that when he first went to Hungary, he slew in single combat a knight of gigantic stature whom none other was bold enough to attack; and in memory of this signal achievement, ever after bore, as his crest, the head of an elephant, which had been that of the modern Goliath.

'The irreproachable conduct of Durazzo unhappily deceived Joanna as to his real character, and finding nothing to counterbalance his various merits, but those vague forebodings of the future, which

seemed rather to arise from the ambitious spirit of the age than to be justified by any scrutiny of his actions however minute, in an evil hour for him, for herself, and her people, she bestowed on him the hand of her adopted daughter, and proclaimed her intention of bequeathing her crown to them and their issue. Soon after the celebration of the nuptials Charles, returned to the service of the king of Hungary; cold and ambitious, he, perhaps, already calculated on his support in case of any change in the queen's intentions.'

Vol. II. pp. 143—145.

At the period of the Sicilian treaty, Joanna was at the summit of prosperity. She was now recognised queen of both Sicilies; but, from this time, her kingdom was distracted by internal dissensions. Charles of Durazzo refused to return for the defence of the kingdoms he was one day to inherit; and the power of the Church, which, during the pontificates of Clement VI., Innocent VI., and Urban V., had afforded her prompt and efficient aid, in the hands of Gregory XI. was fallen into contempt. Her own natural issue was extinct, and the last of the faithful friends of Robert and of her own able counsellors, had paid the debt of nature. In this state of cheerless, desolate splendour, she gave her hand (as the last expedient of saving her house) to Otho of Brunswick, on the feast of Pentecost 1374. He was a prince of virtuous character and amiable manners. Happy had it been for this ill-fated queen, had she made such a choice, instead of James of Aragon;—a marriage which drove her into the injudicious measure of adopting Charles of Durazzo for her successor. Those readers who are interested in the details of papal history, we refer to the eighth chapter of the second volume of this entertaining miscellany, for the singular and almost romantic circumstances of the elevation of Urban VI.;—an event which entailed upon Naples an age of misery, and destroyed a dynasty which, for more than a century, had rendered these dominions the most flourishing and the most happy in Europe. This execrable pontiff was a Neapolitan; he had long been honoured and esteemed by Joanna, and, at the period of his election, was archbishop of Bari. At the very period when he was loaded with the gifts of Joanna, and supported by her troops, he was concerting with the rebel duke of Andria, her deposition and the investiture of Charles of Durazzo in her dominions. In the celebrated schism of the Church which followed the election of a rival pope, by the name of Clement VI., the atrocious conduct of Urban drove Joanna to oppose him, and to support the pretensions of Clement. The infuriated pope published a sentence of deposition against the queen, as a schismatic and a rebel, transferring her forfeited crown to Charles of Durazzo.

In these difficulties, she found all her measures of defence against the rebellion of Charles, thwarted by the partisans of Urban, and was obliged to have recourse to Provence and the court of France, appointing Louis of Anjou, brother of Charles V., her universal heir. But the unexpected death of that monarch transferred the government to Louis as regent, whose apathy made him so odious to his country, that the apprehension of internal tumult kept the nobility, who had armed for the defence of Naples, at home, for the protection of their own kingdom. The invasion of Naples was now inevitable, and, after various fortunes, Durazzo besieged Joanna in Castel Novo, defeated and took Otho prisoner, imprisoned the hapless queen, and was solemnly crowned in the cathedral.

‘ During eight months, all the miseries of a harsh captivity were inflicted on Joanna, in hopes that the privations she suffered might subdue her proud spirit to purchase some melioration of her condition, by the cession of Provence; but, constant to her resolution, the only fruits of these measures was a new testament, made in prison, confirming her former grant to Louis of Anjou.

‘ She was probably at this period utterly careless of life. As the captive of Durazzo, it could possess nothing to make it valuable; and had she been restored to the throne, unceasing cares, struggles, and suspicion awaited her, and measures of severity repugnant to her nature would have been daily necessary.

‘ The appearance of a large naval armament in the Bay of Naples from Provence, was the signal for the consummation of a crime which Charles had not, perhaps, at first contemplated. The duke of Anjou had left Provence with an army of thirty-five thousand knights. The scarcely-concealed enmity of Urban VI. threatened a danger of the most imminent kind, and the universal desire for the restoration of Joanna was so evident, that her presence alone seemed necessary to rally all ranks round her standard.

‘ To rid himself of a part of his fears, and to secure to himself at least one ally, Charles granted a base compliance to the embassy of the king of Hungary, who sent at this period to congratulate him on his success, and to demand the death of Joanna, as the reward of his past aid, and the price of his future friendship.

‘ Not daring to trust any Neapolitan to perpetrate the bloody deed, he despatched four Hungarian soldiers to Muro, charged with its execution.

‘ Whether Joanna was, from any peculiar circumstance, led to suspect that the crisis of her fate was at hand, is unknown; but immediately before the time secretly appointed for her death, she made so powerful an appeal to Charles to spare the life of Otho, that he yielded to her intercession, and probably as some sort of reparation of his offences to her, treated him well, and finally restored him to liberty.

‘ In the days of her most brilliant prosperity, Joanna had been re-

markable for her constant attention to religious observances, and probably in the hour of her bitter reverse of fortune they constituted her only consolation. At stated hours she performed her devotions alone in the chapel of the castle. On the morning of the twenty-second of May she repaired as usual to the sacred spot, and while she knelt before the altar, imploring forgiveness at the throne of grace for her past offences, whatever they might have been, the Hungarian soldiers secretly entered, and whilst two of them guarded the door, the other two passed a silk cord round her neck, and instantly strangled her.

‘ Her body, by order of Durazzo, was brought to Naples, and for eight days exposed to the gaze of the populace in the church of St. Clair, that her partisans, by the contemplation of the last sad remains of departed royalty, might be convinced that all further efforts against him were vain. But this had not the effect he intended, for those who had been attached to the murdered queen were exasperated beyond recall, and many who had been before indifferent in her cause, were moved to compassion by her unmerited sufferings, and, generously indignant at the cruelty and perfidy of Durazzo, refused to submit to the rule of one whom no benefits could attach nor any duty restrain.’ pp. 245—248.

Our anxiety to render justice to this elaborate and elegant historical miscellany,—for we know no other class of compositions in which it can be ranked,—has led us into a long, but, we trust, not uninteresting abstract. The Author is perfectly master of his subject; he has brought to his task considerable industry and erudition. Joanna, indeed, as we have already hinted, is not the most conspicuous character in her own biography, the materials to illustrate which are necessarily doubtful and scanty. But this defect has been supplied by the ample researches which the Author has directed into the various collateral events of one of the most interesting periods of modern history. With a few slight objections, therefore, to the occasional occurrence of ‘ taffeta and silken phrases,’ and to some affectations and redundancies of diction, we can conscientiously recommend his volumes to the perusal of those who are desirous of acquiring much useful and elegant information, comprised within a reasonable compass, which has heretofore lain scattered over many scarce, bulky, and inaccessible works.

Art. II. *L'Etrangère. Par le Vicomte D'Arlincourt. Avec un Portrait de l'Auteur.* 2 tomes. Paris, 1825.

WHEN we observe a more than ordinary quantity of literary puffing,—a solicitude unusually restless and unquiet to defend the reputation, and to panegyryze the writings of a

ring author,—a soreness and wincing in that author, or his friends, who are generally as injudicious as himself, under the nimadversions of public criticism,—any thing, in short, but the patient and tranquil dignity with which real genius marks the silent progress of its works in calm anticipation of those affrages of futurity, which in due season are sure to rescind the light decrees of fashion, and to silence the capricious andivolous voices of the vulgar; when we observe these symptoms, we are not without our suspicions, that the author and his work are good for little. The romance now in our hands, and just fresh from the popular pen of the Vicompte d'Arlincourt, is a case in point; for, judging by the preface of its pretended Editor, whom we cannot mistake, and whom it would be prudery not to declare, from unequivocal testimony, to be the Vicompte himself, we might be led to suppose, that all France was suspended on its fate, and that every circle and every *café*, instead of ringing with murmurs against the British recognition of South America, or with the portentous schemes of the Holy Alliance—

‘ ——— gravesque
Principum amicitias et arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus’—

were occupied exclusively with the merits of l'Etranger, le Renegat, and le Solitaire. Crimination and re-crimination,—all the artillery of wounded pride are unmercifully discharged upon his critical assailants, and every atom of testimony is scraped together by the indefatigable vanity of authorship, to uphold the credit of compositions which, if they deserved any credit at all, would require much less to be said in their favour. To the trial of this important issue, the Vicompte subpcenas every journal which has spoken in his praise. So vitiated also is his appetite for commendation, that he feeds complacently upon the eulogies of the obscurest portion of our own periodical press. The Gazette of Fashion, and the Ladies' Museum, which every well-educated writer would despise as arbiters of literary taste, are dragged into court to give evidence for an author whose popularity is represented as being equal in France to that of Sir Walter Scott in England!

Our readers would hardly give us credit for our statements of the inordinate rate at which the Vicompte estimates his own productions, if we adduced no instance. We, therefore, cite the following passage from the preface of the supposed Editor, as a sample of the insufferable self-satisfaction with which he enlarges on the merit of his last publication.

‘ I stop here.—If it were necessary to bring together upon this oc-

casion the commendations with which the journals of every country have commemorated M. D'Arlincourt, a volume of preface would be insufficient; and so long a series of panegyric would be tedious. I will only remark, before I conclude, that in foreign countries, it is *Le Renegat*, which, of all the romances of the author of *Le Solitaire*, has produced the most general effect. The present publication, *L'Etrangère*, is perhaps the most remarkable amongst them. The extreme simplicity of its action, the very few incidents or characters which preserve the thread of the narration, *its unbroken unity of place*, are entirely in the ancient taste (*tout-à fait du goût antique*); and, added to this, never were a more animated interest, more heart-rending scenes, more ardent love, a purer moral, and more pathetic situations, more prominently revealed in any work of imagination.'

Then, after a debate, which is as ridiculous as its subject, whether the works of the Vicompte belong to the classical or the romantic school, the momentous decision is thus pronounced;—not indeed in so many words, but in substance: If, by the romantic kind, be implied bad taste, or extravagant and monstrous exaggerations of language and sentiment, M. D'Arlincourt is not, and never was, *romantic*. But if the romantic comprehends every thing in which sublime conception and fine writing consist, why then, M. D'Arlincourt is romantic—with a vengeance.

'In fact, what impartial readers have constantly remarked in the works of the Author of *Le Solitaire*, is, the skilfulness of his plots, which, while they are subject to all the unities and rules prescribed by reason, have all the severity of the classic school, and nothing of the romantic, but a diction glowing with images. Foreigners more equitable in their judgements of French authors than the French themselves,' (Is it possible, we ask, whether this can be seriously said?) 'have particularly enlarged upon the pure taste which presides over M. D'Arlincourt's compositions, and the harmonious correctness of their style. Never in his romances (if those productions can be called romances which partake at once of history, poetry, and romance) does he present supernatural beings for his heroes; monsters with crooked claws, spectres, demons, and vampires. His incidents are clear and simple, not overladen with characters and episodes. It is only the disorders and passions of the heart, that he strives to delineate; and if he sometimes affrights his readers with strong and terrible images, his pictures are not those of corporeal monsters, but of the agitations of the soul. Hence, his writings have charmed all ages, all [both] sexes, all classes, and all nations.'

Preface, pp. 41—46.

This is enough, in all conscience; but the eulogy upon '*L'Etrangère*' is not done; for, after dwelling upon its various excellencies, the supposed Editor threatens us, in the genuine

spirit of theatrical puffing, *with its being positively the last time.*

'The character of Arthur,' he observes, 'is so sketched as to leave profound impressions on the heart; and many young men may probably read with profit the last romance of the Bard of Charlemagne. The last romance! It is with regret we write these words: but it unfortunately seems certain, that M. D'Arlincourt will henceforward renounce this class of composition. History will occupy his leisure; he also hopes to return to Poesy. In each career may he attain new triumphs!'

In this tone of self-adulation, does the Vicompte talk of his own productions;—for no one can be duped by the shallow pretence of putting it into the mouth of a supposed Editor. Let us then briefly examine the work; not, indeed, following it through the whole mass of its sentimental absurdities, but only so far as to enable our readers to judge, to what extent its execution corresponds to such magnificent pretensions.

The scene is laid in Brittany during the reign of Philip Augustus in the thirteenth century. At the opening of the story, a grand fête, an anniversary commemoration 'of the re-treat of the English before the triumphant legions of the immortal Philip Augustus,' is celebrated at the ancient feudal castle of Montolin, situated in a beautiful lake. Arthur of Ravenstal, the hero of the romance, then in his twentieth year, arrives in the midst of these splendid rejoicings, having just emerged from perfect seclusion, in which, according to the dying injunctions of his father, he had been educated by Olburgus, who accompanies his pupil to the castle. The territorial domains of young Arthur were administered by the lord of Montolin, his relative; and the latter had long cherished the project of uniting his daughter (Izolette) to the young and opulent Ravenstal. This singular youth turns out a red-hot enthusiast; he is described as 'placing all his happiness in ideal sublimities, in imaginary blessings between life and eternity, enjoyments less pure than the pleasures of heaven, but much exceeding those of earth.' He is moreover contemplative, impetuous, proud. Approaching the castle of Montolin in a gondola, along the lake which is covered with boats and little vessels in their gayest trim, he espies a white cottage embosomed in trees, and learns that it is the abode of 'The Stranger;'—a sort of lady of the lake, a mysterious, solitary, beautiful being, of whom nobody knows any good, and every one suspects harm. She is of course the heroine. Suddenly, a form is seen in a humble boat gliding across the stream, as if in fear, and in silence. It is the mysterious stranger. Arthur sees,

and at the first glance falls in love with her. His imagination compares her to 'Helen weeping for Troy, Galatea fleeing from Polyphemus, Venus at the tomb of Adonis, Eurydice on the banks of the Styx.' The Vicomte no doubt calls this fine writing, and the classical comparisons are with great propriety supposed to pass through the head of a young feudal lord of the thirteenth century! But, that our readers may not be puzzled to account for such instantaneous falling in love, they must be informed that it was done by electricity.

'The wandering goddess of the lake meets the eyes of Arthur, whose cheeks are instantly suffused. There are mysterious glances, which constitute the whole destiny of a life; sparks of fire, which escape from two hearts at the same instant, and establish at once an interchange and silent commerce of sentiment. *Impalpable links of a burning chain, stamped with an electric force, they serve as a passage for the thought, and as conductors of love.*'

We give the nonsense in the original.

'Anneaux impalpables d'une chaîne brûlante, empreints d'une force électrique, ils servent de passage aux pensées, et de conducteurs à l'amour.' liv. I. p. 25.

At first, the hero knows not what to make of the being with whom he has fallen in love. He has no great fancy for Izolette, who is too fond of applause, too lively, too volatile for so sombre an enthusiast. His first interview with the inexplicable lady ends in nothing but her suddenly running away from him, and leaving him still deeper in love and amazement. The next day, on a hunting party, he quits the chace, and seeks the white cottage.

'Arthur ties his horse to a tree near the cottage. He advances with a trembling step. A door is open; he enters. There is nothing to stop him. The first room is empty; its furniture is simple and rustic; no ornament, no luxury. He continues his indiscreet progress; a narrow passage leads him to the lower part of a retired chamber, the window of which looks upon the lake; it is faintly lighted; it is a silent retirement; it is a kind of oratory. A crucifix, surrounded with holy images, is fixed in the back part of the room upon a species of altar. In front is a desk; on each side are prayer-books, and further off, hung upon the wall, an unstrung harp. Arthur approaches the neglected instrument. A miniature in an open drawer of the table, attracts his notice. Oh heaven, what an enchanting portrait! It is the likeness of the Stranger!..... But what magnificent apparel. Her dress and jewels are those of a princess..... Words had been engraved on the frames; some hand had effaced them, and a name, recently inserted, had been substituted. The name is simply "Alaïs." This, then, is the name by which she now

goes. Verses traced upon a paper which lay unfolded on the ground, drew his attention. It was a plaintive song, which the stranger had long been accustomed to sing in her mysterious retirement.

'Arthur is deeply affected. He again looks at the portrait. It represents her at the age of fifteen. The pompous splendour which surrounds her, announces an illustrious origin; there was a time, then, when fortune and nature had lavished on her their united gifts. Her features, though scarcely formed, join to all the ingenuousness of innocence, all the charms of love; their power is irresistible; the pencil of genius in its enthusiastic moment had never invented any thing more divine to give the idea to mortals of a virgin of the plains of heaven. A slight noise startled the Count from his reverie. Oh wonder! The Stranger stands alone before him. She is clad in black, and the whiteness of her skin is the more dazzling. The azure of a limpid river reflecting a serene light, has less attraction and softness than the celestial blue of her eyes. "Excuse me," said Arthur, with a restrained and confused air, "if I dared to enter your abode; but no wanton curiosity, no blameable motive, no feeling which ought to alarm you, have drawn me hither. Deign to hear and understand me.

"Unhappy wretch that I am! What is it that you ask," replied the Stranger in a voice, the touching tones of which were all that conveyed a reproach; "what fatal thought could bring you near me? This abode is that of mourning. What will you find here? Suffering. Who is here to receive you? Misfortune. What will you take hence? Tears." lib. iii. pp. 116—121.

After a few of the usual changes of countenance, she gives him to understand that she had once been happy, and that 'all that fortune had of treasure,' (we adopt the Author's tasteless affectations of language,) 'all that nature had of gifts, all that youth had of joy, all that glory had of enchantment, were within her reach; but that *fatality, a spectre evoked by the furies*, destroyed the temple where she was enshrined, turned the incense into fetid vapor, withered the garland upon her head, and bruising the proud plant, threw it faded and torn from its stem upon the soil of the stranger.'

In citing this miserable accumulation of empty words and absurd images, our purpose has been partly didactic. We wished to impress those of our readers who may be enamoured of ornate and florid diction, with all its vices and deformities in a few sentences. The Spartans exhibited intoxicated slaves before their children, to disgust them with the vice. The Helot diction of M. D. Arlincourt, in its drunken, delirious lance, may well serve as a similar lesson, by inspiring a disgust equally salutary. Poor Izolette finds that Arthur is not her lover, but behaves better than might have been expected.

'A little village girl appears at the entry of the grove. Startled by seeing two strangers (Izolette and Arthur), she retires timidly back; then, advancing to the fountain, she is about to fill her cup. "Young girl," said Arthur, "how came you by that cup?" "It belongs to my mistress," replied the timid child. "Your mistress? who is she?" "They call her the Stranger."..... "How long have you been in her service?" "About four months." "Is she young?" "Twenty." "Is she handsome?" exclaimed Izolette with a faltering voice, and she looked at Arthur. "Handsome," replies the country girl with enthusiasm, "Ah, nothing so beautiful, nothing so perfect has ever appeared in our country." "And who placed you with her?" "I was an orphan, and without bread; all the world deserted me. One evening, dying and without an asylum, I knocked with a trembling hand at the door of the Stranger. She, whom I had been taught to avoid, was the only one who sheltered me. She had been described to me as a monster,—I found her an angel. Ah, never believe the wicked people who calumniate her. Believe Nicette;—the Stranger" (we trust the propriety of the simile in the mouth of a country child will not be overlooked) "*is as pure as the ray of light which is at this moment falling on the sacred child of the Virgin.*"

Arthur is too much a lover of beautiful illustrations and pretty children not to put his hand into his pocket for *some pieces of gold*, which of course the sentimental child refuses.

As for old Olburgius, he is in a woful dilemma. He had been *promised a fortune* by Montolin, if he persuaded his pupil to marry Izolette. He sees the obstacles that have arisen, and is determined to stick at nothing to remove them. Poor Izolette loses her colour, and pines in secret. Arthur himself is in an equally dismal taking; and he walks with his friend the Count Valdebourg to the Stranger's cottage. Here a recognition takes place. She rushes into Valdebourg's arms with the utmost tenderness of love, and the hero begins to think that Valdebourg had been her seducer; but, when he is told, that there is no sentiment betwixt them more tender than pity, he becomes quiet. He then appeals to his friend, whether he ought to flee from Alais after what he had witnessed. 'More than ever,' was the disheartening reply. Arthur sues for an explanation. 'Is she unworthy to be loved?'

'*"Unworthy of being loved!"* interrupts Valdebourg in a tone of tenderness and enthusiasm; "*never on earth was there a woman who had more titles to admiration and love.*"

'*"Well, what then is there to oppose me?"*

'*"An insurmountable barrier."*

'*"Is she —?"*

'*"Do not ask."*

'*"In love?"*

'*"No."*

" " A wife ? "

" " No. "

" " Is she free to act as she pleases ? "

" " She is not free to be yours. " "

It is some time before we can trace in this book of mysteries, the nature of the connexion between Valdebourg and Alais. The scene which we have partly transcribed, terminates in a promise of the fair Stranger to meet Arthur in four days at the fountain, but with very black looks on the part of the hero towards his friend Valdebourg, of whom he becomes furiously jealous. In this comfortable state of mind he begins to talk to himself.

' No, said he to himself, she is not an outcast of Providence; it was her fevered imagination which, in a moment of delirium, overcome with the weight of her woes, conceived that horrible idea. A divine light shines in her eyes bedimmed with tears; she is pious and beneficent; exiled from her native land, heaven is still her country. A noble soul, feeling and generous as hers, is pure even in its errors, supposing that she has any. Although the rays of the sun, scattered through the dark shades, or broken in the waters of a fen, lose their primitive brightness, do they the less emanate from the orb of day ? ' Vol. I. p. 190.

It seems that this hero of *the thirteenth century* was a philosophical free-thinker. He was born, we are told, with religious sentiments; but Olburgius, being a sceptic, discouraged their growth, and uniformly laughed at the dogmas of faith, while he enforced the precepts of reason. His education was therefore a baseless fabric. This sly old gentleman had too great an influence over his pupil, to find much difficulty in sifting out his secret. In order, therefore, to wean his affections from the Stranger, he gets up a fabricated tale of her having been abandoned by all—even by those who corrupted her innocence; insinuates that there is a stratagem between an impudent adventurer and an artful woman, to entrap him; and more than hints that Valdebourg is that adventurer;—that having himself cherished pretensions to Izolette's hand, he had fascinated Arthur by the vision of the lady of the lake, who, by his contrivance, had met him in her boat on the occasion. Then the old man compares her to Medea; next, to Dejanaira. The hero imbibes the poison of these artful insinuations, and breathes vengeance against Valdebourg. His suspicions are inflamed to madness, on finding, as he approaches the white cottage, that Valdebourg is with her, and especially when he hears their parting words accompanied with a most affectionate embrace. ' Oh Leopold ! dear Leopold ! ' ex-

claimed Alais as he clasped her in his arms. What were Arthur's sensations, when he heard Valdebourg admonish her in these words. 'Keep a cautious silence in every thing! Remember you are lost, if Arthur knows who we are. It is necessary to deceive him. Hasten your preparations for departure.' In a paroxysm of rage he pursues Valdebourg. The baron defends himself, but without seeking to wound his infuriated antagonist, receives a wound himself, and falls from the rock into the lake at its feet. Alais hastens to the dreadful scene, alarmed by the voices of the combatants, when she learns from her lips, that Valdebourg is her brother. Horrors accumulate, and the Vicomte is determined that we shall sup full of them.

'He (Arthur) endeavours to bring the Stranger to herself' (she having fallen down, as might be reasonably expected, in a fit of fainting). "She is gone from me," he exclaims. "Gone! I am a monster—God is just. Valdebourg! Why do you not speak? Why did you not tell me she was your sister?" The Stranger raises herself, looks round with surprise, and endeavours to recover her senses. Arthur is on his knees before her. "Alais," he cries, "do not curse me! For pity look at me:—the Eternal has already avenged you." "Barbarian," she replies, "where is his body? What has become of his mortal remains? Oh, if there lurks in your savage heart any humanity, give me back the body of my brother!" These words uttered with a severe look, which no beam of compassion softened, gave the last blow to the Count: in him, *the immovability of death succeeds to the spasm of anguish*. (*L'immobilité de la mort succède au spasme des angoisses*).

'His body! It is there!—In the lake," answers the insensate calmly.

It was the terrific calm of moral annihilation!

'Yes, in the lake," he adds. "His secret, which he refused to me, he has confided to the gulf, and yet, how I loved him!.....From this time no more bonds of intercourse:—yes, I am free, loosened from every feeling, from every fear, from every joy. I have no mercy to expect.—What more can I ask?—No, I want nothing."

'But the Stranger, without listening to him, hastily descends the rock, to the banks of the lake, as if to demand her brother from its waters. Arthur follows her; he detains her by her robe. "Murderer, leave me!" she exclaims, and, lifting up the torch which she held in her hand, "Supreme arbiter," continues the unhappy woman, "thy decrees are accomplished. What I predicted, is come to pass. Hither, as in every place, thy malediction pursues me. Vainly did I wish to live in concealment. Scarcely had I arrived in these solitudes, when I divided two beings created for each other; I have exiled virtue from a pure bosom. Blood and murder were wanting—Have I not left sufficient traces of my wanderings? Thus then, in

every respect, O terrible judge, though this moment dedicated to virtue, I am the very power of evil!"

'She speaks; lightning and thunder seem in unison with her voice; nature harmonizes with her ills and her thoughts. She is at the foot of the fatal rock, and walks along the banks of the lake; the storm had fled to the north, and on the opposite horizon, some streaks of light appeared. Alais turns her eyes to the lake, whose surface was tranquil. Alas! fruitless search! the body floats not upon the wave.

"Alais," exclaims Ravenstal.

"Silence!" interrupts the Stranger with an awful gesture: "if I ever forgive the death of my brother to his perfidious assassin, may my life be that moment extinct, like the flame of this torch."

'She had just finished these words, when she throws the torch into the lake. The water hisses; the funereal light ceases to shine. Arthur, exhausted by suffering and by the loss of blood, raises a mournful cry; he sees, he hears no longer.—And the Stranger is gone!

In the second volume, Olburgius again makes his appearance. He had interested the powerful prior of St. Irenæus in behalf of Izolette, whose marriage with Ravenstal, he said, had been frustrated by a female adventurer, and besought him to interpose his authority as supreme judge over his demesnes, within which the Stranger's cottage was situated, to banish that unhappy female. On his return, the pedagogue finds Arthur senseless and steeped in blood. Arthur comes to his senses, and recognises the perfidious tutor by whose artifices his unjust suspicions had been roused, upbraids him with his misrepresentation, and gives him a strong hint, that his irreligious education had rendered him a prey to his passions. Arthur being conveyed to the castle and put to bed, old Olburgius repairs to the abbaye. The prior had sent some of the brethren in search of Alais. They find her in a distracted state of mind, and near the spot where she stood, they observed marks of blood and Valdebourg's sword. She is silent to their interrogations; she is brought before the Prior. She resolves not to impeach Arthur. Olburgius is delighted with the incident, for he thinks he has sufficient proof to convict Alais of murder. He questions her with a face which M. D'Arlincourt compares to the Dead Sea. 'Il cherche en vain à donner à ses traits quelque apparence de bonté, il ressemble au lac de syrie dont la surface quelquefois reflète les rayons du soleil, mais qui ne renferme rien de vivant, et n'a que la mort sous ses vagues.' The pedant with his Dead-sea face pesters her with questions, accuses her of seducing the affections of young Ravenstal, and having first proposed to her to leave the country, accuses her of the murder, when she rejects his proposals. They must be omniverous novel-readers, who can

swallow so gross an absurdity, as that the Prior should have delegated his own sovereign authority to the tutor. He falls into his own snare, for the reverend Prior resists the proposal urged by Olburgius to confine the poor girl in a convent, and appoints a public trial before a tribunal, named '*le Seuil de l'Eternité*.' The public appearance of Alais under the awful accusation of murder, is thus described, after much superfluous millinery of phrase employed in the delineation of her dress.

'The dazzling whiteness of her complexion, her modest and virgin air, her youth and her misfortune excite considerable interest amongst the spectators. * * * It was the first time that the Prior had seen the Stranger. He is troubled when he sees her. She recalls to him, no doubt, some object dear to his recollection; for he appears agitated and unquiet. He strives to distinguish her features, but her veil and the darkness of the hall conceal them. He remains pensive a moment; then driving from his mind the vision that had come across it, he desires her to be seated, assumes a severe air, and the interrogatory commences.

"Young woman, who are you?"

"A Stranger, a proscribed being, a victim of misfortune."

It seems that the voice and manner of the young lady have a magic effect on the Prior. At last, having stated the suspicious circumstances of her having been found stained with blood at the foot of the rock, and of her having been there during the storm when the mortal blow was given, she is called upon for her defence, and only answers, 'I am innocent.' She is asked, whether she saw Valdebourg's murderer? She remains mute, and her silence is interpreted into guilt. Olburgius had suborned witnesses to speak of philtres, homicides, of evoking infernal spirits, &c. &c. &c.; and others went so far as to allege that she had fled her own country under charges of poisoning and theft. Her speech is in the worst taste imaginable.

"Inhabitants of St. Irenæus, I know not what genii of evil have dictated your language, but it came not from your hearts;—it came only from your lips. Children of loyal Brittany, imposture does not sit well upon you. Constrained by the part you are acting, you are ashamed within yourselves; your eyes turned from mine, and your voices trembled. What has drawn down this hatred upon my head? I came fearlessly into your district. Have I ever troubled its repose? What reproach can you throw upon me? What have I done amongst you, but live and weep in the bosom of my peaceful retirement?"

"You say that I am initiated in cabalistic arts; so vague an accusation merits not an answer. Because I kept every body at a distance, my sorrows were converted into magic, my misfortunes into crime;

“ Young women of these hamlets! I appeal to your hearts. When discord hovered over your cottages, who was it that soothed with words of peace your irritated minds? When adversity assailed you, who administered a balm to your afflictions? In the seasons of your indigence, who was it that divided her bread with you? I do not know your husbands, but you who have read my soul when yours was afflicted, speak! do you think me guilty?”

Her speech is interrupted by the grateful plaudits of her female auditors.

“ If I wished only to save my life, I could easily vindicate myself, and the odious suspicion would be removed from my head; but I confess it, I may indeed err, I am reckless of my own destiny. Whatever be my sentence, I am indifferent to it.”

At the end of her address, she calls upon her witnesses to attest before the cross, that their testimony is true. ‘ Not a voice is raised, not a witness persists in his accusation.’ At this instant, a letter from the princess de Méranie, the captive Queen of Philip-Augustus, entreating that wherever the Stranger should be, she should be treated with kindness, and her misfortunes and secret respected, is brought into court by Nicette, who, in her turn, rhapsodizes in behalf of her mistress. This *improvisatrice* of fifteen does wonders. At the end of her speech, she falls, as might be expected, at the Stranger’s feet, and an electrical sympathy runs through the crowd. But a still greater wonder remains. One of the priests rushes in with a roll of parchment brought that very moment by a messenger from the King of France! It was a royal order, signed by Philip Augustus, commanding, under pain of his severe displeasure, all persons to respect the person and the freedom of the young woman known in Brittany by the name of ‘ The Stranger.’ Olburgius, however, in spite of the royal protection, urges the court to pass sentence, upon the ground that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Abbot was independent of the crown, and that the murder was committed before the date of the royal ordinance. At this moment, when the weak intellect of the old Prior had begun to be staggered with the pedagogue’s eloquence, in rushes the hero to the great consternation of his tutor, and avows himself to be the murderer of Valdebourg; and Arthur is making love protestations to Alaïs in the face of the court, when a new wonder bursts forth. And here we give the Vicomte credit for some little ingenuity. He had gone a little too far in trying the poor girl for the murder of Valdebourg, before it was proved that the worthy gentleman was dead. This omission of the *corpus delicti* had all along struck us as a most contemptible absurdity, a ridiculous improbability, suf-

ficient to disgust some of his warmest admirers at Paris. He has hit, therefore, on the only expedient for getting out of the embarrassment, which was, to bring the Baron himself actually in court as a witness in behalf of his murderer. Nothing could be better contrived, and it has served the purpose of a great deal of that horrific machinery which is the life and soul of the Vicompte's romances. We suspect, however, that the following passage is ironically written with the view of shewing the folly and emptiness of the supernatural terrors of the Radcliffe school.

'The deliberation of the judges is at an end. The auditory trembles in suspense. The Prior standing up, is about to pronounce the fatal sentence, [on the hero and the heroine].....when a preternatural object makes him start back with affright; the sentence dies upon his lips; he sinks upon his chair. The dark shades then can release their phantoms!....the shade of Valdebourg advances....and the silence of the tomb, diffused over the whole multitude, receives the messenger from the dead.

'At a few paces from the Prior, a hanging of scarlet cloth upon one side of the hall, is suddenly raised.....; a pale and melancholy figure walks forth with a solemn and slow pace; it has the appearance of the Baron. A white cloak with long folds covers his person from head to foot. His look is wan and sinister [sinistre]; he has nothing like life but his walk, and even in his walk, there is something of the spectre and of death.

'A groupe of religious brethren follow him behind, and display no terror. The phantom thus speaks.

"Judges! Arthur must be acquitted. He cannot be deemed an assassin; he challenged me; I fell; he vanquished. Duel is not murder, and I come here to vindicate him."

'His tone was awful, as the expiring sounds of distant thunder. The President's blood froze in his veins. "Shall I believe my eyes?" he exclaimed. "Are you come from the darkness of the tomb?"

"Set the two accused persons free!" replies Valdebourg. "Come down from the holy tribunal; you have no sentence to pronounce; no crime has been committed.....for I am still alive! (*je n'ai point cessé de vivre.*)"

But, as the climax of this miraculous chain of events, the old Prior looks at Alais beneath her veil, and then sets up a loud shriek. 'Silence!' says the Stranger; 'in the name of the Almighty, silence!' The scarlet cloth is again lifted up, and Baron Valdebourg, the Prior, and the Stranger leave the hall.

It is almost time to set our readers free from this nauseous trash; but, considering the great sale and extraordinary popularity of Vicompte D'Arlincourt's work at Paris, and its sounding and lofty pretensions, we conceive that we are not allotting

too ample a space to its examination. Valdebourg is now put to bed with a raging fever, and Arthur becomes little better than a maniac; at least, if we may judge from his absurd ravings about nature. It is on this topic, that M. D'Arlincourt displays all the tawdry magnificence of the French language. He is for ever attempting to describe the charms of external scenery; but he is not a true enthusiast, nor a genuine lover of nature, who pollutes her worship with low and sensual sentiment. Take for instance the following sentence. 'L'oscillation à peine visible des arbrisseaux du bocage que caressait la brise matinale, *ressemblait aux tendres palpitations d'un jeune cœur, que le dieu de Cythère vient d'initier à ses félicités mystérieuses.*' Arthur runs in a state of distraction to Valdebourg's house, where Alais is watching over him; but the Prior interdicts him from seeing either.

"Barbarian," exclaims Arthur with his wonted impetuosity, "tear coldly and unfeelingly the soul of the unhappy being who supplicates you! you, who reason, I who feel. I see that you have never loved. Under your austere habit, *which frightens away all sentiment*, no feeling heart can beat. Neither to love, nor to hate, holy ministers, that is your vocation. What are you? An arid plain, a firmament without a sun, without clouds, without warmth. Priest, do not stop me. I will go in."

After much debate, the priest consents to his having a short interview with Alais.

"More beautiful than hope when she appears to the miserable, the Stranger lifts up her veil: that gesture alone recalls Arthur to himself. He runs towards her; he leads her under the trees of the terrace.

"Alais," he cries, "pronounce my fate. Am I to live, or die?"

"Arthur," says the Stranger trembling, "live—but not for me."

"Your answer is then, that I die?"

"Arthur, honour and duty——"

"Honour and duty! vain phantoms! that which opposes the laws of sentiment and of nature, is only the regulation of man, not the ordinance of God. Oh my beloved Alais! neither present nor future remains for me, if you banish me. The bark without a rudder, which is blown about by the storm and the hurricane;—the bird wounded by the sportsman, spreading its hurt wing upon the turf stained with its blood;—the harp neglected by the bard, whose chords are all broken;—*I am all these* when I am absent from thee! Favourite work of the Creator! Without thee, I renounce every thing else. Is there aught for me in this vale of tears but Alais.....When I first entered into the world, you appeared to me;—the perfection of felicity assumed a

celestial form—it was thine. My mind, my heart, nature herself, all cried out to me, “come, here she is! (*viens ! la voici !*) It was no longer in my power not to love you! Not to love me, can it be in thine? No;—in vain the icy hand of fate would tear me from you; in spite of man, of law, of the world, of heaven itself, Arthur must and will be loved.”

Happening, in the ecstasy of his passion, to call her ‘spotless,’ she bursts out with great vehemence into the following ejaculations. ‘Spotless!’ she repeats while she hides her face with her hands, ‘Spotless! unhappy Arthur, you know me not.’ She extorts from him a solemn vow to obey her injunction. ‘Voici ma loi suprême! dit-elle d’une voix imposante et ferme, ‘Arthur! Epousez Izolette!’

Izolette is an ill-fated, but steadfast lover. She hangs with unremitted anxiety over the couch of Arthur, who is languishing under a dangerous malady. After making a few wry faces, Ravenstal determines to execute the injunction of Alais, to which he had sworn submission, and to espouse Izolette, upon condition that Alais should be present at the nuptial ceremony. She consents, but she is to be veiled, at some distance off, and so disguised, as to be known only to Arthur. In the mean while, Agnès de Méranie, the exiled spouse of Philip Augustus, was about to be recalled to the throne of France from the dreary fortress of Karency, and the castle of Montolin again echoes to festivity and joy. In the midst of these rejoicings, the hero learns that Alais is preparing her departure from the valley for ever. William, Count of Barres, the seneschal of France, is struck with the charms of Izolette, and confides the secret of his passion to Arthur some days before his marriage with the heiress of Montolin. At last, that day arrives, and a more dismal bridegroom never advanced to the altar.

‘The Count Ravenstal and his companion at length enter the abbey. The hymeneal lamps are already lighted in the chapel.....In vain is all the opulence of art unfolded to Arthur; nothing delights him; every thing wears the sombre colour of his thoughts, and his destiny, linked for ever with Izolette’s, is soon to separate him from Alais. His breath is quick; his knees scarce support him; an icy coldness runs in his veins, which is succeeded by a burning heat... Izolette affects an air of happiness; she endeavours to attract the general attention, that it may not be directed towards Arthur..... Arthur turns his eyes from the moving scene of the valley to the far-off mountains and the forest, where all is calm and silent; but nothing can soothe or divert him. When the soul is dejected, the repose of nature is at variance and discordant with it. The earth, as it were indifferent to the sufferings of her unhappy children, seems scornfully to say to them, “suffer or die—it is the same to me:” she does not repeal her laws;—no pity, no sympathy. The hearts of

mankind in general are often insensible as rocks to each other; the soil of every country is after all but a tomb! Alas, to him whom adversity pursues, every place is a desert and a waste.....A groupe of monks are seen at the extremity. The Count approaches the spot. A mysterious figure is standing behind the priests, and leans against a statue. A hood veils her features; it has the long black tunic of the monks of St. Irenæus. Arthur inspects it attentively, and his heart beats. No more doubt but that it is Alais: the elegance of her form could not be wholly concealed beneath her sombre disguise. *It is Hebe clad in the mantle of the queen of Night; it is the most timid of the Graces veiling herself in the presence of Love; it is a blushing morn veiled in a cloud.*.....The door of the church is opened. The couple are summoned to the altar. Every thing is ready.....The Prior standing near Arthur, reminds him of his oath. "Izolette," replies the Count, presenting his hand to her, "I am thine." He speaks, but looks at Alais. Thinking that he did not see her, she leans her head upon a pillar. Her stifled breath, the painful heavings of her bosom prove the suppressed sighs with which she laboured. At this spectacle Arthur is overwhelmed with all the thoughts which assail both his intellect and his heart. He lets go the hand of Izolette—he sinks upon a chair senseless, uttering these words, "Izolette, pardon me."

But we are fatigued with translating the *fade* and mawkish nonsense of this popular romance. It is only to convey some faint idea of the skill and tact with which the Vicompte weaves his plots, the verisimilitude of his incidents, and the strict approximation of both to truth and nature, that we rapidly trace the remaining portion of the story.

It may be readily imagined with what feelings Izolette contemplated the strange and cruel conduct of the sentimental young gentleman to whom she was betrothed. After a pretty fair allowance of fainting, falling down with exhaustion, &c. &c., she relinquishes her title to his hand, and proposes that he should only love her as a sister. The old Prior, as may be supposed, falls a scolding, tells them that the vow cannot be retracted, and reminds them of the scandal which the breaking of the nuptials would bring down upon the Church. This has no effect upon Izolette, who pulls off her veil, tears away all her bridal ornaments, and her marriage fillet, and protests that she will seek a retreat in the Benedictine convent, and renounce all the pomps and pleasures of the world. At this moment, in rushes the Stranger, seizes Izolette, and replaces on her head her flowers, her diamonds, her crown and veil;—insisting that she must be the wife of Arthur, and conducting both of them to the altar. At length, the fatal *yes* is pronounced, when Alais falls down nearly speechless with horror. The hero had indeed uttered the word, but lost his reason as it fell from his

lips ; he knocks down the priest, protests against his marriage, curses and blasphemes at an extraordinary rate, and in a paroxysm of sentimental madness, runs towards the Stranger, drags her along the corridors and galleries of the monastery, into a narrow cell which communicates with no other apartment. 'Idole de ma vie, nous sommes seuls, nous sommes libres—' m'aimes-tu ?' We cannot transcribe the blasphemous and licentious ravings which M. D'Arlincourt is now pleased to put into the mouth of his hero. One specimen will suffice.

'Etrangère, je te crois pure.....il faut que l'ange soit au démon, dût la création tout entière en frémir dans l'éternité. Meurtre ! sacrilège ! adultère ! éclairez de vos noirs flambeaux l'hymen du crime et du malheur ! soyez tous ici les témoins des suprêmes félicités de l'amour et du désespoir !'

This is admirable. The supreme felicities of love and despair ! She is rescued by the Count des Barres.

But the secret now comes out. Who is Alais ? Why—the queen of Philip-Augustus, *La Reine*. Agnes de Méranie is recognized by the count. At this moment, the Vicompte very judiciously makes Arthur cut his throat, but, to our great annoyance, he appears again before the conclusion of the story.

But we must confine ourselves to the explication of the mystery. And here the Vicompte has, with a few exquisite strokes of art, contrived so to jumble and to confound history and romance, and so to make them change sides with each other, as to destroy the distinctive attributes of both. We have no doubt that, in the main, the story of Agnes de Méranie, the second wife of Philip-Augustus, is authentic ; but our Author has so disfigured and disguised it in the gipsy attire of his tawdry but thread-bare diction, that it is next to impossible to distinguish it from fiction. Agnes, so it should seem from M. D'Arlincourt, though it no where appears in history, had cherished a romantic attachment to Philip-Augustus for the daring and heroic achievements of that valorous prince. Her singular beauty had attracted many regal and illustrious admirers, but she rejected the most splendid offers. On his return from Palestine, the king espoused Isamberg of Denmark. Agnes still sighed in secret. A person of the name of Vanaubry, of whom nothing was known but that he had inexhaustible wealth at his command, in fact, one of the adepts in the cabalistical art, promised her that she should become the spouse of Philip. We conjecture that M. D'Arlincourt took his sketch of his character from Dr. Campbell's *Hermippus Redivivus*, in which several of these lucky personages, who had the art of indefinitely prolonging their lives,

and of acquiring unlimited riches, are commemorated. The Comte de Saint Germain, of whom Madame Campan speaks as residing at Paris, is a mere wandering fiction, successively revived in every country of Europe, but in fact derived from the extraordinary pretensions of the Hermetic or Rosicrucian philosophy, which attained their greatest height during the early and middle parts of the eighteenth century. This de Vanaubry, however, undertakes to accomplish the wishes of her love and her ambition, on the conditions only of her solemn ratification, a lock of her hair, and her portrait. To these requisitions, Agnes in an evil hour assented; but an instinctive remorse seized her when she communed with herself. She feared that she had sold herself to the powers of evil, and wished to retract her covenant. In vain, for Vanaubry was gone, and the most diligent inquiries could not ascertain whither. Her brother Leopold (Valdebourg), the prince of Méranie, was the companion and friend of the king. He announces to her the divorce of Philip-Augustus from Isamberg, the annulment of the marriage by an ecclesiastical synod, and the offer of his hand and throne to Agnes. A deputy from the French monarch arrives at her father's court, who endeavours to overcome his daughter's superstitious repugnance to the honour to which she had been destined. The marriage is solemnized, but, from that hour, the beautiful princess of Méranie bade adieu to happiness. She is coldly received by the French people, who predicted from this unholy marriage the worst of evils. She feels that she is regarded as the precursor of inauspicious and calamitous events, and her heart, amidst all the splendours of the Louvre, dies away within her. Her court is deserted by the high nobility of the realm, and she is received every where with hate or disaffection. The pope fulminated anathemas and excommunication against Philip-Augustus and his kingdom. A famine and drought overspread the land, and these disasters are attributed to the ill-fated marriage. At last, Agnes herself implores the monarch to abandon her, and thus to avert the visitations of offended heaven, and conciliate the affections of his people. The generous and warm-hearted monarch remains heroically steadfast. He has to combat with foreign and domestic warfare; his provinces are desolate. The fatal defeat of Gisors crowns his disasters. He listens to the supplications of Agnes, and yields to the voice of his people. Agnes retires into exile to the castle of Karency, where every thing requisite to her rank and her comfort is provided for her. Isamberg is restored to the throne. In the mean while, one project seemed to occupy her soul; it was to retire into some sequestered solitude without the privity of the king, who, she

feared, would oppose it. But how was this to be effected?—Let us observe the admirable ingenuity with which the unhappy queen, or rather M. D'Arlincourt has contrived it. Among those who followed her waning fortunes was the Countess de Réthel, who, in person, figure, voice, &c., happened to be the very counterpart of Agnes. This lady undertakes to act the part of the queen, in order to enable her royal mistress to execute her favourite scheme of retirement into some quiet spot, where she may indulge her sorrows freely. Agnes quits the castle of Karency, with enough money to be above the apprehension of want, and assuming the name of Alais, fixes herself in a white cottage on the banks of the lake of Montolin. These are strokes which the Vicompte frequently exhibits in his romances. In "*Le Renegat*," Agobar, a chief of banditti, turns out to be Clodomir, the king of France, in disguise. Nothing delights us so much as these sudden transitions of character. The famous discovery of a knight-templar in the person of a waiter, seems to have been in the eye of their Author when he framed each incident; but M. D'Arlincourt has excelled the Anti-jacobin dramatist, by investing his heroine with a much higher dignity, and consequently has proportionally increased its interest.

We rapidly dismiss the rest. Arthur dies, but a furious quarrel unaccountably takes place between Agnes and Izolette at his death-bed. The queen claims him as her lover,—the young lady as her husband. This dispute is as unaccountably made up, by their entering into a mutual agreement to weep at his tomb.

To some of our readers we may owe an apology for devoting so long an article to the exposure of this extravagant and absurd composition. But our primary duty is to keep watch and ward in the literary commonwealth, *ne quid detrimenti capiat*. M. D'Arlincourt's works, it is true, are, if we are not mistaken, doomed to an early grave. Born with every symptom of premature debility, their earliest infancy bears the *facies Hippocratica* of an unsound and decayed constitution. In the meantime, however, they may do much mischief. There is such a thing as contagion, at least, in morals, and we have no quarantine laws to protect us against the dangers of French literature. There are many unreflecting or youthful readers, whose judgments may not be proof against the seductive fallacies of what goes by the name of sentiment, but which consists in nothing more than arming the passions with splendid and imposing sophisms. M. D'Arlincourt, as a sentimental writer, has no slight tincture of the manner and the thinking of Diderot. Through all his romances, there may be traced something that

looks like the love of virtue; but a little examination will soon convince us, that what is so ardently extolled and so warmly described, is any thing else than virtue;—the mixture of a cold and apparently philosophical analysis with an exalted tone of sentiment, conveyed in vehement and overheated expression. Every thing on his canvas is out of its just proportion and due keeping; all is glaring and glowing. The meanest incidents are invested in the utmost pomp and prodigality of phrase; and the writer imagines, when he has decked out his thoughts in this May-day finery, that no one will detect their intrinsic poverty. He belongs also to the professors of that heartless and unfeeling warmth so observable amongst the cold and frivolous declaimers of the modern Parisian school, of which M. Chateaubriand, his brother Vicompte, stands at the head,—who spur and lash themselves into an artificial energy of expression without the faintest spark of real feeling.

In a mere literary point of view, our strictures will not, we hope, be considered as nugatory. The popularity of M. D'Arincourt's romances proves the deficiency of the French in the elegant department of historical romances; for, if any eminent standards in this branch of composition had existed in their language, such works as *Le Renegat* and *L'Etrangeré* would never have been written, or never read.

Art. III. *Considerations addressed to the Eclectic Reviewer, in Defence of those who maintain that Baptism should precede Communion*: occasioned by his Address to Correspondents in the *Eclectic Review* for December 1824. By Joseph Kinghorn. 8vo. pp. 38. Norwich, 1825.

THE major part of our readers are, we presume, aware that, from its very commencement, the *Eclectic Review* has had among its regular contributors and ablest supporters, individuals holding widely different sentiments relative to the mode and subject of Baptism. A very agreeable necessity has consequently been laid upon us, of excluding from our pages that one topic of interminable and angry controversy; and although writers and pamphleteers on either side may have been not a little dissatisfied with our magnanimous or pusillanimous silence,—we care not which epithet is applied to it—we frankly confess that we have never in any single instance regretted the compact to which we are pledged. While severally holding our respective opinions with sufficient firmness and decision,—for Eclectics are not latitudinarians,—we have been able to maintain inviolate among ourselves the principle of Catholic

communion, without the slightest inconvenience or difficulty, whatever loss the public may have sustained by our reserve.

On the appearance, however, of Mr. Hall's "Terms of Communion," we felt bound to assert our conviction of the truth and importance of the principles so luminously and eloquently stated in that masterly production, on the express ground that their application was by no means limited to the particular 'case of the Baptists and Pædobaptists,' but related to the prevailing practice of perhaps all the churches, whether national or congregational, of Christendom*. In taking this view of the subject, we were warranted by the Author's own statement of his design. 'The practice of incorporating private opinions and human institutions with the constitution of a church, and with the terms of communion, has long appeared to him,' says Mr. Hall, speaking of himself as the Writer, 'untenable in its principle and pernicious in its effects. There is no position in the whole compass of theology, of the truth of which he feels a stronger persuasion, than that no man or set of men are entitled to prescribe, as an indispensable condition of communion, what the New Testament has not enjoined as a condition of salvation. To establish this position, is the principal object of the following work; and although it is more immediately occupied with the discussion of a case of conduct which respects the Baptists and Pædobaptists, that case is attempted to be decided entirely upon the principle now mentioned, and is no more than the application of it to a particular instance.'

Attempts have been made to narrow the application of the principle to the case in question, and then to charge Mr. Hall with partiality and unfairness in bringing accusations against his own denomination, which, it is contended, apply equally to the practice of other communities. So far, however, as this is the case, such communities stand equally condemned by the Writer's uncompromising and explicit maintenance of his general principle. It is not Mr. Hall, but his opponents, who insist that the case of Baptists and Pædobaptists is altogether *per se*; that nothing analogous to it can exist in other communions; that no general reasoning touches it. Mr. Hall lays it down as his fundamental principle, that every church which prescribes, as a term of communion, what the New Testament has not enjoined as a condition of salvation, is wrong and blame-worthy, and that the strict Baptists are so, inasmuch as,

* Eclectic Review, N.S. Vol. IV. p. 338.

by requiring uniformity of sentiment on the subject of Baptism, they do exact what they themselves admit to be not a condition of salvation. The reply of his opponents is substantially twofold. First, they say, we are right in so doing, because Baptism is specifically excepted by Christ himself from the application of every Scriptural principle. Secondly,—and this is perhaps, the most extraordinary specimen of arguing that was ever employed in any controversy—if we have not a right to insist on uniformity in this particular, then, the Church of England *had* a right to insist on uniformity in other particulars. If we are chargeable with schism in dividing the Church of Christ by insisting on *our* terms of communion, then the Authors of the Act of Uniformity were justified in insisting on *their* terms of communion. If the former argument is no better than what logicians term a begging of the question, the latter is something beyond a *non sequitur*: it is an argument turned topsy turvy, proving the very opposite of the inference drawn from it. Yet, so delighted is Mr. Kinghorn with this most fantastic paradox, borrowed from the estimable Vicar of Chobham, that he gravely urges it again and again, and, in the pamphlet before us, seems to exult in the annihilating conclusion, while he asks, ‘*Why do not Mr. Hull and the Eclectic Reviewer go to the Establishment?*’

Being thus called upon to answer a fair, though, we must take the liberty to think not a very wise question, we have deemed it unbecoming to remain longer silent; and though we cannot presume to speak for Mr. Hall, we will reply to it as regards ourselves. But first, we will state the argument in Mr. Kinghorn’s own words.

‘The tendency of Mr. Hall’s reasoning is also marked by a writer of a different description, who asks him how he can *justify his Dissent from the Church of England* on the principles of his own work. The Rev. Charles Jerram, Vicar of Chobham, in a volume entitled, “*Conversations on Infant Baptism*,” &c. brings the subject forward in a long note. He classes Dr. Mason and Mr. Hall together; he compliments them both, and is glad that he can appeal to such unexceptionable authorities. He argues from what they have each brought forward; and contends that, on their principle, Dissenters ought not to have left the Establishment. He observes, that Mr. Hall challenges the Baptists to produce a single instance of withdrawing from the ancient church on the account of Infant baptism; that this shews at least the sentiment of Mr. Hall, that difference of opinion on this important rite, a difference so great as to *annul* the ordinance in the minds of the Baptists, is not a legitimate cause of separation.—That if any thing may be considered as of such minor importance that it may be merged for the sake of peace, the circum-

stantials in the administration of the Lord's Supper may be viewed in that light: and he tells us, that "the doctrine which Mr. Hall lays down as the foundation of a more extended communion among the various denominations of Christians would undoubtedly lead to this conclusion."—That we have the authority of Mr. Hall for asserting that nothing less than a radical defection from the purity of Apostolical doctrine and discipline can authorise the principle of separation or exclusion from Christian communion. This, Mr. Jerram says, is "*a most important concession*;" and he adds, "We may challenge the world to substantiate such a charge against us, as would render it improper, on *these principles*, to continue within her pale, or make it a matter of indifference to desert her communion."

'Mr. Jerram is a man of sense,' says Mr. Kinghorn. (Mr. Jerram owes Mr. Kinghorn a bow.) Men of the best sense, however, are not infallible, as we shall presently shew. But may we be allowed to put a question to Mr. Kinghorn, as he has put one to us; whether he is himself satisfied as to the fairness and conclusiveness of Mr. Jerram's reasoning? Will he stake his reputation for acuteness on this issue, that Mr. Hall has no other way of escape from the dilemma, than renouncing either his Catholicism or his Dissent? If Mr. Kinghorn can have been honestly taken in by this very shallow reasoning, *he* is not the 'man of sense' we took him for. If he is conscious that Mr. Jerram reasons badly, we cannot praise his ingenuousness.

Mr. Jerram, in the passage referred to, adds: 'I am aware, indeed, that Mr. Hall makes an exception to the Established Church, and contends that, while it is wrong for other denominations of Christians who held the essentials of religion, to exclude each other from the mutual participation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it would be improper for Dissenters to communicate with our church, on the ground that such an act would compromise the principles of Dissent.' The fact is, that Mr. Hall makes *no exception* to his own principle, whatever exception he may make against the Church for bringing in "inventions" in violation of that principle. We shall cite his words.

'It is one thing to decline a connexion with the members of a community *absolutely*, or simply because they belong to such a community, and another to join with them in practices which we deem superstitious and erroneous. In the latter instance, we cannot be said absolutely to refuse a connexion with the pious part of such societies; we decline it merely because it is clogged with conditions that render it impracticable. It is impossible for a Protestant Dissenter, for example, without manifest inconsistency, to become a member of the Established Church; but, to admit the members of that community

to participate at the Lord's Table, without demanding a formal renunciation of their peculiar sentiments, includes nothing contradictory or repugnant. The cases are totally distinct, and the reasons which would apply forcibly against the former, would be irrelevant to the latter.' *Terms of Communion*. p. 6.

Now, can any thing be plainer, than that Mr. Hall rests the impropriety of a Dissenter's communing with the Established Church, purely on what he, the Dissenter, deems superstitious and erroneous in the services of the Church? It is because such communion is clogged with terms, imposed by the Church, which render it to him impracticable; because, by the exacting of those conditions, he is virtually excluded from communion. Whether the practices he is required to join in, be really superstitious or erroneous, is not the present question. On this point, Mr. Kinghorn and his coadjutor Mr. Jerram would not, we apprehend, entirely agree. It is quite certain, that they were regarded as such by the Puritans; and although it is the fashion to ridicule their conscientious scruples, in our judgement, they had reason on their side. They considered the prescribed attitude, in connexion with the language of the communion service, as too closely resembling the adoration of the elements, and too much favouring the delusion of transubstantiation in the minds of the vulgar, to be a matter of indifference. They would gladly have communicated with the Church, if terms had not been insisted on, which they could not conscientiously comply with; and on the unlawfulness of the authority which decreed such rites and ceremonies as terms of communion, they rested the vindication of their nonconformity. Mr. Jerram is unable to perceive why they should have made any difficulty in the business; and Mr. Kinghorn says, Mr. Jerram is a man of sense, and affects to agree with him!

But we by no means understand Mr. Hall as referring to the mere act of what is called taking the Sacrament at church, when he says, that there are terms imposed by the Establishment, and practices enjoined by its ritual, which render it impossible for a Protestant Dissenter, without manifest inconsistency, to become a member of it. It was natural for Mr. Jerram to fall into the error of making this a test of churchmanship, seeing that it is the only test which the State requires. Mr. Kinghorn, however, knows that there have been Dissenters—let him call them inconsistent if he pleases—who have not deemed it improper to communicate with 'Our Church,' as Mr. Jerram styles it, nor have considered themselves as compromising, by that act, any one principle of Dissent; but yet have preferred, on what appeared to them sufficient grounds, the simpler worship and more Scriptural discipline of the Dissenters. We

speak not of the Wesleyan Methodists, who almost universally, we believe, hold occasional communion with the Church of England to be lawful, but of the Dissenters of other days,—men who were neither trimmers nor time-servers, and who, when attacked by the strait-laced strict-communionists of that day, found no mean apologist in the admirable John Howe. With regard to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of such occasional conformity, he had hitherto scrupled, he says, to give any public opinion, deeming it a matter respecting which every one should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and judging it ‘no such fault (if it be one)’ as should exclude the individual practising it from any other Christian communion. He supposes that a person ‘may avoid more ordinary communion with a church, as judging it, though not essentially defective, yet, to want or err in some circumstances so considerable, as that he counts another church comes nearer to the common Christian rule, the holy Scriptures, and finds its administrations more conducing to his spiritual advantage;’ and yet, he may be led by the judgement of his conscience, occasionally to communicate with the former. ‘For, judging such a church true as to essentials, he may think (occasion inviting) he hath greater reason, though it be defective in accidents, to communicate with it sometimes, than to shun its communion always; since those Christians that agree in all the essentials of Christianity, agree in far greater things than it is possible for them to disagree in. And what if some have thought that alone a sufficient reason for their occasional communion with a church, with which they have not constant communion, that they may do it and themselves that right before the world, as to testify they decline it not as (being) no church: why may they not be supposed to do this, as thinking it a good reason, (whether it be really so or no,) without going against conscience herein? And yet, the same person may think the communion of another church preferable, and, for ordinary resort, rather to be chosen, as therein he finds the same essence, with more regular, grateful, and advantageous modes and ways of administration.*

And here it is anticipated that the strict-communionist will say: ‘But since, Sir, you think it not unlawful to communicate with such a church sometimes, why should you not, for common order’s sake, do it always?’ ‘Pardon me in that, good Sir,’ is the reply which Mr. Howe supposes the individual might make,—‘pardon me if I think I owe more to what I

'take for Christ's rule and to the discernible advantage of my own soul; judging, in these respects, that communion to be best which I more constantly adhere to. Let me be excused, if I do not compliment away things that are to me of so great importance.'

But here, the Churchman steps in, and asks whether the latitude of a Christian should not carry him to fix his communion with the larger and more extensive Church. 'What!' is Mr. Howe's reply; 'should the latitude of a Christian bind him to one sort of Christians, with exclusion of all others?' Mr. Jerram forgets, like all his brethren when they touch on this subject, that for a Churchman to refuse communion with Dissenters because he may disapprove of some of their forms, is conduct to the full as sectarian as for a Dissenter to decline communion with the Establishment,—even allowing that the latter has no stronger objection to urge against its ritual. If the Churchman believes circumstantialia to be unimportant, let him set the Dissenter the example of practically recognising this by communicating with our churches. Till then, he has no right to talk of separation and exclusion as the sin of the Dissenter. He excludes himself, voluntarily, from a large proportion of the faithful; whereas the separation of the Dissenter, whose conscience will not allow of even occasional conformity, is so far involuntary. 'We may challenge the world,' says Mr. Jerram, 'to substantiate such a charge against us, as would render it improper, on these principles, to continue within the pale of the Church, or make it a matter of indifference to desert her community.' And we challenge the Church and the world to substantiate such a charge against the Protestant Dissenters, as would it render it improper for a Christian to continue within their community, or a matter of indifference to renounce communion with them. And as Mr. Jerram has thrown down the glove, we have another answer to his defiance. What charge can he substantiate against the Established Church of Scotland, that his friends should set up their Episcopal chapels in Edinburgh, in maintenance of a schismatical separation from *that* Church, as if it were a matter of indifference to desert *her* community? When Mr. Jerram can answer these questions satisfactorily, he may renew his challenge to the Dissenters with a better grace.

There were reasons in favour of the practice of Occasional Conformity at the period above alluded to, which no longer exist, now that regular Dissenting churches are established in every part of the kingdom with the full concurrence and sanction of the Legislature. As a question of expediency, it now assumes a different shape; but its lawfulness must, we

conceive, be determined purely by the consideration, whether the conditions enjoined be such as the individual can conscientiously comply with. If such compliance would involve no practice that he deems superstitious or erroneous, there is nothing in Mr. Hall's principle, nor in any principle of Dissent that we are acquainted with, to prohibit it. 'Why then do not Mr. Hall and the Eclectic Reviewer go to the Establishment?' If 'going to the Establishment' means communing with it, it may be, that the Reviewer objects to the language of the Communion Service,—that he disapproves of the indiscriminate administration of the ordinance,—the no-discipline of the Church;—it may be, that he simply prefers the more Scriptural mode and discipline of the Dissenters; added to which, he may never have been placed in circumstances that supplied any reason for 'going to the Establishment.' But, were he placed in a foreign land where no other communion was accessible, or were other conceivable circumstances to occur, which should require him to give such a proof of his catholicism, speaking as an individual, he is free to own, that he is not aware of any criminality that he would thereby incur, or that his conduct in such a case would furnish any ground for the charge of apostacy.* Such an act would leave him, according to his own judgement, in the consistent possession of all the reasons on which he is satisfied to rest his separation from the Establishment. It is certain, that those who ought to have known the grounds of their nonconformity, seeing that they suffered on that account, the loss of all things,—the Puritans and ejected ministers, held, for the most part, the lawfulness of communion with the very Church that had excommunicated and was still persecuting them. Manton, Baxter, Alleine, and others are cited by Dr. Mason in evidence of this fact. Mr. Howe's testimony is decisive. 'In 1662,' he says, 'the same spirit and sentiment appeared, when most of the considerable ejected London ministers met and agreed to hold communion with the now re-established Church, not quitting their own ministry or declining the exercise of it, as they could have opportunity. And as far as I could by inquiry learn, I can little doubt this to have been the judgement of their fellow-sufferers through the nation, in great part, ever since. How

* The objection to taking the Sacrament at Church as a qualification, rests on very distinct grounds: first, the baseness of the motive; secondly, the scandalous desecration of the ordinance by making it 'a pick-lock to a place;' and thirdly, the fraud which a Dissenter commits in affecting to pass for a Churchman.

‘ could you,’ he asks his assailant, ‘ have the confidence to represent this as a new thing, and an apostacy from primitive puritanism, that hath in it so much of the spirit of primitive Christianity?’

Now these estimable men certainly carried out Mr. Hall’s principle to its full extent; nay, went further than his doctrine requires, and practically conceded more than he contends for. Will Mr. Kinghorn pretend to say that they acted on *his* principle? Or is he prepared to maintain that these venerable confessors were not justified in their dissent, that they did not understand the principles of nonconformity, and that they might as well have gone back to the Establishment? This would be a ‘ concession’ with a witness.

But Mr. Kinghorn says:

‘ It is remarkable that this outcry about “assigning to schism a place among the articles of faith,” bears a striking resemblance to the charges brought against the Nonconformists by Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, in his “Unreasonableness of Separation;” to which Dr. Owen returned an answer in his “Enquiry into the Original Nature, Institution, &c. of Evangelical Churches.” Stillingfleet professed to shew the “great absurdities” that followed the allowance of the causes of separation, and hence he argued their insufficiency. He says: “These five especially I shall insist upon. 1. That it weakens the cause of the Reformation. 2. That it hinders all union between Protestant churches. 3. That it justifies the ancient schisms which have been always condemned by the Christian church. 4. That it makes *separation* endless. 5. That it is contrary to the obligation which lies on all Christians to preserve the peace and unity of the church.” These five particulars are precisely of the nature of the charges brought by Mr. Hall, and repeated by the Eclectic Reviewer. Dr. Owen was not to be alarmed by such an outcry; he boldly met the Bishop, and maintained the direct reverse of his propositions.’

Dr. Owen was not the only champion who had the boldness to meet ‘ the Bishop.’ He was answered by Howe, Vincent Alsop, and the Author of a biting tract entitled (if we mistake not) “The Rector of Sutton against the Dean of St. Pauls,” in which Stillingfleet was played off against Stillingfleet to admiration. To answer the Author of the *Irenicum* out of his own mouth, was not a difficult matter. ‘ Let men turn and wind themselves which way they will,’ is his language in one place, ‘ by the very same arguments that any will prove separation from the Church of Rome lawful, because she required unlawful things as conditions of her communion, it will be proved lawful, not to conform to any suspected or unlawful practice required by any church governors upon the same

' terms ; if the thing so required be, after serious and sober
 ' inquiry, judged unwarrantable by a man's own conscience.*
 Mr. Howe says, in replying to the Dean's Sermon : ' We can-
 ' not but reckon the judgement the doctor hath given in
 ' our case is erroneous and indefensible by any man, but least
 ' fitly, of most other men, attempted to be defended by him-
 ' self. From whom it would little have been expected, that
 ' he should so earnestly recommend that very thing to us,
 ' as the only foundation of union, which he had so pub-
 ' licly told us, in his preface to the *Irenicum*, " was, without
 ' controversy, the main in-let of all the distractions, confusions,
 ' and divisions of the Christian world, namely, the adding
 ' of other conditions of church communion than Christ hath done."
 ' The Apostle who was strong in the faith,' remarks another
 of the Dean's answerers†, ' parted with something of his
 ' liberty to please the weak ; therefore, the weak must part
 ' with their consciences, wherein they have no liberty, to
 ' gratify the strong.' Dr. Owen's answer, Mr. Kinghorn does
 not appear to have seen, as he has confounded it with a
 later and larger work. It is entitled : " A brief Vindication
 " of the Nonconformists from the Charge of Schism ; as it
 " was managed against them in a Sermon preached before
 " the Lord Mayor, by Dr. Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's.
 " By John Owen, D.D." (sm. 4to. pp. 56, 1680.) We shall
 transcribe a few sentences from it, to shew the way in which
 he met (not the Bishop, but) the Dean. ' We agree with our
 ' Brethren in the faith of the Gospel, as the Gentiles did with
 ' the believing Jews ; we have *nothing to impose in religion on*
 ' the consciences or practices of any other churches or persons
 ' we desire nothing but what the churches of the
 ' Gentiles desired of old as the only means to prevent division
 ' in them, namely, that *they might not be imposed on to observe*
 ' those things which they were not satisfied that it was the mind
 ' of Christ they should observe.' ' He knows, that, by the
 ' communion and uniting ourselves unto the church, which is
 ' pressed either on ministers or people, a total submission unto
 ' the rule as established in the Book of Canons and Rubric
 ' of the Liturgy is required of them all. When this is once
 ' engaged in, there is no suspending of communion in *par-*
 ' *ticular rites* to be allowed. They who give up themselves
 ' hereunto, must observe the whole rule to a tittle. Nor is it

* *Irenicum*, B. I. ch. vi. § 6.

† Stillingfleet was not advanced to the episcopal bench till after the Revolution : he was only Dean of St. Paul's at the time (1680).

• in the power of this Reverend Author, who is of great dig-
 • nity in the Church, and as like as any man I know to be
 • inclined thereunto, to give indulgence unto them in their
 • abstinence from the least ceremony enjoined. Wherefore
 • the question about *lay-communion* is concerning that which
 • is *absolute* and *total*, according to all that is enjoined by the
 • laws of the land, or by the canons, constitutions, and orders
 • of the Church. Hereby are they obliged to bring their
 • children to be baptized with the use of the aerial sign
 • of the Cross; to kneel at the Communion; to the religious
 • observance of Holydays; to the constant use of the Liturgy
 • in all the public offices of the Church, unto the exclusion
 • of the exercise of those gifts which Christ continues to
 • communicate for its edification; to forego all means of
 • public edification besides that in their parish churches,
 • where, to speak with modesty, it is oft-times scanty and
 • wanting; to renounce all other assemblies wherein they have
 • had great experience of spiritual advantage unto their souls;
 • to desert the observation of many useful Gospel duties,
 • in their mutual watch that believers of the same Church
 • ought to have one over another; to divest themselves of all
 • interest of a voluntary consent in the discipline of the church
 • and choice of their own pastors; and to submit unto an
 • ecclesiastical rule and discipline which not one in a thousand
 • of them can apprehend to have any thing in it of the authority
 • of Christ or rule of the Gospel; and other things of the like
 • nature may be added.'

Such, then, were the grounds on which the Nonconformists
 of those days rested the necessity and lawfulness of their se-
 paration from the Church of England. The terms of commu-
 nion were such as they could not in conscience comply with;
 and the guilt of the schism, therefore, they justly contended, lay
 at the door of those who imposed those terms. It was not that
 they scrupled to communicate with the Church in many things;
 the act of kneeling at the rails excepted, (and many did not
 scruple this,) they had no objection to receive the Sacrament
 according to the forms of the Church; nor did they, for the
 most part, object to the use of the Liturgy, but only to its im-
 position exclusively of all other devotional exercises. The grand
 argument, however, for *lay-nonconformity*, was, the sacrifice
 which the Church demanded, and still demands, of both con-
 science and personal liberty, in the matter of the choice of a pas-
 tor and the 'means of public edification.' In other words, they
 could not consent to forego the privilege of attendance on a
 faithful and evangelical ministry, and, when the Establishment
 had iniquitously and cruelly cast out of her bosom the Baxters

and Howes, the Owens and Flavels, the Bates's and Char-nocks of those times, content themselves with an attendance at the parish church, where it was a chance that they did not hear the doctrines of the Gospel perverted and impugned, or where, at the best,

'The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed.'

They would not desert those who had apostolically exercised the rule over them, for 'blind guides' and 'dumb dogs,' the hirelings of a persecuting hierarchy. The grand object of the original establishment of separate assemblies, the standing reason for Dissent, that for which alone, comparatively speaking, it is, as a cause, worth supporting, is the perpetuation of an evangelical ministry. We are far from undervaluing the advantages connected with the more Scriptural constitution and discipline of congregational churches; but still, apart from a faithful ministry, the frame-work of such churches becomes as empty and worthless as the mere forms and services of an Establishment. With respect to all outward arrangements, how Scriptural soever in themselves, it may truly be said, that "the letter killeth: it is the Spirit that giveth life." Much as we value Dissenting institutions, we regard them merely as means subservient to an end, an end more excellent than the means,—the perpetuation and extension of the Church of Christ. But whether we be right or wrong in this view of the object and grounds of our separation, this, in point of fact, is the only practical reason for Dissent that can be brought to bear on the minds of the laity in general. 'I cannot but believe,' remarked Dr. Doddridge, 'that if the Established clergy and the Dissenting ministers in general were mutually to exchange their strain of preaching and their manner of living but for one year, it would be the *ruin of our cause*, even though there should be no alteration in the constitution and discipline of the Church of England.'

It is very possible, that Mr. Kinghorn may be filled with horror, and his friends of the Establishment may exult, at what they may deem our concessions. Why then, we hear our worthy antagonist shouting out again, does not the Eclectic Reviewer go to the Establishment at least when the preacher is evangelical? As we have something further in view than replying to Mr. Kinghorn's questions and exposing his mistakes, we entreat the patience of our readers while we state the reasons which, in our judgement, bind the Dissenter to his own communion even under such circumstances. We have reason to know that, in cases where that most happy accident,

the induction of an evangelical rector, or the appointment of an evangelical preacher as curate, has taken place in any particular locality, the flock of the Dissenting teacher have been very usually plied with that argument,—‘there is no occasion *now* for you to desert the Church.’ But surely the reply is sufficiently obvious: What reason does such a circumstance furnish for deserting the meeting-house,—unless evangelical instruction is no longer to be obtained there? In our judgement, the worship, the discipline, the quality of the pulpit services, the constitution of congregational churches, all unite to give Dissenting institutions an exceedingly strong claim to preference. In fact, all the reasons for lay-conformity except one, would remain in full force, and that one would be by no means nullified. For, let us suppose that the Dissenter so applied to does not prefer the extemporaneous mode of conducting the public services to the liturgical,—that he is not a member of the congregational church with which he worships,—that he has not studied the subject of the constitution of a church,—and that the discipline of our societies is unattractive to him,—(which is the case of thousands in our congregations,)—still, if he is sensible of the value of an evangelical ministry, and reasons at all about the matter, he must reason thus: What security does the Establishment hold out to me, that, if I desert the Dissenting community to-day, because an ecclesiastical appointment over which I have no control, chances to furnish me with the means of edification within the pale of the Church, I may not be deprived of that benefit, on the death or removal of the incumbent, to-morrow? Or what security does the system of patronage which is the life-blood of the Establishment, afford, that my children shall not be deprived of an evangelical ministry? If I join the Church, that Church prohibits me henceforth from consulting my highest interests by attendance on any but the ministers it may choose to appoint. I must renounce all other assemblies of Christians, separate myself from all other communions; my parish church, whether the gospel be preached there or not, must be, if I follow the advice of my new leaders, the only place in which I may enjoy the ‘means of grace.’ And in the mean time, what is to become of the Dissenting interest, to which, up to this time, I have been indebted for the only efficient provision of religious instruction,—of the system which, under God, has perpetuated the doctrines of the Reformation in this country in the form of living oracles, when the Establishment was dead down almost to its very root, where the life yet lay hid in her Articles? No, while I rejoice that the pulpits of the Establishment are now made to resound with the doctrines of Paul instead of those of

Epictetus, yet, for my children's sake, and for the Gospel's sake; I must stand by that ecclesiastical polity which has alone proved capable of keeping pace with the moral wants of the population, from which have emanated those institutions which are the glory of the country, and which presents the only security that the revival of religion within the Establishment, shall not be succeeded by a relapse into secularity, lethargy, and darkness.

But good men are not always good reasoners, and we can conceive of circumstances under which such just but remote considerations as these would fail to have their due effect. Should an evangelical ministry in the church be found in combination with a non-efficient discharge of the ministerial function in the meeting-house,—should strict communion be the law of the Dissenting community, and strict communion be associated, as it sometimes is, with relaxed discipline,—should the most exemplary Christians be found among the number excluded and repelled from communion, while among those within the jealously guarded enclosure are found many who are not harmless, and blameless, and without rebuke,—placed in such a situation, we can conceive of a pædobaptist going to the Establishment, from what may seem to him the same necessity that drove his forefathers from the Church, and for similar reasons; the relaxation of godly discipline, and 'the adding of other conditions of church communion than Christ hath appointed.' Nay, we can conceive of a Baptist's being led to waver in his non-conformity under such circumstances, on finding himself excluded, by the anti-Christian narrowness of the imposed conditions, from communion with those whom he regards as the excellent of the earth; for he, not less than the Churchman, is bound by those terms, to renounce fellowship with every other Protestant communion. He is not less required to make a personal surrender of his Christian liberty to the bigotry of his sect. And should he be placed where no Baptist society is within reach, he must forego altogether one important means of public edification, and, so far as regards that ordinance which is the seal and symbol of Christian fellowship, shut himself out from the communion of saints.

As Mr. Kinghorn has chosen to raise the alarm that, on Mr. Hall's principle, Dissent is in danger, we have deemed it not irrelevant to shew how far Dissent may be endangered by the principles and practice of Mr. Hall's opponents. It is no impossible, no imaginary case that we have drawn; and every churchman who is a *man of sense*, will not fail to see the advantage which Mr. Kinghorn has given him. The Baptist refuses communion to a churchman because he regards him as

unbaptized : can he complain if the clergyman refuses what is termed Christian burial to the children of the Baptist? The Baptist excommunicates all who scruple immersion : has he reason to complain at being himself excommunicated? The Baptist requires that, in order to join his society, the Pædobaptist should give up his judgement and his conscience, admit his Christian profession to have been hitherto invalid, and re-enter the Church as a newly converted heathen or restored penitent. The Church of England did not require quite so much as this, when they exacted re-ordination from those ministers who would otherwise have retained their cures. And if the thing required be, after serious and sober inquiry, judged unwarrantable by a man's own conscience, be it more or less that is required, the sin and mischief of the imposition are much the same. The Act of Uniformity, and the uniformity contended for by Mr. Kinghorn, both involve the same principle,—the making human opinions the conditions of church communion. For, though Baptism itself cannot be termed a human opinion, yet, the primitive mode and proper subjects of the ordinance must be considered as coming within the range of fallible opinion, unless the power of making terms of communion, claimed by our strict Baptist friends, is connected with the mysterious prerogative of an inspired interpreter, having authority in controversies of faith.

So much, then, for Mr. Kinghorn's attempt to identify the practice of strict communion with the principles of Nonconformity,—principles which we cannot believe that he would so singularly have misrepresented, had he given himself the trouble to understand them. That he has completely misrepresented them, so far as regards the views and sentiments of the great body of the Nonconformists, the extracts we have given, will place beyond the reach of doubt. It is, indeed, difficult to account for the utter confusion of ideas which seems to prevail in his mind on this subject. He speaks as if the nonconformity of the Baptists had no other object than to uphold the doctrine and practice of immersion. 'If we dissent with an acknowledged institution of Christ,' he says, 'for the sake of admitting those who do not believe it is their duty to obey it—(a gross misrepresentation, for there are no Christians who do not believe it to be their duty to obey an acknowledged institution of Christ—) 'how can we plead that 'we forsake the Established forms of religion for the sake of 'adhering to the plan of the New Testament?' Let our readers contrast this meagre exposition of the Dissenter's plea, with the tangible, cogent, and unanswerable reasons for their separation, urged by the venerable founders of Protestant Non-

conformity, and they will be at no loss to understand why, if driven from strict communion, Mr. Kinghorn should feel himself unable to justify his dissent. If not allowed to adhere to his notion of the New Testament plan, he finds nothing left in Dissent worth contending for. Open the doors of strict Baptist churches to the pious churchman or pædobaptist, and the cause is lost. He might continue to advocate what he deems the only Scriptural mode, both from the pulpit and from the press, and to administer the ordinance as before. But no; if he may not impose that mode of Baptism as a term of communion, strange to say, he would find himself without defence against the traditions of the Church of Rome itself. 'If communion with persons unbaptized be admitted,' horrible to relate, our churches are left without wall or dike against all the abominations of Popery. I have dispensed with an institution of Christ, exclaims the conscience-stricken Dissenter,—I have eaten with an unbaptized brother: what plea can I now offer for not taking my babe to the font, for not bowing down at the altar, for not subscribing to all that the Church of England imposes, for not surrendering all that she requires? I may as well go to the *Establishment*.

(To be concluded in the next.)

Art. IV. *The Christian Father's Present to his Children*. By J. A. James. Small 8vo. pp. 383. Second Edition. Price 7s. London, 1825.

WITHOUT any other than internal evidence, we should at once have recognised Mr. James as the writer of this attractive little work. It is an eloquent and effective production, distinguished throughout by a most impressive identification of the Author's own peculiar feelings, both with his subject, and with the interesting class of society to which it is addressed. We must add too, that, accustomed as we have been to differ, and frankly to express that difference, from Mr. J. on matters of taste, we do not recollect a single passage on which we should feel inclined to exercise a critical cavil. His chastised style is admirable, and the volume before us may be put into the hands of intelligent youth, with a view not only to their moral, but their intellectual improvement.

The contents are too various to admit of analytical examination. It may be sufficient to state, that the Author urges most forcibly the main considerations connected with the formation of character, and that the following extract exhibits a fair

sample of what may be termed the illustrative portions of the work.

‘What an interruption does it now form to the enjoyment of domestic intercourse, that the different branches of the family cannot always live beneath the same roof, or in the vicinity of their parents. One member after another goes from the paternal abode, and settles at a distance, till counties and perhaps kingdoms separate them from each other. Rarely does it happen, where the children are numerous, and grown to maturity, that they can all meet together. Occasionally this does happen, perhaps on a parent's birth-day, or at the festive season of the year, and then home puts forth all its charms, and pours out in copious streams its pure and precious joys: such a circle is the resort of peace and love, where friends and near relations mingle into bliss. The parents look with ineffable delight upon their children, and their children's children, and see their smiles of love reflected from the faces of the happy groupe. Piety gives the finishing touch to the picture, when, ere they part, they assemble round the domestic altar, and after reading in that Book which speaks of the many mansions in our Father's house above, where the families of the righteous meet to part no more; and after blending their voices in a sacred song of praise to Him, who hath united them, both by ties of nature and of grace; they receive the benedictions, and join in the prayers of their saintly and patriarchal father, who over the scene that surrounds him feels a divided heart, one moment thinking he has lived long enough in that he has been permitted to witness it, but the next breathing an aspiration to heaven for permission to witness it a few years longer.

‘This scene, and it is not an uncommon one, is one of the purest to be found on earth. It is, as nearly as it can be, paradise restored! or if it be, as it certainly is, still without the gates of Eden, it is near enough to the sacred enclosure, to receive some of the fruits which drop over the wall. What is wanting here? I answer, Continuance. It is bliss only for a season. It is a day that will be followed with a night. And the heart is often checked in the full tide of enjoyment, in the very meridian of its delights, by looking at the clock, and counting how rapidly the hours of felicity are rolling away, and how soon the signal of parting will be struck. But the meeting in heaven shall be eternal. The family shall go no more out for ever from the mansion of their Father above. Their interview shall not be measured nor limited by time. They shall meet for one day, but then that day will be everlasting, for “there is no night there.” They shall spend eternal ages together. Neither the fear nor the thought of parting, shall ever pass like a cloud over the orb of their felicity, nor let fall a passing shadow to disturb the sunshine of their breast.

“We are met,” shall they say one to another, “and we shall part no more. Around us is glory, within us is rapture, before us is eternity.”’ pp. 373—375.

The chapter on ‘Theatrical Amusements’ contains a powerful denunciation of the abuses of the stage, but leaves nearly

untouched the decisive argument against its lawfulness in a Christian land. What are the distinct character and object of the drama? It is, in the exquisite language of its brightest ornament,—‘to hold the mirror up to nature, to shew vice her own image, scorn its own feature, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.’ In other words, it is *the World*—the world in its very quintessence—*veluti in speculum*. Now what, on the other hand, are the character and object of Christianity? An entire and unswerving variance from the principles and practice of the world—*Be ye not conformed—Have no fellowship—Come out from among them*. On Christian grounds, the appeal is unanswerable, nor is it weaker in a moral view.

The following passage, taken from the introductory address to Christian parents, is fraught with meaning of vital importance to the happiness of families.

‘*Bad companions* out of the house, counteract all the influence of religious instruction delivered at home.

‘A christian parent should ever be on the alert to watch the associations which his children are inclined to form. On this subject I have said much to the young themselves in the following work; but it is a subject which equally concerns the parent. One ill chosen friend of your children’s may undo all the good you are the means of doing at home. It is impossible for you to be sufficiently vigilant on this point. From their very infancy, encourage them to look up to you as the selectors of their companions; impress them with the necessity of this, and form in them a habit of consulting you at all times. Never encourage an association which is not likely to have a decidedly friendly influence on their religious character. This caution was never more necessary than in the present age. Young people are brought very much together by the religious institutions which are now formed; and although there is a great probability that in such a circle suitable companions will be found, yet, it is too much even for charity to believe that all the active young friends of Sunday Schools, Juvenile Missionary Societies, &c. &c. are fit companions for our sons and our daughters.’ pp. xxxi, xxxii.

The chapter on ‘Books,’ is somewhat deficient in discrimination. We should not, for instance, recommend either the ‘*habitual*’ or the *entire* ‘perusal of Spenser.’ It is not merely that his gorgeous and redundant imagination renders him unsafe as a guide of taste, but our objection would take higher ground; and we must remind Mr. James, that there is in the *Faerie Queene*, that which is too grossly indecent to be read with impunity by the young.

Art. V. *The Characters of Theophrastus*; translated from the Greek, and illustrated by Physiognomical Sketches. To which are subjoined, the Greek Text, with Notes, and Hints on the Individual Varieties of Human Nature. By Francis Howell. Large 8vo. pp. 281. Price 11. 1s. London. 1824.

THIS is a singularly able and ingenious book, and the way in which it is 'got up,' adds much to the interest and piquancy of the work. A good and complete translation of 'The Characters,' was in itself a desirable thing, which might have been satisfactorily executed by a fair scholar and competent writer; but the present publication, besides giving a spirited transcript of the old Grecian's limnings, contains a considerable addition of original, and, if we mistake not, exceedingly valuable matter, in the shape of notes or, rather, of collateral dissertations.

Theophrastus, 'although the favoured disciple and successor of Aristotle, was of a very different and, we will add, of a very inferior cast of mind. The Stagyrte was a man of powerful and controlling intellect, inventive and abstract; his follower was shrewd, observant, and satirical. The genius of the first was philosophical; that of the latter, dramatic. The opinion of his present Translator, as to the peculiar character and design of the work before us, is singular and, as it appears to us, exceedingly problematical. He states it as his conviction, that Theophrastus, in his descriptions of character, intended nothing less than satire; that they are, in truth, grave, matter-of-fact delineations of certain classes or species in the great intellectual family, and that they are to be taken as collections or contributions towards a comprehensive and scientific Natural History of Man. We have looked with some attention for the indications of this systematic scheme, but we have been quite unsuccessful in the search. The 'Characters' are, so far as we can see, nothing more than a series of humorous and semi-dramatic sketches, remarkable chiefly for the prevalence of that rare felicity of tact which, while it brings out the subject in full and highly comic display, stops short of the smallest approach to coarse exaggeration. Theophrastus seldom even approaches caricature; and there is not a feature in any of his various portraits, for which he might not readily have found a sitter. That his draughts are satirical and not scientific, may be inferred from the circumstance that they are all shade; the artist has admitted no lights. In describing individual character, he has admitted no mitigating traits; he has given no place to the antagonist virtues; he has made no allowance for that mixture of countervailing qualities which,

from its constant recurrence, must be taken as an invariable law of human nature. Let any one read the following character, and then give judgement whether it be science or sarcasm.

• THE ADULATOR.

‘Adulation is the base converse of an inferior with one from whom he seeks some sordid advantage. The Adulator, walking with his Patron, says,—‘Mark you not how the eyes of all are turned towards you?—There is not another man in the city, who attracts so much attention.—It was but yesterday that the estimation in which you are held was publicly acknowledged in the Portico:—there were more than thirty persons sitting together; and in the course of conversation it was inquired,—who merited to be called the most worthy citizen of the State?—when one and all agreed that you were the man.’ While he proceeds with discourse of this sort, he employs himself in picking some particle of down from the great man’s cloak; or if a gust of wind has lodged an atom of dust in his curls, he carefully removes it; and smiling, adds,—‘See now,—because these two days I have not been with you, your beard is filled with grey hairs;—and yet to say truth, no man of your years has a head of hair so black.’

‘When his Patron is about to speak, the Parasite imposes silence upon all present; and he himself while he listens, gives signals of applause; and at every pause, exclaims,—‘well said!—well said!’ If the speaker is pleased to be facetious, he forces a grin; or puts his cloak to his mouth, as if striving to suppress a burst of laughter. He commands those whom they may meet in a narrow way to give place, while his Friend passes on. He provides himself with apples and pears, which he presents to the children of the family in the presence of the Father; and kissing them, exclaims,—‘Worthy offspring of a noble stock.’ ‘The foot,’—says the humble companion, when the great man would fit himself with a pair of shoes, ‘the foot is of a handsomer make than the pair you are trying.’ He runs before his Patron when he visits his friends, to give notice of his approach, saying, ‘HE comes to thee:’—then he returns with some such formality as,—‘I have announced you.’

‘When occasion offers, he is ready to give his help in the smallest matters;—he will run to the market, in a twinkling, for a bunch of kitchen herbs. At table, he is the first to praise the wine: leaning upon the flattered man, he says,—you eat but delicately:’ and, taking a morsel from the table, exclaims,—‘How exquisite is this!’ Then he inquires,—‘Are you cold?—Do you wish for your cloak?’—and forthwith he throws it about him. Stooping forward, he whispers in his ear, or while speaking to others, he rolls his eyes upon his Patron. At the Theatre,—taking the cushions from the servant whose business it is to adjust them for his master, he performs this office himself. In a word, he is always ready to declare,—that the house is well built, the grounds well planted, or that the portrait is an exact likeness. And truly you will find such a fellow willing to say or do any thing by which he may hope to curry favour.’

The text of Theophrastus has come down to us in a very defective and disjointed state. It is quite clear, that, even in many sections which present the aspect of entireness, there is much dislocation and transposition. Mr. *Howell* (!) has taken considerable pains, and, if we may judge from internal evidence, with great success, to reconcile discrepancies and restore corrupted passages, though he has wisely omitted the cheap parade of pedantic annotation. His description of his difficulties is worth citing.

‘The text of, perhaps, few ancient authors has come down to us in a more mangled state than that of Theophrastus. The most sagacious and learned of his editors,—Casaubon, is perpetually exclaiming—‘conclamatus locus!—ulcus,—ulcus insanabile!—locus et mutilus et corruptus;—locus est vitii manifestus;—vel subobscurus vel corruptus, vel utrumque;—sensum, puto, expressimus; verba autem valde sunt depravata.’ And the most judicious of them—Needham, frequently brings a laborious criticism merely to this conclusion,—‘Liberum esto lectori judicium.’ In some instances, where a manifest depravation of the text exists, I have used a greater liberty of emendation than I could venture to admit in the Greek: and when there has been left in the latter, uncured, a wound pronounced by the critics to be *insanabile*; I have, in the version, endeavoured to conceal the offence by giving a less specific turn to the passage.’

pp. 189, 90.

An amusing article might be written, though at the expense of more space and leisure than we are willing to assign, on the numberless imitations of Theophrastus that have been published in this and in other countries. Breton, Earle, Overbury, Ellis, Quarles, and others, have, with various success, taken him as their model, or, at least, have been indebted to him for their primary idea. But the most celebrated of all his imitators, is La Bruyere, whose amusing work has transformed the broad and vigorous handling of the Grecian satirist, into the smart and epigrammatic touch of Parisian *persiflage*. The Frenchman never loses sight of the *Boudoir* and the *Ruelle*; he gives you the scandal of the tea-table and the Green-room. His work is a *catalogue raisonnée* of all the blunders, failures, and *faur pus* occurring in high life. It is true, that this is all very cleverly done, but it is not Theophrastus, nor has it any thing in common with his manly and masterly style.

The ‘Notes’ have afforded us very high gratification. They contain a piquant mixture of metaphysical acumen, philosophical investigation, powerful reasoning, and humorous illustration; they are, moreover, admirably written. The ‘general remarks on the Study of Human Nature’ are highly important, but they would lead us too far, both in extract and com-

ment, were we to give them the attention they deserve. The occasional strictures on the reveries of phrenologists contain many shrewd hits, and we shall make room for a paragraph or two.

‘ In the examination of extreme cases,—such, for example, as that of a bold invader of property, or perpetrator of unusual barbarities, we are liable to very false conclusions by taking up the measurement of crime which is given to us by the verdict of a jury. In the eye of the philosophical moralist or the physiologist, this instance will, perhaps, appear to differ scarcely at all from a thousand other instances of equal turpitude, that attract no attention, except in what is purely accidental or circumstantial. A man commits a murder, and is hanged for it ; and the head is borne away in glee by eager speculatists upon the bony and medullary development of organs :—the cast is taken with religious care ; and the ominous protuberance of *destructiveness* is triumphantly pointed out, at the due degree of its latitude and longitude : and forthwith the instance goes to the corroboration of a system ; and all this upon the very inconsequential presumption, that a man who has caused the death of another, under the circumstances which bring the case within a *legal definition*, must be by his physical conformation a destroyer of life. But even supposing there to have been in this case plain indications of the existence of some original propensity to *destructiveness* or *combateness*, or what not, they ought to be considered simply as furnishing a suggestion for inquiry : it is egregiously unphilosophical to assume *overt acts*, indiscriminately, as the ground of scientific classifications of character. Before any general inductions relative to the correspondence between forms and dispositions can be established with precision, many correlative questions which have yet scarcely been distinctly stated, must be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. I am far from intending to affirm the non-existence of this correspondence ;—on the contrary, I have a strong belief in the existence of an absolute, perfect, and invariable relation between the form, the complexion, the texture of the integuments, the chemical qualities, solids and fluids, and the qualities of mind. But, I do not perceive that, hitherto, any approach has been made towards a scientific knowledge of the physical concomitants of mind.’ pp. 191—193.

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‘ But let us open our eyes to the light that has lately been poured upon the science of human nature by those who have taught us that,—imagination is not *imagination*, but—*IMAGINATIVENESS* ; and that the power of recalling or of re-combining ideas is,—*IDEALITY*. I say, under this guidance, in spite of the difficulties to which I have here adverted, we shall be able to pick from a crowd of persons, at discretion, either the Enthusiast or the Superstitious : for both of them, having the bifurcated organ of *Imaginativeness*, will have foreheads bulging at the corners like the bows of a Dutch Indian. Where we are to seek for the indication of the very essential diffe-

rence between the two minds, I am not sufficiently versed in the system to be able to determine.

‘ But what should we say if we were to meet with a case of eminent *Imaginativeness*, of that class, for example, in which the current of thought is evidently ruled by the suggestions of fear, which, instead of being indicated, *as it ought*—by two walnut-like protuberances just over the temples—is, in fact, symbolized by an impending frontal mass that usurps the localities of some score of neighbour organs? Every one knows, indeed, that the Imagination is a bold faculty; but that it should be an invader of medullary freeholds to this extent, almost surpasses belief.

‘ By the latest and the best authorities, we are informed that,—in the interval between the eye-brows and the insertion of the hair,—*twelve or fifteen distinct elements of mind*,—like so many petty feudal lords, cooped up between a forest and a marsh,—have ‘a local habitation and a name;’ where, fenced about by impassable, though imaginary partitions, they maintain their state; and whence, in proportion to their several forces, not being able to elbow space for themselves laterally, they impatiently drive bone before them, and abtrude their violence upon the superficies. If it be indeed true, that a symbolic chart of the human head must be as thick set with divisions, and as intricate, as a map of Germany; and that the entire surface, from ear to ear, is claimed by a clustering host of Dignities, Powers, Energies, Faculties, Functions, &c.,—it seems not less true, that what commonly takes place in politics, commonly takes place, also, in phrenology; namely—that the stronger powers are wont to drive the weaker from their patrimonies. If this be the fact, it will be very necessary to remember, that what might be laid down as an ideal phrenological topograph,—duly numbered and lettered,—will yield us as little information relative to the site of particular organs in any individual head, as we should gain from one of D’Anville’s maps in *Cæsar’s Commentaries*, if we wished to understand the *present* boundaries of the Electoral states: it is a map of the country, but not a map of its actual occupations.’

We find some difficulty in giving an opinion on the embellishments. As works of art, they are, both in design and execution, clever and spirited. As physiognomical diagrams, though they are generally emphatic illustrations of the text, yet, they seem occasionally to border on caricature. They add, however, much to the interest, as well as to the decoration of the volume.

Art. VI. *Massillon's Thoughts on different Moral and Religious Subjects*, extracted from his Works, and arranged under distinct Heads. Translated from the French, by Rutton Morris. 12mo. pp. 258. Price 5s. London, 1824.

WITH all his faults, Massillon is, among all the great ornaments of the French pulpit, decidedly the chief. Bourdaloue will not stand the comparison for a moment. Bossuet, maugre his superiority in learning, vigour, originality, and imagination, is manifestly inferior in that which is properly eloquence. Loftiness and luminousness of thought, grasp, power, and profundity, distinguish the bishop of Meaux, but his mastery is over the intellect exclusively. A higher excitement to the mind can scarcely be conceived, than that which is supplied by the oratory of Bossuet; he lifts it to his own level, and invigorates it for holding communion with his own unrivalled combination of grandeur and strength. Massillon, in this respect, stands at humble distance; but, in the more peculiar province of the preacher, the command over the feelings and affections, he leaves his great competitor far behind. We admit that he is occasionally rich to redundancy, eloquent to wordiness, and pathetic to the very verge of sentimentality; yet, after these abatements, there will remain an ample meed of fame, justly and appropriately his due, and placing him among the few great masters of eloquence, whose influence, great in their own day, has descended on our own times, and will be felt to the latest ages.

To the last edition of the works of this great man, is appended a volume of arranged extracts, which is, we suppose, (for we have not compared them,) the same that Mr. Morris has translated in the work before us. Under a considerable variety of important heads, a number of detached passages are brought together, so as to produce an interesting and impressive whole. The selection might, we think, have been more judiciously made, and we could have wished that Mr. M. had used his own discretion on this point, instead of adopting an arrangement previously existing. His own part of the work is respectably done, and, if the translation does not always adequately express the fine flow and rich melody of the original, it is, at least, far superior to any former attempts that have fallen under our notice. The following extracts will afford a fair specimen of the general style.

‘Where are our early years? What reality have they left in our remembrance? Nothing more than a dream of the night; we dreamed that we had lived, and this is all that remains. The whole interval which has elapsed from our birth to the present day, is only

like a fleeting arrow, which we scarcely perceive to pass through the air. When we shall have begun to live with the world, the past will appear neither longer nor more real. All the ages which shall previously have glided away, we shall regard as fleeting moments; all the nations which have appeared and disappeared in the universe, all the revolutions of empires and kingdoms, all the great events which adorn our histories, will be to us only as the different scenes of a spectacle which we have seen completed in a day. Let us only recollect the victories and sieges; the glorious treaties, the grand and pompous events of the last reign; they are scarcely past; we ourselves were witnesses to most of them, and they will be transmitted in our annals even to our latest posterity, yet to us they already appear as a dream, or as a flash of lightning which has passed away in a moment, and which will every day become more effaced from our memories.' pp. 231—232.

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'Every thing passes away like ourselves: a rapidity, which nothing can stop, drags every thing into the the abyss of eternity. Our ancestors lately made room for us, and we shall soon clear the way for those who are to succeed us. Ages are renewed; the living are continually replacing and succeeding to the dead. Nothing continues the same: all things change; every thing around us wastes and expires. We hasten to take advantage of each other's ruin. We resemble those foolish soldiers who, in the midst of the battle, and while their companions are falling around them on every side, by the sword of their enemies, eagerly load themselves with their garments; and scarcely are they invested with them, before a mortal blow takes away, together with their lives, the foolish decorations with which they had just adorned themselves. So far from being undeceived by the fate of those whom we see taken away, there arises even from their ashes the fatal sparks which rekindle all our desires.'

pp. 233—234.

Mr. Morris proposes to publish a volume of 'Massillon's most striking sermons.'

Art. VII. *Lectures on the Essentials of Religion, Personal, Domestic, and Social.* By H. F. Burder, M.A. Author of *Lectures on the Pleasures of Religion*. 8vo. pp. 378. Price 9s. London. 1825.

WERE all Christian divines to insist on the great duties which we owe to God and man, in the evangelical strain in which they are urged by the estimable Author of this excellently written volume, we cannot help thinking, that the supra-lapsarian scheme of divinity would every day become less an object of attraction to that portion of the community, at least, who know any thing of what it is to be spiritually

minded :—as it respects those who know not “ the grace of God in truth,” they may be expected to stand by their dogmas until the reign of righteousness shall commence within them. We speak with deliberation when we say, that Mr. Burder has conferred an obligation on the public by the publication of these Lectures. They furnish a lucid and impressive detail of all that most essentially enters into the principles, feelings, and conduct of a Christian formed after the inspired model. There is nothing in them that savours of the metaphysical theology : the sentiment and the language are alike in the strictest accordance with the simplicity of Scripture.

The volume consists of three distinct sections : the first treats of Repentance ; the second, of Faith ; and the third, of Holiness. Under this generic division of subjects, the Author has succeeded in presenting a very luminous and comprehensive view of the numerous topics included in personal religion. In the Introduction to the first Lecture, the Author thus states his general design.

‘ Under this comprehensive title, it is not my design to enter on a discussion of the *doctrines* which may be pronounced essential to Christianity : my object is rather to exhibit and to enforce the *Essentials of Personal and Social Religion*. It is to ascertain and to develop the principles which must reign in the heart, and govern the life, of every human being, who would establish a valid title to the name of Christian.’

The second discourse, ‘ on the motives to repentance,’ appears to us eminently adapted to be useful. The motives enumerated are ; 1. The imperative command of God.—2. The unalterable determination of God, that without Repentance there shall be no salvation.—3. The mercy of God revealed in the Gospel.—4. The most gracious reception, on the part of God, of the repenting and returning sinner.—5. The invariable connexion of salvation with the exercise of repentance.—6. The readiness of God to bestow the grace necessary to the production of repentance.—7. The benevolent rejoicing which it occasions both on earth and in heaven. Under the Sixth particular, we have the following energetic and encouraging appeal.

“ I admit,” some one may be disposed to say, “ that Repentance is a duty binding upon all men, and unquestionably imperative upon me. I feel that I am daily contracting additional guilt, by remaining in impenitency and unbelief ; but how shall I be able to exercise that Repentance which needeth not to be repented of ? You tell me, and I believe and feel it to be true, that my nature is depraved, and that my heart is both obdurate and deceitful ; how then shall I re-

sent?" It is my happiness to remind you, that the Lord Jesus Christ, who "died for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," is "exalted by the right hand of God to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give Repentance" in order to "the remission of sins." This part of his mediatorial undertaking precisely meets your case, and corresponds with your most pressing exigence. He communicates the grace necessary to that exercise of Repentance, which his word requires, by giving his Holy Spirit to effect deep conviction of sin, and true contrition of heart. He thus fulfils that gracious promise of a former dispensation:—"A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh; and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them." If then you have discovered the guilt and danger of continuing in impenitence, and if you deeply lament the hardness and coldness of your hearts towards God, you will attach to these encouraging promises the highest value; you will plead them most earnestly and perseveringly at the throne of grace; and certain it is that you will not thus plead in vain. He who never gave encouragement to an unfounded expectation, has said—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for, if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!"

p. 49.

In reference to the long agitated question—"What is the nature of saving faith?" we have, in the Third Lecture, the following admirable remarks.

'Greatly is it to be lamented, that the subject of Faith, instead of being usually elucidated by discussion, has often been involved in deep obscurity. The definitions and distinctions of metaphysical expositors, both from the pulpit and from the press, have produced confusion, rather than clearness of ideas; so that the mind, yielded to their guidance, has been bewildered in the entanglements they have laboriously constructed. In all the inquiries connected with revealed truth, I have been disposed to view with suspicion and aversion, scholastic refinements and technical subtleties. I find, in the word of God, a luminous and beautiful simplicity; and I am encouraged to suppose, that when the inspired writers employ words in common use, they intend such words to be understood in their ordinary sense, unless some intimation be given to the contrary. If they evidently proceed on the supposition, that their meaning is unambiguous, and perfectly intelligible to their readers, even without the necessity of any laboured explanation, I am prepared and authorised to presume, that no peculiar difficulty of interpretation is to be encountered. These remarks appear to me strictly applicable to the subject before us. The sacred writers insist much on the importance of Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; but they betray no apprehension of any danger of being misunderstood, in consequence of any diffi-

culty or obscurity in the terms they employ. They evidently proceed on the supposition, that the persons addressed will be liable to no perplexing embarrassment, either in ascertaining what the faith required really is, or in determining whether, in the true and intended sense of the requirement, they themselves are believers.

‘ Proceeding, then, with these views, to the investigation of the meaning of the important terms currently employed on this subject by the sacred writers, we shall find that, in the use of the nouns rendered “faith” and “belief,” and in the use of the verb which denotes the act of believing, there is a direct reference, either to a communication made, or to the character and claims of one who makes a communication. If the case relates directly to the communication itself, and it be made in the form of a testimony, a declaration, or a promise, then that which is required of us is simply that we *believe* it;—that is, that we *receive and embrace* it, as *undoubted truth*; and, as the natural result of so receiving it, that we yield our hearts to the influence which, from its own nature, it is calculated to exert.

‘ But, in some instances, the case may relate, not so directly to any one specific communication, as to the character and claims of him through whom various communications have been, or may be made. Let us suppose, for example, that the blessed God reveals himself to some individual of our race, in all the majesty and all the benignity of his character, and in all his infinite resources for the happiness of his creatures. Let us suppose that his language is, “I am the Almighty, the all-sufficient God; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.” What then is required of that favoured individual? Beyond a doubt—that he should trust in Him, and rely upon Him with grateful, and adoring, and most entire affiance. Now it was thus that God did actually manifest himself to the patriarch Abraham; and that venerated servant of the Most High, to his immortal honour, exercised a confidence unsuspecting and unbounded.’

These extracts will, we are persuaded, sufficiently justify the expression we have given to our warm approbation of the volume.

Art. VIII. *A Nosological Practice of Physic, embracing Physiology.*
By George Pearson Dawson, M.D. 8vo. pp. 380. Price 14s.
London, 1824.

IT is not often that we are tempted to animadvert on medical productions, unless they possess extraordinary merit, or are prominently distinguished by public utility. Such is the character of the work before us; it is written by a scholar and a man of talent, and contains an excellent nosology, including brief essays on the most important diseases of the human frame. We notice the volume with the greater pleasure, as

Dr. Dawson is a decided enemy to materialism, and appears to have a mind imbued with sound notions of Christianity. In the following extract, he boldly enters the lists against Mr. Lawrence, who has advanced the monstrous proposition, that all the various forms of insanity spring from disease of the brain, exposing its absurdity with a happy mixture of spirited argument and ridicule.

‘ Mr. Lawrence says, “ that the various forms of insanity, that all the affections comprehended under the general term of mental derangement, are only evidences of cerebral affections; in short, symptoms of diseased brain.” * This will not do; and Mr. Lawrence knows it will not do: hence he shelters himself thus;—“ The brain, like other parts of this complicated machine, may be diseased sympathetically; and we see it recover†,”—which is sufficiently latitudinous for his purpose. That melancholia and mania arise from disease of the brain or its investments, is a favourite opinion with other men than Mr. Lawrence; yet, a little reflection ought to convince him and them, that it is not founded upon common sense or fact. A man labours under mania.—What is its cause? Chronic inflammation of the brain, its membranes, or disease of the brain itself, is answered by the exponents of this opinion. No means are employed, and the subject is well in five days. What has become of the inflammation, or structural disease, affirmed to be the proximate cause? No remedies were used. Was disease of the brain ever cured in five days without the aid of medicine, or chronic inflammation resolved there?—Before three weeks have expired, the sufferer is worse than he was during the first attack, and requires the application of a strait waistcoat. How is this to be accounted for? Has the inflammation, structural disease, or both, returned? Still no means are called into action: and the patient is speedily restored, and remains rational for a considerable time. Where is the disease of the brain?—is it cured, gone abroad, or only in abeyance? Altogether it is the most gentlemanly and well-bred disease I ever heard of: it has no opinion of its own, nor any consistency of conduct,—an accomplished disciple of the school of Chesterfield. Is inflammation or structural disease of an important organ easy of cure, or even of relief, under any treatment, however judicious and vigorous, much less under none? Did Mr. Lawrence ever witness such extraordinary restorations to integrity, in any other disease, under similar circumstances? He must acknowledge that he never did. If a man suffer inflammation, or any other disease of the brain or its membranes, is he ever insane? The best informed, the most sceptical, the most ignorant must answer, no. Such is the strength of the argument, that, Ajax-like, it only needs light and fair play. He may have excruciating pain in the head, considerable fever, convulsions, delirium, coma, or fatuity of

* Lectures on Physiology, &c. p. 101. London, 1822.

† *Ibid.*, p. 106.

intellect from inflammation or organic disease of the brain ; but he never will, and never did, in any single remarkable instance, display the symptoms of insanity, and of insanity only. A maniac has his mind overthrown ; yet he is not uniformly ill : he has neither pain nor stupor, fever nor delirium ;—on the contrary, he is acute, vigilant, vivacious, subtle, or ferocious, with his faculties clear, brightened, although perverted : he will spend nights and days in composing, writing, calculating, planning, while, generally, he appears to enjoy unimpaired health, although his system may, and does occasionally, suffer from such long and incontrollable mental excitement. Again, some are only insane on one particular subject, and perfectly rational on every other ;—witness the man who was only insane when he heard the name of Lord North ; the being, who pretended he was the Duke of Hexham ; the unhappy person who thought himself to be our Lord Jesus Christ ; and a well-known provincial character, who imagines every genteel woman to be in love with him, and pesters her with his letters. Will Mr. Lawrence enlighten me on this point :—will he tell me what kind of disease of the brain is here, which imitates a pretty, fickle, much loved girl, with her ~~likes~~ and dislikes ? As Mr. Lawrence is the child and champion of *organization*, he may suggest that the structural disease has become organized, which, in his opinion, constitutes life ; and being now an intelligent creature, it hates my Lord North for his politics, is strangely smitten with contemptible and impious vanity, or is inspired with the love of the fair sex. It is not in this manner, this material, this Lucretian manner, that the proximate cause of mental derangement is to be revealed. This is not in the spirit of that inductive philosophy which Bacon practised in his life, and illustrated by writings that will never die ; no,—these are the dregs of the Epicurean philosophy, invigorated by the elegant poetry of Lucretius, and revived and circulated afresh, in a new and more imposing form, by Cuvier, Lawrence, and other enlightened men !' pp. 178—182.

Dr. Dawson's system of medicine is the most concise we have ever seen. It is offered as the result of twenty-eight years dedicated to the study and practice of medicine ; and throughout the volume, there are abundant proofs of the great advantages its Author has enjoyed as a military practitioner, and as an eminent physician in private life. The Nosology of Dr. Dawson is divided into five orders ; *Febrile, Inflammatory, Nervous, Cachectic, and Functional Diseases* ; each order containing only a single genus. This nosology is certainly not without its faults ; yet still, it is more simple, useful, and practical, than those which are so elaborate as to render 'confusion worse confounded.' The various essays in the work are written with spirit and talent, and the Writer proves himself a sound pathologist and close reasoner ; but, as is usually the case, some parts are much more laboured and better finished than others. He has taxed all his powers to do justice to

, the different *phlegmatia*, hydrocephalus internus, and aqueous collections ; also, epilepsy, angina pectoris, sterylsepsia, mania, and gastrodynia, and beyond all, to ang cough ; while, with respect to gout, rheumatism, and ous affections, he has displayed a brevity and careless-ly unworthy of his abilities and qualifications.

Dawson is evidently conversant with the Roman clas- and he embraces every opportunity of illustrating his ob- ions by copious extracts. There is indeed something too of this. We shall make room for one more extract, will be particularly interesting to our literary readers.

ie subjects of hypochondriasis are the sensitive, delicate, and ; for, endowed with the finest feelings of humanity, they are ly acute, and singularly apprehensive. Yet, although men of and genius are notoriously disposed to hypochondriasis, it seem, upon examination into the annals of the world, that men oftener attain a long life than any other class. Theseus 62 years; Lycurgus, 85; Solon, 80; Pythagoras, 90; Sies, 90; Æschylus, 69; Pindar, 65; Anaxagoras, 72; Soms, 91; Democritus, 90; Euripides, 78; Thucydides, 80; es, 70; Isocrates, 98; Plato, 82; Demosthenes, 63; Aris- 62; and Themistocles, 65 years. The same may be shewn spect to the great men of other nations. The elder Cato be- learn Greek at eighty. In England, the fact may be proved eference to the peerage and bench of bishops, as well as to ious authors and British judges. A few recent and popular ces shall be adduced. Johnson lived 75 years; Cumberland, layley, about 70; the Bishop of Durham, now alive, near 90; Ellenborough, 68; Baron Maseres, more than 90; Sir Nash, between 70 and 80; Sir Alan Chambre, 83; Baron Wood, 80; ir Thomas Plumer, 71. Such are the great ages to which eminent rs and lawyers have attained,—men notorious for dyspeptic and hondriacal disorders, in consequence of their sedentary lives. lypepsia were a disorder tending to shorten life," says Mr. s Chambre, "the lives of half the members of the profession of w would be uninsurable."

o disease affects the spirits more than dyspepsia, which renders, once a pleasure, a source of torment ; and the uneasy and ming sensations, acute and fugitive pains, with occasional aches, and the painful distensions of the abdomen, convert life living death. Ixion is said to have rested on his wheel; Sisy- paused until the stone rolled down again : but the true dys- sufferer never rests and never pauses—his days are spent in and melancholy—he retires to bed distressed and miserable—empts to sleep, and either fails, or dreams of horrors—he rises morning weak, anxious, languid, anticipating the worst, yet g to meet it—he neither thinks nor feels like the hypochondriac, meditates on suicide, and, afraid to look death in the face,

throws himself into his arms—he is content to live; life has no charms for him; pleasures, no allurements—he has neither hopes nor wishes of his own—he is miserable and he knows it.”

pp. 284, 5; 287, 8.

Of Dr. Dawson's Practice of Physic we think highly; it is what such a work ought to be, the production of a man who honourably sits down to teach others, after having enjoyed unusual opportunities of observing disease, and of acquiring knowledge for nearly thirty years. The Author is already well known as a sound pathologist, and a skilful and scientific physician, by means of his various medical writings; more especially by his valuable treatise on the fever of Walcheren, which was published above fifteen years ago, and still continues, as it deserves, to be a work of authority on Marsh fevers.

Art. IX. *Dunallan; or, Know what you judge a Story.* In three Volumes. By the Author of 'The Decision,' 'Father Clement,' &c. &c. Price 18s. Edinb. 1825.

WE have had occasion repeatedly to enter our protest and issue our admonitions against Religious fictions, but in vain. We still think the light viands now so much in request, a bad substitute for the more healthy, spiritual food of our forefathers; and so liable is Religion to be degraded, either from the false or inadequate conceptions of the writer, or from its being mixed up with the vulgar business of a novel, that we seriously lament the prevailing taste. We live, however, in a novel-reading age; and if fictions will be read, their being made subservient to moral or religious lessons cannot be held criminal. A Tale, if properly written, may leave on the mind of the reader, a dim notion at least of Religion as a something very grand, and very pure, and very lovely; and, in some instances, it may do something better, by impressing convictions of the vanity of the common objects of pursuit, that shall again occur in hours of merriment or in sickness, and, growing more importunate, as the successive folds of the gaudy show are stripped off, shall prompt the examination of the beautiful something that was exhibited as so potent a soother of sorrows. And when religious truths are recommended by the charms of graceful fiction, and kept, at the same time, in their genuine purity, we should not know exactly in what terms to express our disapprobation.

The Author of '*Dunallan*' is, probably, known to many of our readers, as the writer of '*The Decision*,' '*Profession*' is no

' Principle,' ' Father Clement,' and some smaller tales of the same cast. Without possessing Miss Edgeworth's power of moral painting, or of catching the peculiarities of national character, she has a simple style, a gentle eloquence, and her moral lessons are as superior to Miss Edgeworth's, as she is inferior to that popular writer in genius. Her former works are beautiful little stories, finely adapted for recommending religion to the youthful mind.

Dunallan is the heir to the title, but not to the estates of Lord Dunallan. His father, to preserve the title and the estates undivided, had made him promise in infancy to wed his cousin Catherine, Lord Dunallan's daughter. The lady has given a similar promise to her father, but Dunallan's character had been artfully misrepresented to her, and she considers the fulfilment of her promise as the sacrificing of the happiness of her life. Dunallan, under these circumstances, arrives at Dunallan castle. He thinks he discovers that Catherine has been spoiled by adulation; but, from her warm feelings and susceptibility of right impressions, he believes her capable of improvement. Her romantic notions are thus described.

" May I ask," said Dunallan, " were you completely your own mistress, what would be the first object of your wishes?"

" Oh!" said Catherine, " friends—friends whom I could love; I would search for them wherever I went; and I should go every where, and see every thing that is worth seeing."

" And where would you first go, in this search?"

" To London perhaps."

" To London in search of friends!" interrupted Dunallan, smiling.

" I should expect to meet the most polished and agreeable society of my country there," replied Catherine, " and amongst them I surely might find some to love, and many to admire; a sentiment I have scarcely ever experienced, and thought so very delightful when I did."

" Delightful indeed!" replied Dunallan, " but after you had found friends and objects of admiration?"——

" I should, in their society, enjoy whatever offered: books,—the theatre. We might travel in other countries, in search of those beauties and perfections not to be found in our own. Oh! I should never be unhappy any where, surrounded by those I loved."

* * * *

" Would not that be happiness?"

" No: and if you expect it to be so, be assured, dear Miss Dunallan, you will be disappointed."

" What life then, would be happy?"

" A life of usefulness alone."

Catherine is struck by Dunallan's gentle manners and lofty style of thinking. There is a mysterious something about him, however, that she does not comprehend. She shrinks from his reproofs, although she cannot help acknowledging to herself their justice. The letters Dunallan writes to prevent, or at least to delay their union, are intercepted by her father. The ceremony takes place. Catherine assents to the request which Dunallan makes, that she would judge of him for herself. She submits to a similar probation. At Arnmae, Dunallan's residence, she is attracted by the warm-hearted kindness and quiet excellence of Mrs. Oswald, Dunallan's aunt. Her prejudices against religion gradually wear off, from seeing the fruits of gentleness and charity it produces. She discovers, not merely that the aspersions cast on Dunallan were groundless, but that the actions she had viewed in a false light, were generous and noble. Dunallan, in a few weeks, leaves Arnmae, on a mission, partly political, and partly religious, which he had undertaken to execute in ~~Ireland~~. Catherine promises to superintend, in his absence, the improvement of the children, and the grown-up inhabitants of the village, and to study the spiritual subjects he deems supremely important. In the letters which he writes to her, he gives an account of the ~~causes~~ that had led to the change in his religious sentiments. He had been fortunate in having a pious mother, but the tutor under whom his father had placed him, had instilled into his pupil's mind sceptical notions, which he had carried with him to the University. There he formed a warm friendship with a young man named Churchill, who attempted, unsuccessfully, to convince him of his error. Dunallan goes to visit a friend of his father's, near London. In a place where he was introduced to so much vice, he could not long retain his notions of the purity of human nature. We are delicately left to infer his guilty connexion with Aspasia, a married woman, beautiful and talented. While involved in this criminal ~~career~~, he hears that Churchill is dying, and hastens to his sick-bed.

"Dunallan," said Churchill, "do you still admire the morality of the New Testament?"

"I do, Churchill."

"And His character who is there described?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then, Dunallan, answer me candidly; why are you not a Christian?"

"I hesitated. 'I do not say, Churchill, that I am not a Christian; but indeed, if the morality of the New Testament is necessary to being one, I may fairly own, that, to me, it is impracticable.'"

"It is necessary, my friend, but it is so as an effect; the great

end of Christianity is to purify the heart, to renovate the soul, and to give a new principle of love; but we must believe in Him who is the source of this principle of life; we must come to Him to receive it, before we can obey the pure precepts of Christianity, just (as he himself illustrates the subject) as the branch must receive nourishment from the vine before it can produce fruit. If you really believe in Him, you must love Him; and if you love, you will, you must obey; but the love and obedience are both his gifts."

"My dear Churchill," replied I, "I wish from my inmost soul I could comprehend you, but I do not—I cannot—and you are exhausted" (for a hectic flush glowed on his cheek, and he spoke with difficulty). "Spare yourself—I shall not return to Asia."

Dunallan had gone to visit the corpse of his friend.

"I was interrupted by some one tapping softly at the door of the room. I went to it, and found one of the little sisters of my friend.

"Mamma sent me to fetch you," said the little thing in a whisper; but though there was an expression of concern on her infantine countenance, it bore the bloom of health and peace, and she smiled when she invited me to go to her.

"So you also have learnt not to feel, little creature," said I reproachfully to the child, and putting away the little hand she had laid on mine. She looked hurt and abashed at my reproof, and said nothing, but lingered behind me. After going a few steps I turned to make up my harshness to the sweet child. She had stolen into her brother's room. I softly followed, and perceived her, with an expression of fondness, press her little cheek to his.

"So you still love your brother," said I.

"This is not Edmund now," replied the child; "Edmund is in heaven, and this is only the house in which his soul lived; and Mamma says, this body must be laid under the turf and flowers beside Papa's, to sleep for a long, long time, till Papa and Edmund return to them again, when they shall awake and go to heaven too, and Edmund is quite, quite happy now."

"And was Edmund not happy before," asked I.

The child hesitated,—then said, as if she told me something very sacred, and looking mournfully at the pale countenance as she spoke,—"I think not quite, for I have seen him weep."

"Weep!" repeated I.

"Yes. When he used to bring me into this room, and bolt the door, and kneel down, and make me kneel down beside him, and then pray to God; he sometimes wept, when he said,—Oh God! be a Father to this child, and teach her to know Thee,—and then he used to take me into his bosom, and speak to me about God; and he used to do this with us all."

"I could not stand this, and exclaimed aloud; "Oh God of this house, be my God!" I started at my own prayer; my whole character flashed on my recollection."

The issue is, that, by studying the Bible, and the notes which Churchill had written, he gradually obtains a knowledge of the Scriptural system.

We shall not pursue the story.

Our readers will have perceived from the extracts we have given, the excellence of many parts of 'Dunallan.' There are sundry faults, however, which we must notice with no unfriendly motive. We do not think the Author very successful in the portraiture of character. St. Clair, we deem an improbable conception. Her females have most monotonously the family likeness. Catherine, Elizabeth, Mrs. Oswald, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Dunallan, Mrs. Ruthven, Helen Graham, Rose Lennox, Miss Morven—are all amiable and gentle,—some of them very beautiful, and not a little romantic; but they lack the distinctive traits that would render them individual persons. The story is slight, and not very probable. We might pass the promises wrung from Dunallan and Catherine, when babies, to marry each other. But we do not easily see how two persons living for weeks under the same roof, with ample facilities for intercourse, might not communicate with each other on any given subject. The artifice of the intercepted letters, in addition to its improbability, has the disadvantage of being worn thread-bare. It figures again, however, prominently in the second volume. It is improbable, that Catherine should decline requesting an explanation of the marvellous change in Dunallan's conduct. It is improbable, that Dunallan should persist in believing her guilty of the base hypocrisy which the writing the letter to Elizabeth implied. It is improbable, that St. Clair should have shewed his hatred to Dunallan by forgeries that could not possibly fail to be discovered. His character, indeed, we have already remarked, we deem an entirely improbable conception. A strict attention to keeping, could alone have rendered Miss Baillie's finely conceived character of De Montfort probable. De Montfort's hatred to Rezenvelt is a passion, 'growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength,'—drying up the sources of affection, and propelling him at length to destroy his victim, with the potency of a resistless passion. The causes of St. Clair's hatred, his love to Catherine, and his contempt for Dunallan's religious principles, are totally inadequate for producing the effect. His 'horrid' joy on the supposed death of his victim, is not the natural sequence to a sated passion. Miss Baillie justly represents De Montfort as shewing the most frightful remorse, after the murder of Rezenvelt.

The style of Dunallan is simple, chaste, and pleasing; but there occur several palpable transgressions against grammar,

which we notice, that they may be corrected in a second edition. 'Oh, a hundred *ways*, which by degrees *brings*.' Vol. I. p. 37. 'You will never know what real happiness is, until that heart is so changed.' p. 143. 'The *blush* which glowed on her cheek *were* perfectly suited.' p. 156. 'How happy is that wife whose *affection* and *fidelity* has no other security.' p. 171. 'But they say that reason or philosophy are of no value until *they are* enlightened.' p. 240, &c.

We could excuse, on the ground of feminine sympathies, the strong propensity which the Author's personages shew to 'burst into tears' on all occasions, and could tolerate, on the same plea, the epithets 'dear' and 'sweet,' although we think they are used on a marvellous variety of occasions; but we can scarcely forgive the numerous Oh's! introduced on every occasion. Interjections expressive of emotion, if introduced on light occasions, when the speakers are entirely passionless, have an effect exactly the reverse of pathetic. We see no necessity that the Author of 'The Decision,' should have astonished us by shewing her acquaintance with the language of vice (Vol. II. p. 87. Vol. III. 14.); and we must seriously admonish her also to give up humour: on every occasion on which it is introduced, it is utterly bad. We must confess that we liked her better as a writer of Tales. We do not think she has been very successful as a Novelist. The story of 'Dunallan,' however, as a story, is as good as the fable in the bulk of Novels, while the execution of the subordinate parts is superior to that of most works of fiction. The characters, if not powerfully drawn, are, with the exceptions we have mentioned, well supported; and the pathetic touches, and the pure spirit of piety breathed over the whole, atone for the defects of the story.

Lest the faults we have noticed in the story, should leave an unfavourable impression on our readers, we shall give another specimen of the excellence of the subordinate parts. While Dunallan's recovery is doubtful, Harcourt is brought into his room.

' "I wished to see you," said Dunallan, "once more, Harcourt."

' "I too wished to see you, Dunallan," replied Harcourt, almost in a whisper.

' "I wished to know from yourself, Harcourt, whether you were more willing to meet a change of existence than when I last saw you."

' "Willing!" repeated Harcourt, in a voice that made Catherine start; it was so hollow, and proceeding from his death-like frame, seemed so unnaturally loud;—"willing to change hell in prospect for hell in reality."

"Harcourt! why do you determine to indulge such horrible anticipations?" replied Dunallan with much emotion. "You have the offer of heaven without one condition but that of humbling yourself to receive it. We are perhaps both on the verge of an eternal state, Harcourt, and——"

"*Eternal!*" interrupted Harcourt, in a voice that made Catherine unconsciously shrink closer to Dunallan: "*eternal!*" repeated he. The word seemed to have awakened ideas of extreme horror. "I once believed in an *eternal* sleep," continued he; "now I believe in an eternal, never to be satisfied searching for sleep. I am awake—vividly awake for ever. I cannot sleep now. I never more shall sleep. Oh for one single hour of dreamless sleep!"

Catherine was moved, for Harcourt's voice had changed in uttering the last words from a tone of horror to one of despairing sadness. The state of his own feelings too seemed so overpowering, as to make him scarcely conscious of the presence of others, and she ventured to say, "It is that want of necessary sleep, Mr. Harcourt, which makes the future appear so gloomy. One night of quiet repose would dispel all those horrors."

"And who denies me sleep?" asked he in a despairing tone of voice. "They repeat words to me, and they are the words of God; they tell me that the hairs of my head cannot become white or black without His permission; and then you speak of sleep to one who would give a world for one night's sleep, as if it was a thing of chance. If I cannot sleep, it is because God has decreed that I never more shall sleep."

"You cannot know, Harcourt, of any such decree," said Mrs. Oswald quickly, but gently. "You reject truth, and believe dreams of your own imagination."

"Is your story of the worm that never dies, the fire that is not quenched, a dream?"

The conclusion, we think beautifully told. His children were brought to him.

"Little Mary, placing herself close by his sofa, said, "Papa, you will soon be very, very good."

"I Mary! How shall I be very good?"

"Because, Papa, God afflicts us to make us good."

"Does he not afflict us, Mary, as a punishment for having been wicked?"

Harcourt looked for the child's reply, as if it could have sealed his doom.

"But it is to make us give up being wicked, Papa," said Mary, "and if we confess that we have been wicked, and come back to God, he will not punish us any more, but will love us when he sees us coming, and will come to meet us."

"Come to meet us!" replied Harcourt.

"Yes, Papa," said Mary, "shall I read to you about that in the Bible?"

Harcourt allowed the child to do as she wished, and she brought

er Bible, and seating herself close to him, she read the parable to which she had alluded. Harcourt listened earnestly, and the hardness and darkness which had withstood all our attempts, seemed to yield before this lowly means. When Mary came to that passage, But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him," she looked up, and said, "Now, Papa, did not I tell you?"

Art. X. *Letters, chiefly Practical and Consolatory*; designed to illustrate the Nature and Tendency of the Gospel. By David Russell, Minister of the Gospel, Dundee. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 804. Edinburgh. 1823.

THE claims of epistolary correspondence to the attention of the public, may be founded either on that vivacity, ease, and elegance of expression, which can diffuse a charm even over subjects, in themselves trivial, or on that intrinsic value in the sentiments conveyed, which can excite an interest in the mind of the reader independently, to a considerable degree, of the form and style of composition. Whether the form of letter-writing be better adapted than any other, to Russell's mode of thinking, and to the subjects on which he has treated, we entertain considerable doubts; but, if his volumes do not present the most fascinating specimens of epistolary composition, they are recommended by qualities of a far higher character,—qualities which amply justify the title he has prefixed to them; for they are admirably adapted 'to illustrate the nature and tendency of the Gospel.' These Letters exhibit the full development of a mind highly gifted with the power of correct discrimination, richly imbued with the spirit of pure and vital Christianity, and familiarized to comprehensive and connected views of Scriptural truths in all their mutual relations and practical bearings. The intention of the Author will best appear from his own concise advertisement:—

'The following Letters were addressed, for the most part, to persons in affliction. They are not, however, merely consolatory. Sorrow is the fruit of sin, and therefore its true cure lies only in the medicinal truth which purifies the heart, and "saves and sets the sinner free." With this conviction, it was the Writer's object, in these Letters, to state that great truth in the different lights and connections in which it appears in Scripture. The individuals to whom they were written, believed that they received benefit from them, and they thought that others might do so likewise.—This is the history of the publication.'

The following are the subjects of the First Volume.

'1. On the Sufferings of Christ. 2. On the Glory of Christ. 3. On the Invitations and Promises of the Gospel. 4. On the Design of our Lord's Mission. 5. Thoughts on the Law and the Gospel. 6. On Christian Comfort. 7. On the Practical Influence of the Truth. 8. On the Means and happy Effects of Sanctification. 9. On the Perseverance of Christians. 10. On the Death of a Relative. 11. On the Benefit of Affliction. 12. On our Lord's Answer to the Sons of Zebedee. 13. On the Diversity of Degrees in Glory. 14. On some Difficulties relative to coming to Christ. 15. On Christian Confidence in Prayer.'

As the subjects discussed are not presented in the order of arrangement which might have been exhibited in a regular treatise, nor even in connected Essays, we can do little more than select a few extracts as specimens of the Author's characteristic modes of thinking and writing. The following paragraphs are taken from the XIVth Letter; the subject of which regards the difficulties which are supposed to attach to the act of coming to Christ.

'That there is no necessary connection between distress of mind and being brought to believe in Christ, is evident from the fact, that not all who trembled under the discourse of Peter on the day of Pentecost, but only a part of them gladly received the word. It is true, that without a sense of what renders the salvation of the Gospel necessary, it cannot be believed; but, though by means of the distress and alarm I refer to, God often leads to a welcome reception of the truth, they do not in themselves contain any *holy* advances towards it on the part of the sinner. They respect the state of the intellect and the conscience, not that of the heart. Convictions of sin arising from the law, frequently lead either to despondency on the one hand, or to a delusive hope on the other. The slavish terrors resulting from the former, and the groundless confidence excited by the latter, are of course no infallible signs or prognostics of conversion. Such convictions may issue in it, but often they do not. Witness the cases of Felix, Judas, and Saul. Of themselves, they cannot reconcile the heart to God and to his word; but on the contrary, they sometimes call forth the most unhallowed ideas of both. It is with these, as with the afflictions of life, which, although blessed to many, others have felt most keenly, and yet have afterwards forgotten them, and gone into every vanity. When such sensations are experienced, the hand of God may be ordering them in subserviency to the designs of his mercy, which are afterwards to be manifested; but I need not say that the subject of these fears has not been subdued, while the Gospel is not received by him, as far as he is made acquainted with it. Why then act as if a particular preparatory course of tormenting dread must necessarily precede faith in Christ?

'There are some, however, who have had partial views of their

guilt, sufficient to cause pain, but accompanied with a half persuasion that they were Christians, who have been awakened to a sense of their true character, by occurrences which proved to their full conviction, that they were yet strangers to the truth. Their perplexity arose from an attempt to reconcile the evils which they saw in themselves, with the existence of true religion, and not really from deep convictions of guilt. Had these partial convictions been followed up by them as they ought to have been, they had not remained so long in suspense. Their suspense terminated when, on honestly looking back on their course of life, they saw that there was nothing even in their religious services as well as their other practices, but one scene of unbelief and of wickedness. They found themselves shut out from all hope in themselves, but at the same time they were made to see the infinite glory of the atonement, and so were in mercy led to the Saviour for refuge. Their encouragement to go to him did not, however, arise from their deep consciousness of guilt, but from the perfection of his work, and from the grace of the Gospel.

‘ Every man, I may here add, knows, in some measure, that he is a sinner—he feels that this is a world of suffering; and he more or less feels an apprehension of something future, and ought to obey the light he has received. He is of course so far in a state of readiness for hearing and at once believing the Gospel, connected, as the statement of it ought ever to be, with a statement of the equity and the goodness of the Divine law, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the liability of the sinner to the Divine curse, and his utter insufficiency to deliver himself. I may remark, too, that some, like Timothy, have known the Scriptures from their childhood, and have been early and gradually brought to see their disease and the remedy. Such, of course may not have had the same deep convictions of guilt as some others, and the transition from their natural condition to a state of acceptance with God, may not have been so striking.

‘ Awful sensations, however, do not always flow from real convictions of personal guilt, as is evident from their effects. It ought not to be forgotten, that some take a pleasure in alarming addresses, not from regard to the truth, but partly because they like to be excited, and partly because their righteousness consists in the strength of their sensations. The principle at the bottom of the former reason, is similar to that which leads many to witness an awful scene, from the pleasure they feel in any strong excitement, and is very different from that alarm which arises from a real conviction of guilt by the word of the living God; and the principle at the bottom of the latter, is that which leads a man to trust in himself that he is righteous, and to despise others. Accordingly the fact is, that the alarming address is often applied to others, rather than to the person himself, who is trusting to the excitement he is under, and has no small self-complacency in contrasting it with the calmness of those to whom he applies what is said.

‘ In reference to this subject, as well as with regard to affliction, allow me to refer you to the cases of Zaccheus and of the Ethiopian

Eunuch, and also to those of the deputy Sergius Paulus, of Lyda, and of the Jews whom Paul met at Rome. In these, there is not the same process seen as in the case of the Jews on the day of Pentecost, and that of the Philippian jailor. Indeed, it is vain to reduce all to one method. All are brought to see their lost and guilty condition; that there is full salvation to be had through the one perfect work of Christ; and that in no other way can this blessing be obtained. The whole are led, though not all exactly in the same manner, to rest their eternal all on the grace of God, as it flows to sinners through the atonement of his Son, and to live by faith in him. Let this always be kept in view, and let not Jehovah be limited to one mode of producing a change in the heart.

It appears, then, that though a sense of sin is necessary to lead a sinner to apply to the Saviour for relief, and though a very great degree of it has sometimes been employed in order to excite to go to him, yet it is not a qualification warranting to do so; that no particular measure of conviction and alarm is a prerequisite; that it is enough as to the act itself, if the sinner be led to go to the Redeemer, whether the measure of conviction be great or comparatively small, or whether it be just a feeling of wretchedness and unhappiness, which, though easily conceived, it may not be easy to express; and that in believing the Gospel itself, there is included a conviction that we are lost and guilty sinners.

Connected with this, is the difficulty you feel relative to repentance. The mistake arises from the principle which has led numbers to withhold the invitations of the Gospel till the sinner is, as they think, sufficiently alarmed and humbled because of sin, and then to introduce them as something to which he is entitled. Thus to limit the proposal of the blessings of mercy, is to act very differently from the inspired messengers of Heaven. It may have the appearance of wisdom, but it defeats its own end, by turning the mind from the atonement and from the grace of the Gospel, to something in itself. It is true, that though no man is justified on account of his humility and contrition, it is only such as are humble and contrite in heart that can, in the very nature of things, receive the blessings of redemption; but still the invitations of mercy are addressed to all indiscriminately. The promises of the consolations of God are made to sinners considered as bowing to his will; but it is by means of the goodness exhibited in the unlimited invitations of the Gospel, by the rich provision that is made for the salvation and bliss of believers, and by the wonderful medium through which the divine grace flows to the guilty, that the rebellious heart is subdued. Now, as it is in believing the Gospel that true penitence is exercised, it cannot be a prerequisite to our being called to believe it and to come to the Saviour. For a sinner to think that he ought not to embrace the Gospel till he be more deeply humbled and penitent, is but a specious deceit of an evil heart.' Vol. I. pp. 315—21.

The second volume likewise contains fifteen Letters. The first two are 'on the proper method of instructing inquirers.'

These are followed by eight on the cardinal doctrine of justification by faith in its various bearings. Then follows a very admirable one 'on the manner in which the Scriptures introduce the Divine purposes,' in which we are well pleased to find Mr. Russell expressing sentiments entirely in unison with the view we have lately had occasion to take of the doctrine of Election.

'You are right,' he says, 'in thinking that many an inquirer has been exceedingly injured by being led to pry into the subject of election, instead of being occupied with the unrestricted calls and invitations of the Gospel. No man obtains the blessings of redemption, by believing that he is elected of God, or that Christ died for him, in distinction from others, but by believing the broad declaration of Scripture, that the Saviour "died for sinners," and "for the ungodly," and that his atonement is sufficient to cleanse from all sin. This blessed testimony every one is called to believe, in order to his salvation, without waiting till any preliminaries are settled, respecting the decrees of the Almighty. Christians have obtained the blessings of mercy in the way of coming to the Saviour, not as persons chosen of God, but as poor, guilty, and helpless sinners, having no plea but what arises from his work, and from the promise of life through him.

'I remarked in a former letter, that the change of mind which separates Christians from the world, is often expressed by their being said to be called and chosen of God, out of the kingdom of darkness into that of Christ. The terms elect and chosen, and words of similar import, are accordingly sometimes applied to the conversion of the soul in time, and not to the transactions of eternity. Thus, in Colossians iii. 12. Christians are called upon to act as elect persons; that is, as appears from the connection, as persons separated from the world by a change of state and of character, which change it behoved them to manifest by a corresponding spirit and deportment. Thus, too, we read of the faith of God's elect, that is, of those who had believed through grace. Accordingly, the term is used to express the excellence of the Christian character. Thus, by the elect sister, John means an excellent sister; and Paul sends his salutation to Rufus as one chosen in the Lord, that is, an excellent Christian. I mention this view of the subject, to show you the importance of being guided in the interpretation of Scripture, by the sense of every particular passage, and not by mere sound.

'When the Scriptures speak of salvation, in connection with the choice and fore-appointment of God, they often refer to the general plan of redemption, as a plan, according to which men are saved, not in consequence of merit, or birth, or external privileges, as the unbelieving Jews imagined, but of free favour. The Jews, unhappily, considered the blessings of Messiah's kingdom as exclusively theirs, in virtue of their descent from Abraham, their privileges under the Mosaic law, and their observance of its rights. They allowed, indeed, that Gentiles might obtain some of the blessings of his king-

dom, but only by becoming members of the Jewish commonwealth and the observance of their law. In opposition to these notions, the apostles, in many passages of their writings, teach that the plan of salvation was fixed before the division of men into Jews and Gentiles took place, yea, even before mankind existed.

'The design of such passages is not to introduce discussion about the secret councils of heaven, and perplexing questions respecting individuals, but to teach, in opposition to those who confined the blessings of the kingdom of God to such as enjoyed the privileges, and walked in the observances of the Mosaic law, that the plan on which salvation and all heavenly blessings, were to be imparted, was fixed before that law was established, and entirely independent of it; that is, it was fixed to be of pure favour, and not by the works of any law whatever.' Vol. II. pp. 273—6.

At p. 306, Mr. Russell has done us the honour to introduce a citation from our pages, between inverted commas, but, we know not from what motive, without acknowledging the source from which he has obtained it. His last four letters are, on the maintenance of Christian confidence; on the Lord's Supper; on the contemplation of the heavenly temple; and on the heavenly sabbath. Some admirable remarks on the nature of faith, occur in the nineteenth letter, which we had intended to extract, but find them so remarkably in agreement with a passage cited in a preceding article, from Mr. Burder's Lectures, that they would appear only a repetition of the same sentiments. With the highest satisfaction, we observe that a purer and more scriptural theology is gaining ground among our brethren in the North; and we hail the appearance of such writers as Mr. Russell and his friend Mr. Erskine, as a circumstance of the happiest augury.

Art. XI. 1. *A Letter to Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, in Vindication of English Protestants from his Attack upon their Sincerity in the "Book of the Roman Catholic Church."* By C. J. Blomfield, D.D. Bishop of Chester. Third Edition, to which is added, a Postscript in Reply to Mr. Butler's Letter to the Author. 8vo. pp. 36. London. 1825.

2. *A Letter to the Right Reverend C. J. Blomfield, D.D. Bishop of Chester; from Charles Butler, Esq. in Vindication of a Passage in his "Book of the Roman Catholic Church," censured in a Letter addressed to him by his Lordship.* Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. pp. 28. Price 1s.

THE volume which has given occasion to this correspondence, together with the Book of the Church by the Poet Laureat, we have certainly no intention to pass over; but we

have hitherto been unable to spare the time which it will require to notice them in a manner satisfactory to ourselves. In the mean time, these Letters appear to us to claim the attention of our readers.

In a passage referred to by the Bishop of Chester, the Author of the Book of the Roman Catholic Church more than insinuates a charge against 'the great body of the present English clergy' and laity as disbelieving 'the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, and the Atonement.' In connexion with this charge, he accuses the clergy of subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles 'with a sigh or a smile.' He represents an 'indifference to those articles as universal, or at least very general among those who profess themselves members of the **Established Church**;' and he infers that there must have 'existed, when the Reformation peered, and *all these articles were universally believed*, more spiritual wisdom in England, than exists in her, at this time, with her present scanty creed.'

Our readers will perceive that Mr. Butler has here indicted the Protestant clergy and laity of England on three very distinct counts; first, as being disbelievers in the **Trinity**, the Incarnation, and the Atonement,—in a word, **Socinians**; secondly, as not sincerely believing in the Thirty-nine Articles, to which he intimates that they subscribe with reluctance and mental reservation; thirdly, as being indifferent to the Articles. It is not a little singular, that the Bishop of Chester should in the first instance have directed his chief attention to the second of these charges.

'You assume,' says his Lordship to Mr. Butler, 'as a matter of notoriety, that the great body of the English Clergy, ten or twelve thousand ministers of the Gospel, many of them not less learned and sagacious than yourself, are hypocrites and liars: that for the sake of preferment, no necessity compelling them, they set their solemn attestation to that which they do not believe to be true, and place their souls in jeopardy. I know not what answer can be given to such insinuations as these, except a positive and indignant denial.'

'Hypocrites and liars' are hard words, which Mr. Butler did not use, and it is a pity that the Bishop should have used. 'I have never said, and I do not believe,' he replies, 'that the English clergy are hypocrites, liars, or Socinians.' Mr. Butler then proceeds to explain away the charge of prevarication which he brought against the clergy, by saying, that he 'simply meant to describe the latitude of construction in which the Articles are generally signed, and

' the different feelings to which the necessity of recurring to this latitude of construction unavoidably excites in the subscribers. I must admit,' he adds, ' that in my view, both this latitude of construction and these consequential feelings are notorious.'

But, although Mr. Butler did not use the word Socinian, any more than he did either of the abusive epithets which he disclaims, we must beg to say that, if words have any meaning, he did impute to the great body of the English clergy and laity, the holding of Socinian tenets. That he did this ignorantly, we are willing to suppose; and if he means us to understand him as *retracting* this charge, when he says, ' I do not believe that the English clergy are Socinians,' it is well. But he ~~did say~~ it, and it would have become him, as a man of honour and veracity, not to content himself with so indistinct a retraction, if it be one, or to stoop to the meanness of equivocation. Here the Bishop has the complete advantage. Mr. Butler's words were: ' Are these doctrines' (the Trinity, &c.) '*initially* and sincerely believed by the great body of the present English clergy? or by the great body of the present English laity?'

' You will hardly deny,' says his Lordship, ' that this question was intended to imply an answer in the negative. It was this implied negative which I requested you to re-consider and re-call; but, instead of retracting, or explaining, or apologizing for these offensive words, or of substantiating the insinuation they convey, *you have passed them over in silence*, and have confined your answer to an entirely different question,—whether the thirty-nine Articles be not subscribed with a certain latitude of interpretation..... Positive disbelief of the great and fundamental doctrines of our faith, has nothing to do with the latitude of construction in which you suppose the Articles to be generally signed. You cannot be ignorant, that this supposed latitude refers chiefly to the doctrines involved in the quinquarticular controversy; and that those writers who have termed our Articles—"articles of peace," have so termed them with reference to the points at issue between the Calvinistic and Arminian divines, who were the two parties to be reconciled: and not with the most distant allusion to those fundamental points of doctrine which are controverted by the followers of Socinus.'

Upon these fundamental points, the Bishop most correctly states, and we wish that more stress were in general laid upon the fact here so unequivocally admitted, ' there is no difference of belief between us and the great body of Protestant Dissenters. Those who deny the doctrines in question, are, in point of numbers, when weighed against those who believe

'them, as dust in the balance.' His Lordship remarks in a note, in refutation of the gross calumny vented by Dr. Milner, that the number of those Independent communities who have lapsed into Socinianism is, he believes, very small indeed. 'It is but justice,' he says, 'to add, that some very able defences of the doctrines (alluded to) have appeared of late years from the pens of Dissenters.'

'Once more then, let me speak for both Churchmen and Dissenters, and protest with all earnestness and sincerity against this most uncharitable and unwarranted insinuation. Yet, were it not from a regard to your own character, I could almost thank you for having vented it; for it affords a most clear and indubitable evidence, that there is something in the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion, which neither time nor experience can alter; which contains the germ of intolerance and persecution; which poisons the fountain of truth, obscures and blunts the most sagacious intellect, and represses the natural movements of a just and ingenuous mind.'

We ~~hesitate~~ ^{blame} the Bishop for thus speaking out, nor is the indignation ~~which~~ ^{which} he administers uncalled for. It is not the first time that we have had occasion to animadvert on Mr. Butler's want of fairness, candour, and honourable dealing, in matters affecting his religious prejudices.* And in imputing the strength and fatal operation of those prejudices to his religion, we are warranted by the pretensions as well as by the character of that religion, which is altogether built upon prejudice—a blind prejudice in favour of an undefined, mysterious, shadowy authority; and which binds on its votaries the duty of cherishing an intolerant prejudice against every other class of religionists. Mr. Butler has been held up as the very model of an enlightened and honourable Catholic; and yet, let the subject in question relate to religious parties or religious opinions, and he is found not trust-worthy.

Not less unfounded is his representation that there is a universal *indifference* to the Thirty-nine Articles. But, as we have already hinted, we think that the Bishop of Chester has committed an indiscretion in admitting, or seeming to admit, that the clergy who subscribe the Articles 'with a sigh,' ~~that~~ ^{must} needs be set down as hypocrites and liars. Those are epithets which his Lordship would surely not venture to apply to many individuals who have contended for a latitude in subscription wholly indefensible. We believe that Paley's principle of interpretation is too generally adopted,—worthy of the Jesuiti-

* See E. R. Sept. 1822. Art. Butler's Reminiscences.

cal morality ; that Mr. Butler is quite correct in representing that the subscribing clergy do not mean to declare their belief of what they do not believe, but ' that they entertain an erroneous opinion of the nature of the instrument which they ' subscribe ;' that the greater part of the clergy subscribe the Articles, as in Bishop Burnet's time, ' without examining ' them ;' and that the best part consider themselves as subscribing to the doctrines, rather than to the letter of the Articles. How, for instance, can any man of competent information otherwise subscribe to the historical truth of the statement, that the canonical authority of no one book of the New Testament was ever doubted by the Church? Yet, the non-subscriber may perfectly believe in the canonical authority of the Epistles which have been doubted. Mr. Butler sees no difference between disbelieving the religious doctrines asserted in the Articles, and subscribing to certain erroneous statements, not involving any Christian doctrine, which are mixed up in those Articles. If he were not a little more clear-sighted as to legal distinctions, he would never have gained his present reputation. The Thirty-nine Articles are to the full as Calvinistic as our creed ; yet, we could not with a safe conscience subscribe them. The present Correspondence will have answered an important purpose, should it lead the Bishop of Chester to exert his powerful influence in promoting a revision of the instrument, that should leave untouched the cardinal doctrines. It is most imperatively called for.

ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, in one quarto volume, *Memoirs of Zehir-Ed-Din-Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, King of Ferghana, Samarkand, Kabul, &c.* Written by Himself in the Taghatai Turki, and translated, partly by John Leyden, M.D. Secretary to the Asiatic Society, partly by William Erskine, Esq. With a Geographical and Historical Introduction; together with a Map of the Countries between the Oxus and Jaxartes. And a Memoir, regarding its construction, by Charles Waddington, Esq. of the East India Company's Engineers.

*. The proved authenticity of this work—the character of its royal author—the description of cotemporary princes and chiefs, and of the nobles and leaders attached at different periods to his court and army—the account he occasionally gives of the princesses and high-born ladies of Tartary—his observations on the geography, natural history, and productions of that country, and of India, combine to give a singular interest to this volume, which is written in a style at once plain and unaffected. This is very unusual in oriental productions; but Baber preserved, through every vicissitude of his extraordinary life, the manly simplicity of a Tartar chief. The translation of this Memoir was left in an imperfect state by the late Dr. Leyden. It has not only been finished by Mr. Erskine, but additions have been made to it of very great value. The book is to be published for the sole benefit of Dr. Leyden's aged parents. Price, to subscribers, 2l. 2s.

In the press, *Remains and Memoir of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B. Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh.* Author of the Poem on the burial of Sir John Moore. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Russell, A.M. Chaplain to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

In the press, and shortly will be published, *Patriarchal Theology; or, the Religion of the Patriarchs.* Illustrated by an Appeal to the subsequent Parts of Divine Revelation. In a Series of Letters. By the Rev. T. T. Bid-
dolph, A.M. Minister of St. James's, Bristol.

In the press, *An Expostulatory Letter to the Rev. Edward Irving; occasioned by his Orations for Missionaries after the Apostolical School.* By the Rev. W. Orme, of Camberwell.

In the press, *Roxton Hymns; consisting of 100 Original Hymns.* By the Author of "An Old Year's Gift."

In the press, *Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan: including some Account of the Countries to the north-east of Persia: with Remarks upon the National Character, Government and Resources of that Kingdom.* By James B. Fraser, Author of a Tour in the Himala Mountains, &c.

In the press, *the Story of a Life.* By the Author of "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy," "Recollections of the Peninsula," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo.

In the press, *The Poetical Works, the Correspondence, and other Prose Pieces of Anna Letitia Barbauld.* With a Memoir. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo.

In the press, *Sketches of Corsica; or a Journal of a Visit to that Island: with Outline of its History; and Specimens of the Language and Poetry of the People.* Illustrated with Views. By Robert Benson.

In the press, *Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of King James I. With Sketches of the most distinguished Personages, and the State of Society in Holland and Germany during the 17th Century.* By Miss Benger. In 2 vols. post 8vo. with portrait.

In the press, *London in the Olden Time; or, Tales intended to illustrate some of the Localities, and the Manners and Superstitions of its inhabitants from the 12th to the 16th century.* In 1 vol. crown 8vo.

In the press, *The History and Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, drawn from Authentic Sources; with Private and Original Correspondence, from 1743 to 1754.* By William Cox, F.R.S. F.A.S. Arch-Deacon of Wilts, &c. In 2 vols. 4to. with a Portrait.

Speedily will be published, a volume of *Sermons on important subjects; chiefly intended to aid the devotion of the closet and the religious exercises of the family.* By the Rev. John Bruce.

ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.**BIOGRAPHY.**

Memoirs of Friedrich Schiller, comprehending an Examination of his Works. 8vo. (portrait) 10s. 6d.

Memoir of Catherine Brown, a Christian Indian. By Rufus Anderson, A.M. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY.

A History of the Christian Church, from its erection at Jerusalem to the present time; on the plan of Milner. By the Rev. John Fry, B.A. late of University College, Oxford, and Rector of Desford, in Leicestershire; Author of Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, of a New Translation and Exposition of the Psalms, Second Advent, &c. In one large vol. 8vo. (nearly 700 pages.) 12s.

The History of England, during the Middle Ages: comprising the Reigns from William the Conqueror to the Accession of Henry VIII. and also the History of the Literature, Poetry, Religion, the Progress of the Reformation, and of the Language of England during that Period. By Sharon Turner, F.A.S. R.A.L. Second Edit. 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. and in 3 vols. 4to. 6l. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reprint of Mr. Campbell's Letter to Mr. Brougham, on the Subject of a London University. 8vo. 6d.

Sylvan Sketches: or a Companion to the Park and Shrubbery, with Illustrations from the works of the Poets. By the Author of *Flora Domestica*. 8vo. 12s.

The Negro's Memorial, or the Abolitionist's Catechist. By an Abolitionist. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Juvenile Essays, which obtained the prizes proposed by the Proprietor of the Teacher's Offering: with an Introduction, by the Rev. H. F. Burder, M.A. 18mo. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

The Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness, addressed to those who are performing the same journey. By Mrs. Taylor of Ougar. 6s.

A Manual for Church Members, drawn from the New Testament. By Dr. Newman of Stepney. 2s.

The Beneficial Influence of Wisdom and Knowledge. By the Rev. Richard Keynes, of Blandford. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Regard to the Affairs of Others. Delivered at Hoxton Academy Chapel. By R. Morrison, D.D. of China. 1s. 6d.

A Letter to the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. on some passages in his dissertation on Infant Baptism. By J. Bort. 1s.

Christian Doctrines and Duties: a farewell Sermon, preached at Kensington. By John Leifchild. 1s. 6d.

A new edition of *Crusoe on the Meaning and Duty of a tender Conscience*. 32mo. 1s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Notes on Mexico, made in the Autumn of 1822; accompanied by an historical Sketch of the Nation, and Translations of Official Reports on the present state of that Country. By J. R. Poinsett, Esq. Member of Congress, United States of America. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Selections from the Works of the Baron de Humboldt, relating to the climate, inhabitants, productions, and mines of Mexico. With Notes, by John Tytler, Esq., Treasurer to the Geological Society. 8vo.

Colombia; its present state in respect of climate, soil, productions, population, government, commerce, &c. &c. With an original map; and Itinerary, partly from Spanish surveys, partly from actual Observation. By Colonel Francis Hall, Hydrographer in the Service of Colombia. 8vo. 7s.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in Colombia, during the Years 1823 and 1824. By Capt. Charles Stuart Ogburne, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Recollections of Foreign Travel, on Life, Literature, and Self-Knowledge. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. small 8vo. 18s.

Substance of a Journal during a Residence at the Red River Colony, British North America; and frequent excursions among the North-West American Indians, in the Years 1820—1822. By John West, M.A. late Chaplain to the Hon. the Hudson's Bay Company. 2 vols. plates. 8s. 6d.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1825.

Art. I. *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.*
By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, of the Academy of Arts of
Geneva, &c. &c. &c. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.
Vols. III. and IV. London, 1824.

HAVING brought in review before us, the poets who, during the last five centuries, illustrated the Italian language, and, by extracts and translations, enabled the reader to form his own judgement of their respective merits, M. Sismondi, previously to his entering upon the other great divisions of his work, touches slightly upon those miracles of nature and art—the *Improvvisatori*. It is certainly a singular phenomenon in the intellectual varieties of man, and we should have been gratified, if the Author had dwelt longer upon the subject.

We do not concur in the received opinion which M. Sismondi evidently follows, that it is exclusively Italian. The art is by no means uncommon in the East; and what traveller in Portugal has not, in the summer evening, listened to a groupe of peasants singing *improvviso* to their guitars (it is called *glus-sure*) their little extemporaneous songs, which, though they can scarcely be called poetry, being little more than a series of rhymes into which the euphonous language of that country naturally runs, and aspiring to no elevation of fancy or boldness of thought, prove at least, to a certain extent, the existence of the same faculty. There were *improvvisatori* in Spain in the time of Lope de Vega. We admit, however, that in Italy only, it exists in perfection; and the rapidity with which an Italian *improvvisatore* pours off an unpremeditated composition upon any given subject, without a moment's pause or hesitation, and in the face of an expecting audience, seems quite miraculous. It is a remarkable fact, that the talent is confined to poetry: he can make no extemporaneous effusion in prose. Yet, the verses thus thrown off, though occasionally pretty,
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and embellished with images and allusions so wonderfully conjured up at the moment, would not, we have good reason to believe, endure the test of perusal. Biondi is a solitary instance, in which the published poems of an *improvvisatore* have been received with approbation. It must be observed also, that the genius of the Italian language affords the greatest facility to the composition of verse;—that the *improvvisatori* have their similes and thoughts ready prepared in their memories;—that they are versed in all the usual common-places of poetry, and deal by wholesale in gods and goddesses, and invocations to the muses. The attention of the hearer too is not a little diverted from the composition, by the gesticulations of the performer. These are sometimes violent, and those persons who have witnessed the performances of *improvvisatori*, have found a considerable abatement of their pleasure in the contortions and agitations under which they seem to labour, and the great physical efforts which almost every verse costs them. At the same time, it may be observed, that the action is generally vehement in an inverse ratio to the talent of the performer. Biondi and Syricci, who are confessedly at the head of their profession, are in this respect, remarkably mild and gentle.

‘The *improvvisatore*,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘generally begs from the audience a subject for his verse. The topics usually presented to him are drawn from mythology, from religion, from history, or from some passing event of the day; but from all these sources thousands of the most trite subjects may be derived, and we are mistaken in supposing that we are rendering the poet a service in giving him a subject which has already been the object of his verse. He would not be an *improvvisatore*, if he did not entirely abandon himself to the impression of the moment, or if he trusted more to his memory than to his feelings. After having been informed of his subject, the *improvvisatore* remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its various lights, and to shape out the plan of the little poem which he is about to compose. He then prepares the eight first verses, that his mind during the recitation of them may receive the proper impulse, and that he may awaken that powerful emotion which makes him as it were a new being. In about seven or eight minutes he is fully prepared, and commences his poem, which often consists of five or six hundred verses.

‘There is an easy metre, the same which Metastasio has employed in the *Partenza a Nice*, and which is adapted to the air known by the name of the *Air of the Improvvisatori*. This measure is generally made use of when the poet wishes not to give himself much trouble, or when he has not the talent to attempt a higher strain. The stanza consists of eight lines with seven syllables in each line, and divided into two quatrains, each quatrain being terminated by a *verso tronco*,

so that there are properly only two of the lines rhymed in each quatrain. The singing sustains and strengthens the prosody, and covers, where it is necessary, defective verses, so that the art is in this form within the capacity of persons possessing very ordinary talents. All the *improvisatori*, however, do not sing. Some of the most celebrated amongst them have bad voices, and are compelled to declaim their verses in a rapid manner, as if they were reading them. The more celebrated *improvisatori* consider it an easy task to conform themselves to the most rigid laws of versification. At the will of the audience, they will adopt the *terza rima* of Dante, or the *ottava rima* of Tasso, or any other metre as constrained; and these shackles of rhyme and verse seem to augment the richness of their imagination and their eloquence. The famous Gianni, the most astonishing of all the *improvisatori*, has written nothing in the tranquillity of his closet which can give him any claim to his prodigious reputation. When, however, he utters his spontaneous verses, which are preserved by the diligence of short-hand writers, we remark with admiration the lofty poetry, the rich imagery, the powerful eloquence, and, occasionally, the deep thought which they display, and which place their author on a level with the men who are the glory of Italy. The famous Corilla, who was crowned in the Capitol, was distinguished for her lively imagination, her grace, and her gayety. Another poetess, La Bandettini, of Modena, was educated by a Jesuit, and from him acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages, and a familiarity with the classical authors. She afterwards attached herself to scientific pursuits, that she might render herself equal to any theme that might be proposed to her, and she thus rendered her numerous acquirements subservient to her poetical talents. La Fantastici, the wife of a rich goldsmith of Florence, did not devote herself to such abstruse branches of knowledge; but she possessed from heaven a musical ear, an imagination worthy of the name she bore, and a facility of composition, which gave full employment to her melodious voice. Madame Mazzei, whose former name was Landi, a lady of one of the first families in Florence, surpasses, perhaps, all her contemporaries in the fertility of her imagination, in the richness and purity of her style, and in the harmony and perfect regularity of her verses. She never sings; and absorbed in the process of invention, her thoughts always outstrip her words. She is negligent in her declamation, and her recitation is therefore not graceful; but the moment she commences her spontaneous effusions, the most harmonious language in the world seems at her bidding to assume new beauties. We are delighted and drawn forward by the magic stream. We are transported into a new poetical world, where, to our amazement, we discover man speaking the language of the gods. I have heard her exert her talents upon subjects which were unexpectedly offered to her. I have heard her in the most magnificent *ottava rima* celebrate the genius of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Galileo. I have heard her in *terza rima* lament the departed glory and the lost liberties of Florence. I have heard her compose a fragment of a tragedy, on a subject which the tragic poets had never touched, so as to give an

idea in a few scenes of the plot and the catastrophe; and lastly, I have heard her pronounce, confining herself to the same given rhymes, five sonnets on five different subjects. But it is necessary to hear her, in order to form any idea of the prodigious power of this poetical eloquence, and to feel convinced that a nation in whose heart so bright a flame of inspiration still burns, has not yet accomplished her literary career, but that there still perhaps remain in reserve for her, greater glories than any which she has yet acquired.' pp. 96—100.

We now arrive at a most important division of our Author's work—the language and literature of Spain, both of which have been moulded and influenced by the great events of her history. It is the opinion of the Spaniards, that their language was formed during the three hundred years of the Visigothic dominion. It is evidently a mixture of Teutonic with Latin, the terminations of the Latin words being cut off or contracted. It was afterwards enriched considerably by the Arabic.

'The Spanish and Italian possessing a common origin, yet differ in a very striking manner. The syllables lost in the contraction of words, and those retained, are by no means the same in both; inso-much that many words derived in each tongue from the Latin, have little resemblance to one another. The Spanish, more sonorous and more full of aspirates and accents, has something in it more dignified, firm, and imposing; while, on the other hand, having been less cultivated by philosophers and by orators, it possesses less flexibility and precision. In its grandeur it is occasionally obscure, and its pomp is not exempt from being turgid. But notwithstanding these diversities, the two languages may still be recognized as sisters, and the passage from the one to the other is certainly easy.' pp. 106—108.

The Spanish critics have diligently collected the early remains of their native poetry. M. Sismondi begins with the poem of the *Cid*, supposed to have been written in the middle of the twelfth century, or about fifty years after the death of the hero. This poem, barbarous as it is in versification and language, is a faithful description of the manners of the eleventh century, and is moreover curious as the most ancient epic in the modern languages. We regret that we cannot follow our Author into his long and detailed analysis of this remarkable poem. The martial poetry of Spain, a poetry truly national, and connected with the hopes, the manners, and the pride of the people, was the offspring of the popular enthusiasm. Of this poetry, the *Cid*, and the romances founded upon his adventures, afford abundant specimens. The measure of the romances was the reverse of the Italian, changing from long to short, each verse containing four trochees; and in respect to rhyme, every second line terminated with an assonant, the first,

lines remaining unrhymed. They were taught by mothers to their children, and recited at festivals; and being transmitted from mouth to mouth long before they were committed to writing, they changed their form with every change of the language, but never lost their characteristic spirit. Corneille borrowed his *Cid* partly from these romances, and partly from two tragi-comedies, one by Diamante, and another by Guillen de Castro. Mr. Lockhart's metrical translations of several interesting ballads concerning the *Cid*, have been judiciously selected by the Translator, to illustrate the singular character of the Spanish originals.

Spain took the lead of Italy in the formation of her language and poetry, but remained much longer stationary. From the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century, so monotonous and uniform is her literature, that its history is not divisible into separate epochs. A corresponding uniformity is observable in her political history;—the same chivalrous bravery exerted against the Moors, the same independence and gallant rivalry of their brave adversaries, the same patriotism, nourished by the division of the country into separate kingdoms, and by the right of every vassal to make war upon the crown, provided he resigned the fiefs he held from it. Of these monarchies, the most powerful was Castile, which afterwards inherited the conquests, the grandeur, and the glory of all the other states of the Peninsula.

M. Sismondi enumerates the Castilian authors of the fourteenth century. The Spaniards, he remarks, had not yet renounced that natural style of expression which at once proceeds from, and affects the heart. It was still preserved in their romances, though they had begun to lose sight of it in their lyric poetry. The reign of John II. from the beginning to the middle of the fifteenth century, though inauspicious to the power and the reputation of Castile, was one of the most brilliant epochs in Castilian poetry. But the poets of this period rarely undertook works of any length; and their compositions are chiefly fugitive pieces of a lyrical kind, resembling the songs of the ancient Troubadours.

‘ The poetry of Spain, up to the reign of Charles V., may be divided into various classes. First, the romances of Chivalry, which amount in number to upwards of a thousand, and which were at once the delight and instruction of the people. These compositions, which in fact possess more real merit, more sensibility, and more invention than any other poetry of that remote period, have been regarded by the learned with disdain, while the names of their authors have been entirely forgotten. The lyrical poems are animated with great warmth of passion and richness of imagination; but they fre-

quently display traces of too great study and refinement, so that the sentiment suffers by the attempt at fine writing, and *conceits* usurp the place of true poetical expression. The allegorical pieces were then placed in the first rank, and are those upon which the authors founded their chief claims to glory. From the versification alone we may perceive the high estimation in which this style of writing was held by the poets themselves, since the *versos de arte mayor* (the highly artificial verse) were always made use of. These poems are generally frigid and high-flown imitations of Dante, as little qualified to rival the *Divina Comedia* as the *Dettamondo* of Fazio de' Uberti, or any other of the allegories of his Italian imitators. In the course of four centuries the poetry of Castile made no perceptible progress. If the language had become more polished, and the versification a little more smooth, and if the literary productions of that period had been enriched from the stores of foreign countries, these advantages were more than outweighed by the introduction of pedantry and false taste.

'The art of prose composition had likewise made a very slow progress. Some writers of this period have been transmitted to us, particularly the chroniclers; but their style is overloaded and tiresome. Facts are heaped upon facts, and related in involved sentences, the monotony of which equals their want of connexion. Notwithstanding this, they attempt, in imitation of the classical authors, to give the speeches of their heroes. These orations, however, have nothing of the spirit of antiquity about them, no simplicity, and no truth. We seem as if we were listening to the heavy and pedantic speeches of the chancellors, or to the oriental pomp of the Scriptures.'

'The Spaniards were thus initiated in epic, lyric, and allegorical poetry, in history, and philosophy. They advanced in these various pursuits by their own exertions, opening their own way, without the assistance of strangers. Their progress, however, was necessarily slow; and until the period when Charles V. united the rich provinces of Italy to his empire, they derived little assistance from the advanced state of literature in other parts of Europe. They thus became proud of what they owed to their own intellectual exertions. They felt attached to these national objects, and their poetry has, therefore, preserved its own strong and original colours. The drama thus arose amongst them before they had intermingled with other nations, and being formed on the ancient Castilian taste, and suited to the manners, the habits, and the peculiarities of the people for whom it was intended, it was much more irregular than the drama of the other nations of Europe. It did not display the same learning, nor was it formed upon those ingenious rules to which the Greek philosophers had subjected the art of poetry. Its object was to affect the hearts of the Spaniards, to harmonize with their opinions and customs, and to flatter their national pride. It is on this account, therefore, that neither the satirical remarks of other nations, nor the criticisms of their own men of letters, nor the prizes of their academies, nor the favours of their princes, have ever succeeded in persuading them

to adopt a system which, at the present day, is predominant in the rest of Europe.' Vol. III. pp. 242—6.

The proud era of Charles V. at the opening of the sixteenth century, when Spain lost her ancient character with her liberty, and for the first time menaced the repose and liberties of her neighbours, was still auspicious to her literature. But the abhorred Inquisition, which was soon completely established, imparted a savage ferocity to her national spirit, while it broke the old connexion between the Spaniards and the Moors, the latter of whom were among its earliest victims. We cite the following short paragraph, into which M. Sismondi has compressed much correct and philosophical thinking.

‘ Thus it appears, that the reign of Charles V., notwithstanding the blaze of glory by which it is surrounded, was no less destructive to Spain than to Italy. The Spaniards were at once despoiled of their civil and religious liberty, of their private and public virtues, of humanity and of good faith, of their commerce, of their population, and of their agriculture. In return for these losses, they acquired a military reputation, and the hatred of the nations amongst whom they had carried their arms. But, as we have had occasion to observe in speaking of Italy, it is not at the moment when a nation loses its political privileges, that the progress of the intellect is stayed. It requires the lapse of half a century before the spirit of literature declines, or becomes extinct. While Charles V. was laying the foundation for the false wit, the tumid style, and the affectation which, with other defects, distinguish Gongora and his school in the succeeding age, he produced an entirely contrary effect upon his contemporaries. He roused their enthusiasm, by placing before their eyes their national glory; and he developed their genius, while, by the mixture of foreigners with Castilians, he matured their taste.’

Vol. III. pp. 257, 8.

When the seat of government was transferred to Madrid, the Castilian began to be considered as the language of all Spain. An entire revolution in its poetry was effected by Juan Boscan Almogaver, who had imbibed the classical taste then prevailing in Italy. In conjunction with his friend Garcilaso de la Vega, he introduced new canons of versification. The ancient national metres were supplanted, and Italian verse was introduced in their place. ‘ When we remember,’ says our Author, ‘ that the greater part of the old Spanish romances were never rhymed, but merely terminated with assonants, the ear being guided entirely by the quantity, it is singular that the nation should have consented to the loss of a harmonious metre, in which it had so long delighted, and have adopted a measure directly opposite.’ In delicacy, sensibility, and fancy, Gar-

cilaso de la Vega frequently resembles Petrarch ; but he sometimes sinks into false and feeble refinements. Of his thirty sonnets, there are some which captivate the ear with their sweetness, and inspire a tender and pleasing melancholy. The sonnet selected by M. Sismondi has lost nothing of its elegance in Mr. Wiffen's spirited translation.

' If lamentations and complaints could rein
The course of rivers as they roll'd along,
And move on desert hills, attir'd in song,
The savage forests ; if they could constrain
Fierce tigers and chill rocks to entertain
The sound, and with less urgency than mine,
Lead tyrant Pluto and stern Proserpine,
Sad and subdued with magic of their strain ;
Why will not my vexations, being spent
In misery and in tears, to softness soothe
A bosom steel'd against me ? With more ruth
An ear of rapt attention should be lent
The voice of him that mourns himself for lost,
Than that which sorrow'd for a forfeit ghost !'

Vol. III. pp. 266, 7.

The other classical poets of Spain, we are constrained to pass unnoticed. Of these the most renowned are, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, and Jorge de Montemayor ; the latter by birth a Portuguese, but a disciple of the same school of Castilian poetry. The effeminate taste which was cultivated in that school, soon enfeebled and corrupted the national poetry. From grace and elegance polished to their utmost perfection, the transition is short to affectation and false refinement. Thus were sown the first seeds of the rapid decay which it was so soon destined to undergo.

Among the band of classic authors who adorned the reign of the three Philips, during the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, Miguel Cervantes, the immortal author of *Don Quixote*, stands foremost. This is enchanted ground, upon which M. Sismondi lingers with the fondness of a feeling and philosophical critic. *Don Quixote* has added a vast fund to the stores of innocent amusement. It teaches us to laugh without cynicism, mingling philosophy and reason with harmless satire. It is the concentration of the national character, the national feeling, the national language of Spain. And it has been the prototype of a long list of productions in every language, which ridicule overheated propensities, exaggerated speculations, and the thousand freaks and sallies of the intellect.

' The most striking feature,' says M. Sismondi, ' in the composition

of Don Quixote, is the perpetual contrast between what may be called the poetical and the prosaic spirit. The imagination, the feelings, and all the generous qualities, tend to raise Don Quixote in our esteem. Men of elevated minds make it the object of their lives to defend the weak, to aid the oppressed, to be the champions of justice and innocence. Like Don Quixote, they every where discover the image of those virtues which they worship. They believe that disinterestedness, nobility, courage, and chivalry, are still in existence. Without calculating upon their own powers, they expose themselves in the service of the ungrateful, and sacrifice themselves to laws and principles altogether imaginary. The devotion of heroism and the illusions of virtue are the noblest and most affecting themes in the history of the human race. They are the true subjects of the highest species of poetry, which is nothing but the representation of disinterested feelings. A character, however, which excites our admiration, when viewed from an elevated situation, is often ridiculous when seen from the level of the earth. Error is a fertile source of laughter; and a man who sees nothing around him but heroism and chivalry, is certainly sufficiently prone to error. Next to such errors as these, striking contrasts are, perhaps, most productive of risible effects, and nothing can be more powerfully contrasted than poetry and prose; the romance of the imagination, and the petty details of social life; the valour and the great appetite of the hero; the palace of Armida and an inn; the enchanted princesses and Maritona.'

* * * * *

' This primitive idea in the Don Quixote, this contrast between the heroic and the vulgar world, and this ridicule of enthusiasm, are not the sole objects which Cervantes had in view. There is another more apparent still, and of more direct application, but which is now entirely forgotten. The literature of Spain, at the period when Don Quixote appeared, was overrun with books of chivalry, for the most part miserable compositions, by which the national spirit was misdirected, and its taste corrupted.'

* * * * *

' It was therefore a useful and patriotic design in Cervantes, to exhibit, as he has done in *Don Quixote*, the abuse of the books of chivalry, and to overwhelm with ridicule those romances which are the creations of a diseased imagination, giving birth to incidents and characters which could never have existed. In this attempt Cervantes was completely successful. The romances of chivalry ended with *Don Quixote*. It was in vain for subsequent writers to contend against so witty and ingenious a satire, and to expose themselves to the chance of finding that they had been caricatured even before they made their appearance. It would be very desirable if in every style of composition, after we have once secured the masterpieces, we could thus place a barrier against the crowd of succeeding imitators.'

Vol. III. pp. 327—337.

M. Sismondi accurately points out the various qualities,—

the learning, just criticism, dramatic interest, (as in the stories of Cardenio, the Curious Impertinent, &c.) the dignified oratory of the hero, the picturesque comic painting, the pathos, the wit,—which are assembled in this unrivalled production.

The unfortunate life of Cervantes is familiar to most readers. How simply, yet how pathetically does he allude to his own history, in that exquisite scene, where the Curate and the Barber are purging the library of Don Quixote ! The Curate asks the other, ‘What is the book placed side by side with the *Cacionero* of Maldonado?’ ‘It is the *Galatea* of Miguel Cervantes,’ said the Barber. ‘This Cervantes has long been my friend,’ returned the Curate, ‘and I know he has much more to do with misfortunes than with poetry.’

Cervantes was the progenitor of the Spanish drama. Before him, it was a rude, irregular combination, equally devoid of external ornament and intrinsic merit. He himself ridicules pleasantly enough, in the preface to his Comedies, the state of the art, when he first undertook its reformation. At that time, all the apparatus of a manager was contained in a bag, and consisted of four beards and wigs, four white cloaks, and four crooks for shepherds. The plays were pastoral eclogues, enlivened by indecent interludes. The stage consisted of four square blocks of wood, on which rested five or six planks. The only ornament was an old curtain, held up at each end by a string. Cervantes introduced scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, &c., and composed from twenty to thirty dramas, without a single cucumber or orange, he tells us, being thrown at the actors. It seems that he forsook the drama, as soon as Lope de Vega appeared, who forthwith received the dramatic crown. Of the twenty or thirty dramas which, as he computes, he composed in his youth, (it is a proof of his characteristic carelessness of fame, that he could not tell how many,) it is to be regretted that two only are extant, the tragedy of *Numantia*, and *Life in Algiers*. Those which he published in 1615, with a preface, were never acted. They met with no very encouraging success on the stage. ‘*Life in Algiers*’ was written most probably on his first return from captivity, and, according to Schlegel, bears evident marks of the infancy of the art, being redundant in its recitals, its action being unskillfully unfolded, and its characters insufficiently brought into relief. But *Numantia*, he observes, reaches the summit of the tragic cothurnus, and is one of the most singular phenomena to be found in literary history, for the author almost unconsciously approaches closely to the simplicity and grandeur of the ancient drama. Indeed, a strong resemblance has been observed in the construction and conduct of the *Numantia* to the *Perse* of

Æschylus : there is in each, the same absence of individual interest, the same neglect of artificial connexion, the same hardness and energy of manner. But the analogy stops here. It would be extravagant to compare the poetry of Cervantes with the sublime and gigantic strains of Æschylus. The play is rude in its conception, and the action is retarded by the introduction of several allegorical personages. But the heart-withering reality of its incidents,—the undaunted fortitude with which the Numantians endure the most dreadful calamities of war, and the most aggravated miseries of famine,—the sympathy awakened by the loves of Morandro and Lira,—make us forget its poetical deficiencies.

‘The *Numantia* was acted several times,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘in the earlier part of the life of Cervantes, whilst the nation was still warm with the enthusiasm which the victories of Charles V. had produced ; and whilst the reverses which they began to experience under Philip II., made them doubly resolute not to stain their ancient glories. We may imagine the effect which the *Numantia* must have produced if it was represented in Saragossa, as it has been asserted, during the siege of that city ; we may conceive how deeply the Spaniards must have felt the sentiments of national glory and independence which breathe throughout the drama, and with what animation they must have prepared for new dangers and new sacrifices. We thus see that the theatre, which we have denominated barbarous, did in fact approach much nearer than our own, to that of the Greeks, in the energetic influence which it exerted over the people, and in the empire with which the poet ruled his audience. We cannot, at the same time, avoid being struck in the *Numantia*, with the ferocity which reigns throughout the whole drama. The resolution of the Numantians, the details of their situation, the progress of the plot, and the catastrophe, are all terrific. The tragedy does not draw tears, but the shuddering horror which it induces, becomes almost a punishment to the spectator. It is one symptom of the change which Philip II. and the *autos da fé* had wrought in the character of the Castilians ; and we shall soon have occasion to notice others. When the soldiers of fanaticism had acquired these ferocious qualities, literature itself did not wholly escape the infection.’ Vol. III. pp. 376, 7.

It is, however, to his narrative talent, that Cervantes owes his immortality. This great endowment, he has manifested in his novels and romances, as well as in his *Don Quixote*. *Periles* and *Sigismunda*, which he composed a short time before his death, is placed by the Spanish critics by the side of *Don Quixote* ; and Cervantes attached his hopes of fame more to this, than to any other of his works. Foreigners, however, are not likely to concede the same merit to it ; whereas in every language, *Don Quixote* will not cease to charm.

Among the contemporaries of Cervantes, the name of Don

Alonzo de Ercilla, author of *Aracauna*, said to be the only Spanish epic, is frequently repeated;—an erroneous idea, for the Castilian abounds in epics, though scarcely one of them rises above mediocrity. Ercilla, however, has no greater pretensions than the rest. The *Aracauna*, which M. Sismondi calls a gazette in rhyme, owes its celebrity to the partial suffrage of Voltaire, who, in his Essay on Epic poetry subjoined to *La Henriade*, placed the Spanish poet in company where we are astonished to find him,—with Homer, Virgil, Camoëns, Tasso, and Milton. Ercilla adds another name to the martyrology of poets, for he died in poverty, neglect, and obscurity.

We do not intend to inflict upon the reader any part of our Author's long dissertation upon the romantic and classical schools. It is, in our opinion, an idle, because only a verbal distinction. That will be the best drama, which takes what is excellent in each. As for the unities, which have been so absurdly fatheted upon poor Aristotle, we will leave the French critics to the unmolested use of whatever dramatic fetters they choose to wear. For ourselves, if Aristotle has so willed it, it is enough that Nature has willed otherwise. It were an injustice, however, to M. Sismondi, not to give him the praise of being wholly uninfluenced in his just and philosophical criticism, by the exclusive and sectarian spirit of either party. He evidently feels a becoming sensibility to the beauties of each. He overlooks national systems, and contemplates that general theory of dramatic poesy, which comprehends them all. The law of intrinsic beauty and genuine taste, he wisely observes, is paramount to all arbitrary rule.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio was born at Madrid in 1562, fifteen years after Cervantes. He was in the army, and on board the invincible Armada. The death of his second wife determined him to renounce the world and enter into orders.

‘ Notwithstanding this change, he continued to the end of his life to cultivate poetry with so wonderful a facility, that a drama of more than two thousand lines, intermingled with sonnets, *terza rima*, and *ottava rima*, and enlivened with all kinds of unexpected incidents and intrigues, frequently cost him no more than the labour of a single day. He tells us himself, that he has produced more than a hundred plays, which were represented within four and twenty hours after their first conception. We must not forget what we have before said of the wonderful facility of the Italian *improvvisatori*; and it is not more difficult to compose in the Spanish metres. In the time of Lope de Vega, there existed many Castilian *improvvisatori*, who expressed themselves in verse with the same ease as in prose. Lope was the most remarkable of those *improvvisatori*; for the task of versification

seems never to have retarded his progress. His friend and biographer Montalvan has remarked that he composed more rapidly than his amanuensis could copy. The managers of the theatres, who always kept him on the spur, left him no time either to read or to correct his compositions. He thus, with inconceivable fertility, produced eighteen hundred comedies and four hundred *Autos sacramentales*; in all, two thousand two hundred dramas, of which about three hundred alone have been published in twenty-five volumes in quarto. His other poems were reprinted at Madrid in 1776, under the title of the Detached Works (*Obras Sueltas*) of Lope de Vega, in twenty-one volumes in quarto. His prodigious literary labours produced Lope almost as much money as glory. He amassed a hundred thousand ducats, but his treasures did not long abide with him. The poor ever found his purse open to them; and that taste for pomp, and that Castilian pride which is gratified by extravagance and embarrassments, soon dissipated his wealth. After living in splendour, he died almost in poverty.

‘No poet has ever in his lifetime enjoyed so much glory. Whenever he shewed himself abroad, the crowd surrounded him, and saluted him with the appellation of the *prodigy of nature*. Children followed him with cries of pleasure, and every eye was fixed upon him. The religious College of Madrid, of which he was a member, elected him their president (*Capellan Mayor*). Pope Urban VIII. presented him with the cross of Malta, the title of Doctor of Theology, and the diploma of Treasurer of the Apostolic Chamber; marks of distinction which he owed at least as much to his fanatical zeal, as to his poems. The Inquisition, too, appointed him one of its familiars. In the midst of the homage thus rendered to his talents, he died on the twenty-sixth of August, 1635, having attained the age of seventy-three. His obsequies were celebrated with even royal pomp. Three bishops in their pontifical habits officiated for three days at the funeral of the Spanish Phoenix, as he is called in the title-page of his comedies. It has been calculated that he wrote more than twenty-one millions three hundred thousand lines, upon a hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-two sheets of paper.’ Vol. III. pp. 479—482.

The fertility of his genius in the contrivance of interesting plots, is as astonishing as in the composition of verse. They never fail to excite curiosity and interest. By this spell, he won his popularity. Stories are related of the audience taking so eager an interest in his plays, as totally to give way to illusion, and to interrupt the representation. A spectator on one occasion interfered with great anxiety in behalf of an unfortunate princess, and called out against the cruel murderer who to all appearance was slaying an innocent lady. The essence of the plays of Lope de Vega is intrigue. M. Stamondi remarks upon the remorseless and habitual commission

of murder as a characteristic of his dramas. In this respect, they furnish curious and authentic pictures of the manners and feelings then prevalent in Spain. There is not perhaps a play of this Author, that does not discover a disregard for human life and a reckless indifference to crime. In proof of this, M. Sismondi gives a detailed analysis of a comedy, called, 'The Life of the valiant Céspedes.' It would not be possible to contrive for the stage a greater quantity of murders, for the most part quite gratuitous. The effect of exhibiting to a people debased by superstition, hardened by the Inquisition, and naturally prone to sanguinary revenge, a character like Céspedes, and representing so ferocious a butcher as the hero of his country, must have been most pernicious. The Conquest of Arauco abounds in sentiments equally dangerous, and a fanaticism equally deplorable. But the piece itself is in a much higher strain of poesy, than is common with Lope. The first strophes which he puts into the mouth of Caupolican, the lover of Fresia, who returns from a recent conquest, and lays his trophies at her feet, are very poetically rendered by Mr. Roscoe.

' Here, beauteous Fresia, rest ;
 Thy feather'd darts resign,
 While the bright planet pours a farewell ray,
 Gilding the glorious West,
 And, as his beams decline,
 Tinges with crimson light the expiring day.
 Lo ! where the streamlet on its way,
 Soft swelling from its source,
 Through flower-bespangled meads
 Its murmuring waters leads,
 And in the ocean ends its gentle course.
 Here, Fresia, may'st thou lave
 Thy limbs, whose whiteness shames the foaming wave.

' Unfold, in this retreat,
 Thy beauties, envied by the queen of night ;
 The gentle stream shall clasp thee in its arms ;
 Here bathe thy wearied feet !
 The flowers with delight
 Shall stoop to dry them, wondering at thy charms.
 To screen thee from alarms,
 The trees a verdant shade shall lend ;
 From many a songster's throat
 Shall swell the harmonious note ;
 The cool stream to thy form shall bend
 Its course, and the enamour'd sands
 Shall yield thee diamonds for thy beauteous hands.

' All that thou seest around,
 My Fresia, is thine own !
 This realm of Chili is thy noble dower !
 Chased from our sacred ground,
 The Spaniard shall for all his crimes atone,
 And Charles and Philip's iron reign is o'er.
 Hideous and stain'd with gore,
 They fly Arauca's sword ;
 Before their ghastly eyes
 In dust Valdivia lies ;
 While as a god ador'd,
 My bright fame mounting, with the sun extends,
 Where'er the golden orb his glorious journey bends.'

Vol. IV. pp. 20—22.

We must not dwell upon the sacred dramas of Lope, (his *Autos sacramentales*;) which are in general, as M. Sismondi remarks, so immoral and extravagant as to impress us with the most disadvantageous idea of his genius. We must, moreover, leave almost untouched the lyric poets of Spain, who flourished toward the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century,—Gongora and his followers, Quevedo, the ingenious author of the Visions, Villegas, &c. &c. &c. We cannot, however, refuse admission to one of Quevedo's sonnets, of which he wrote more than a thousand, and some of which, we are assured by M. Sismondi, possess great beauty.

' Stranger, 'tis vain ! Midst Rome, thou seek'st for Rome
 In vain ; thy foot is on her throne—her grave ;
 Her walls are dust : Time's conquering banners wave
 O'er all her hills ; hills which themselves entomb.
 Yea ! the proud Aventine is its own womb ;
 The royal Palatine is ruin's slave ;
 And medals, mouldering trophies of the brave,
 Mark but the triumphs of oblivion's gloom.
 Tiber alone endures, whose ancient tide
 Worshipped the Queen of Cities on her throne,
 And now, as round her sepulchre, complains.
 O Rome ! the stedfast grandeur of thy pride
 And beauty, all is fled ; and that alone
 Which seem'd so fleet and fugitive remains !' Vol. IV. pp 86, 7.

In the year 1600, was born that great ornament of the Spanish drama, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca. Calderon was sixteen when Cervantes died, and thirty-five at the death of Lope. M. Schlegel idolizes him even to his defects. He calls him ' a true poet, if ever man deserved that name.' M. Sismondi has cited several passages from the German critic, but, in Mr. Roscoe's translation, they depart widely

from the sense of the original, an inconvenience perhaps inevitable in double translations. We have not room, however, for the whole of the long and eloquent eulogy in which he dwells on the boundless imagination of Calderon, and his high conceptions of unsullied honour in men, and spotless chastity in women. But it is upon the religious plays, his *autos*, (pieces represented on the day of the sacrament, and consisting of groupes of personages as grotesque and strange as those of our old mysteries,) that his German admirer pours forth the full tide of his enthusiasm. It is a most transcendent rhapsody, and we shall offer it in our own translation.

‘ It is in his religious pieces that the sentiments of Calderon unfold themselves with freedom and with energy. When he describes terrestrial love, it is in vague and general terms. He paints it only as it exists among poets. His genuine love is religion; it is his heart of hearts. It is for the sake of religion, that he penetrates the soul, as if he held its inmost emotions at command for that exclusive object. This favoured mortal flees the obscure labyrinth of doubt, to find a secure asylum in faith. From that commanding height, and in the bosom of an undisturbed peace, he contemplates and describes the stormy agitations of life. Irradiated with the light of religion, he penetrates the darkest mysteries of human destiny. The sufferings of man are not a problem to him; and every tear that falls from the wretched, is in his eyes like the dews upon the flower, in the smallest drop of which, heaven is reflected. Whatever be the theme of his poetry, it is a hymn of joy to the creation: and he celebrates with increased rapture, the miracles of nature and art, as if for the first time they had rushed to his senses, in their youthful freshness, and their early splendour. From the brilliancy of his images, and the vivacity of his feelings, it seems like the first awakening of man, when he came forth from the hands of his Creator: but a correct and just eloquence, an astonishing command over language, and above all, an intimate knowledge of all the hidden relations of nature, betray a cultivated intellect, a mind at once inspired and meditative, and enriched by the profoundest philosophy. Although he unites the most opposite extremes, the planets of the firmament to the flowers of the earth, that which is the most minute to that which is the most great, his metaphors never lose sight of the mutual relations which a common origin has established among created beings;—and this enchanting harmony and concert through the universe, seems to him the reflection of that eternal love which comprehends the creation in its embrace.’

In this eulogy, so many indistinct gleams of meaning elude the understanding, that though we are by no means dead to its poetical spirit, nothing definite or distinct seems to be expressed. Every thing is referred to vague and general principles; and a profound philosophy and a pure idealism are

ascribed to an author who, in all probability, never dreamed of them. Sobered down into the plain language of common sense, what more is implied by all this rhetorical flourish, than that Calderon was a believer in the general truths of Christianity, and a devotee to the mystic theology of the Romish Church? M. Sismondi's more sober and discriminating estimate comes upon us with a refreshing coolness, after this fervid glow of panegyric.

Calderon, in fact, although endowed by nature with a noble genius and the most brilliant imagination, appears to me to be the man of his own age—the wretched epoch of Philip IV. When a nation is so corrupt as to have lost all exaltation of character, it has no longer before its eyes models of true virtue and real grandeur, and, in endeavouring to represent them, it falls into exaggeration. Such to my view is the character of Calderon: he oversteps the line in every department of art. Truth is unknown to him, and the ideal which he forms to himself, offends us from its want of propriety. There was in the ancient Spanish knight a noble pride, which sprang from a sentiment of affection for that glorious nation in which they were objects of high importance; but the empty haughtiness of the heroes of Calderon increases with the misfortunes of their country, and their own debasement. There was in the manners of the early knights, a just estimate of their own character, which prevented affronts, and assured to every one the respect of his equals; but when public and private honour became continually compromised by a corrupt and base court, the stage represented honour as a point of punctilious delicacy, which, unceasingly wounded, required the most sanguinary satisfaction, and could not long exist without destroying all the bonds of society. The life of a gentleman was, in a manner, made up of duelling and assassination; and if the manners of the nation became brutalized, those of the stage were still more so. In the same way, the morals of the female sex were corrupted. Intrigue had penetrated beyond the blinds of windows and the grates of the convent, where the younger part of the sex were immured; gallantry had introduced itself into domestic life, and had poisoned the matrimonial state. But Calderon gives to the women he represents, a severity proportioned to the relaxation of morals; he paints love wholly in the mind; he gives to passion a character which it cannot support; he loses sight of nature, and aiming at the ideal, he produces only exaggeration.

If the manners of the stage were corrupt, its language was still more so. The Spaniards owe to their intercourse with the Arabs, a taste for hyperbole and for the most extravagant images. But the manner of Calderon is not borrowed from the East; it is entirely his own, and he goes beyond all flights which his predecessors had allowed themselves. If his imagination furnishes him with a brilliant image, he pursues it through a whole page, and abandons it only through fatigue. He links comparison to comparison, and overcharging his subject with the most brilliant colours, he does not allow

its form to be perceived under the multiplied touches which he bestows on it. He gives to sorrow so poetical a language, and makes her seek such unexpected comparisons, and justify their propriety with so much care, that we withhold our compassion from one who is diverted from his griefs by the display of his wit. The affectation and antithesis with which the Italians have been reproached, under the name of *conceitti*, are, in Marini and in the greatest mannerists, simple expressions in comparison with the involved periods of Calderon. We see that he is affected with that malady of genius which forms an epoch in every literature on the extinction of good taste, an epoch which commenced in Rome with Lucan, in Italy with the *seicentisti*, or poets of the sixteenth century; which distinguished in France the Hôtel de Rambouillet; which prevailed in England under the reign of Charles II.; and which all persons have agreed to condemn as a perversion of taste.' Vol. IV. pp. 115—17.

Calderon was only not so prolific as Lope. As he composed for the theatre from his fourteenth to his eighty-first year, the list of his works, if accurately ascertained, would swell to a large number, probably to three hundred dramas. Schlegel divides them into four classes;—religious pieces from Scripture or legends; historical plays; mythological, or drawn from some poetical source; and lastly, pictures of manners, all of which abound in intricate intrigues. Of his religious pieces, we have already spoken. Sismondi indignantly calls him, in reference to this latter class, the Poet of the Inquisition.

'Animated by a religious feeling,' says our Author, 'which is too visible in all his pieces, he inspires me only with horror for the faith which he professes. No one ever so far disfigured Christianity; no one ever assigned to it passions so ferocious, or morals so corrupt. Among a great number of pieces, dictated by the same fanaticism, the one which best exhibits it, is that entitled *The Devotion of the Cross*. His object in this is to convince his Christian audience, that the adoration of this sign of the Church is sufficient to exculpate them from all crimes, and to secure the protection of the Deity. The hero, Eusebio, an incestuous brigand and professed assassin, but preserving in the midst of crimes devotion for the cross, at the foot of which he was born, and the impress of which he bears on his heart, erects a cross over the grave of each of his victims, and often checks himself in the midst of crime at the sight of the sacred symbol. His sister, Julia, who is also his mistress, and is even more abandoned and ferocious than himself, exhibits the same degree of superstition. He is at length slain in a combat against a party of soldiers commanded by his own father; but God restores him to life again, in order that a holy saint may receive his confession, and thus assure his reception into the kingdom of heaven. His sister, on the point of being apprehended, and of becoming at length the victim of her monstrous iniquities, embraces a cross, which she finds at her side, and vows to return to her convent and deplore her sins; and

this cross suddenly rises into the skies, and bears her far away from her enemies to an impenetrable asylum.' Vol. IV. pp. 125, 6.

In his historical pieces, Calderon huddles together the most incongruous facts, manners, and events. In his *Coriolan*, *Joven Galan*, and *Judas Macabes*, he makes a chaos of fiction, fact, and chronology. In the former, he makes *Coriolanus* prosecute a war against *Sabinus*, king of the *Sabines*, which *Romulus* had begun against that imaginary sovereign, thus confounding names and things with an ignorance of which a school-boy would be ashamed;—a melancholy proof of the limited circle into which human knowledge was at that time compressed by the joint influences of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. Although, however, M. Sismondi judiciously disclaims the extravagant and panegyric criticism of *Schlegel*, he candidly declares that the faults he has objected to in the poet, are not sufficient to obliterate the beauties which that critic so highly extols, and that enough remains, after all these deductions, to place Calderon among the poets of the richest and most original fancy, and the most attractive and brilliant style. Our Author proceeds to give an analysis of two of his productions, written in the most opposite styles; the *El Secreto d Vozes*, (the secret in words,) one of the most beautiful and engaging of his comedies, and displaying in the highest degree the fertility of his invention,—and 'The Inflexible Prince,' one of his most moving tragedies, which, in *Schlegel's* translation, has been performed with the greatest success upon the German stage. The tragic powers of Calderon are, we think, overrated both by the German and the French critic, if, by tragedy, be meant the poetical expression of human suffering. And the total want of what may be termed dramatic retribution, by which they are characterised, leaves a very unpleasing, not to say pernicious impression.

We do not feel any disposition to linger among the dramatic writers of Spain, who were contemporary with, or who succeeded Calderon. Their works, like their names, are confounded with each other, says M. Sismondi; and having gone through the Spanish drama, whose richness at first astonished and delighted us, we quit it fatigued with its monotony. On taking leave of Spanish literature, he falls into a just and natural train of reflection. In Spanish poetry, its brightest illusions, and its most powerful effects, are derived from the illustrious names and the splendid events of chivalry. As these vanish, affectation and extravagance succeed. The literature of Spain, strictly speaking, has but one period, that of chivalry. This was the life and soul of the romances. *Lope de*

Vega and Calderon embodied the same romantic themes in their dramas. Thus, under an apparent variety, the Spaniards have been wearied with monotony. Freedom of thought was denied to them, and their writers were consequently cooped up within this narrow circle. In another point of view, Spanish literature exhibits a singular and instructive phenomenon. Essentially chivalrous in its character, its ornaments and its language were borrowed from the Asiatics.

‘ Thus Spain, the most western country of Europe, presents us with the flowery language and vivid imagination of the East. It is not my design to inculcate a preference of the oriental style to the classical, nor to justify those gigantic hyperboles which so often offend our taste, and that profusion of images by which the poet seems desirous to inebriate our senses, investing all his ideas with the charm of sweetest odours, of beautiful colours, and of harmonious language. I would only wish to remark, that the qualities which continually surprise us, and sometimes almost disgust us in the poetry of Spain, are the genuine characteristics of the poetry of India, Persia, Arabia, and the East; poetry to which the most ancient nations of the world, and those which have had the greatest influence on civilization, have concurred in yielding their admiration; that the sacred writings present to us, in every page, instances of that highly figurative language, which we there receive with a kind of veneration, but which is not allowed in the moderns; that hence we may perceive that there are different systems in literature and in poetry; and that, so far from assigning to any one an exclusive preference over the rest, we ought to accustom ourselves to estimate them all with justice, and thus to enjoy their distinct and several beauties. If we regard the literature of Spain as revealing to us, in some degree, the literature of the East, and as familiarizing us with a genius and taste differing so widely from our own, it will possess in our eyes a new interest. We may thus inhale, in a language allied to our own, the perfumes of the East, and the incense of Arabia. We may view as in a faithful mirror, those palaces of Bagdad, and that luxury of the caliphs, which revived the lustre of departed ages; and we may appreciate, through the medium of a people of Europe, that brilliant Asiatic poetry, which was the parent of so many beautiful fictions of the imagination.’

Portuguese literature is not so abundant as that of Spain; but its want of abundance is compensated by its intrinsic excellence. Many of their best poets, among these Montemayor, wrote in the Castilian language; one of the circumstances to which the fewness of the Portuguese poets may be traced. The poetry of Portugal is coeval with its monarchy. But the vestiges of its early song belong to antiquarian rather than to literary research. It is not till the fifteenth century, that we observe the rise of Portuguese literature; a period remarkable for the most striking manifestations of national character. It was then that the spirit of chivalry pervaded the whole nation.

The language of Galicia resembles that of Portugal; and the Galicians were, at that period, remarkable for their warmth and vivacity of feeling, and for the profusion of imagery with which they embellished the passion of love. This species of romantic poetry soon diffused itself over Portugal. The Castilians embodied their effusions in the Galician language, while the productions of the Portuguese poets were received in Castile under the title of Galician poems. The master-spirit of this school of warm and romantic love, was Macias, styled *L'Enamorado*. He belongs equally to Spanish and Portuguese literature. He fell in love, according to the unfortunate propensity of poets, and his love cost him his liberty. Having been imprisoned by the governor of Castile, with whose daughter he endeavoured to carry on an intrigue, he indulged, in prison, in the tender melancholy which is the peculiar luxury of love-sick poets;—but the lady on whom he had set his affections, happening, by bad luck, to be married, her husband was unpoetical enough to intercept one of his effusions, and, in a fit of jealousy, set out for Jaen, where poor Macias was confined, and having recognized him through the bars of his prison, aimed at him with his javelin, and killed him on the spot.

In the melancholy tenderness for which Macias was renowned, he had many followers; but their works are no longer to be met with. The real epoch, however, of Portuguese glory, was that of her conquests in Africa and the Indies. Then, the heroic spirit of chivalry was combined with the active and restless spirit of commercial enterprise. Vasco de Gama, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, opened those immense seas which conducted him to India. A succession of heroic achievements conferred lustre upon the new empire which in a few years was added to the crown of Portugal.

Under the reign of Emmanuel, appeared Ribeyro, one of the earliest and sweetest of Portuguese poets. He was the poet of love, and the object of his affections is supposed to have been Beatrice, the king's own daughter. But he never betrayed his secret, and if it was any thing more than a poetical attachment, his good sense obtained the mastery. He married, and was affectionately attached to his wife. His most celebrated pieces are eclogues, and he was the first to set the fashion of representing the pastoral life as the poetic model of human life, in which he has been followed by almost all the Portuguese poets. The scene of his pastorals is invariably laid in his own country; he leads us along the banks of the Tagus and the Mondego, or amid the scenery of the sea-shore; his shepherds are all Portuguese, and his peasant girls have all

Christian names. His style is much like that of the old romances, but with a tinge of conceit, which must always be looked for in Spanish and Portuguese poetry, even of the earliest date.

John III., though a weak and superstitious prince, was the patron of literature. In his reign flourished Saa de Miranda, who, like the other poets of his time, composed both in Castilian and in Portuguese. He also wrote eclogues. The following sonnet is a specimen of his manner in that branch of his art: Mr. Roscoe's translation is uncommonly happy.

' As now the sun glows broader in the West,
Birds cease to sing, and cooler breezes blow,
And from yon rocky heights hoarse waters flow,
Whose music wild chases the thoughts of rest;
With mournful fancies and deep cares oppress'd,
I gaze upon this fleeting worldly show,
Whose vain and empty pomps like shadows go,
Or swift as light sails o'er the ocean's breast.
Day after day, hope after hope, expires!
Here once I wander'd, 'mid these shades and flowers,
Along these winding banks and greenwood bowers,
Fill'd with the wild-bird's song, that never tires.
Now all seems mute—all fled! But these shall live,
And bloom again; alone, unchanged, I grieve.'

Antonio Ferreira introduced a more classical style of poetry. His model was Horace. He aimed at a finished correctness in thought and expression, and endeavoured to banish every species of Orientalism from the literature of Portugal. But, in his attempts to improve the national literature, he lost sight of the national spirit and the national feelings; and, according to the compendious critical judgement passed on him by M. Sismondi, if his poetry is free from great defects, it is, at the same time, destitute of those master touches of genius, which atone for them. His dramatic works, however, are ranked by M. Sismondi far above his lyrical compositions. He produced a tragedy on the national subject of *Ines de Castro*; a story which is often commemorated by Portuguese poets, particularly by the greatest of them all, the unrivalled Camoens. The Spanish theatre, as yet, had scarcely an existence, and that of Italy had just risen into notice. Ferreira adhered to the great models of Greece; his language is elevated, and full of poetic beauty; and the choruses breathe a moral sublimity and lyrical sweetness, which sometimes remind us of Euripides.

Yet, in the midst of the proudest glories of Portugal, Camoens extinguishes every meaner light in the blaze of his genius. Having recently had occasion, in noticing the elegant memoirs

of his life and writings by Mr. Adamson,* to give a sketch of the Poet's eventful history, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to that article. Basely neglected as was Camoens himself, his great poem, which first appeared in the year 1752, soon rose into popularity. By the year 1639, (ten years after the decease of the Author,) twenty-two editions had been published; and in that year appeared the elaborate one of Manoel de Faria e Sousa, with an ample commentary. More recently, a splendid monument has been raised to the genius of Camoens, by the zeal of D. Jose Maria de Souza Botelho in his folio edition of the *Lusiad*, published at Paris in 1817. To this work, the munificent Portuguese devoted a great share of his fortune, intending it as a present to the most celebrated libraries of Europe and America.

It has been well observed, that all the circumstances of the age were as propitious to the fame of Camoens, as all the accidents of life had been unfavourable to his fortune. The Poet had struck the chord with which every heart in Portugal was in unison. The Portuguese were enamoured of the subject; they felt the beauty of the execution, while they were blind to the enormous faults of the design; and they persuaded themselves into the pleasing delusion, that they possessed a great epic poem. Camoens must himself have felt how barren the subject was of epic interest. He therefore interwove in his poem the history of his country;—for nearly half of the *Lusiad* is so employed, either in the form of narration, or of prophecy, or of digression, while the action stands perfectly still. And further to diversify the simplicity of the story, he contrived a preposterous mythology, the machinery of which works clumsily and inartificially. What can be a more puerile invention, than to make Venus and Bacchus debating before Jupiter for and against the Portuguese;—the goddess seeing in that people the qualities that remind her of her beloved Romans, and in their language the Latin slightly corrupted; the god being jealous that his own glory as conqueror of India should be eclipsed by their exploits? What charm of versification, what poetical merit can compensate for so revolting an absurdity, as that of introducing in an assembly of the sea-gods, old Triton with a long beard of sea-weeds powdered with muscles, and in a large lobster-shell for a cap, and covered over with shrimps and crabs like vermin. What can be more

* Eclectic Rev. N.S. Vol. XIV. p. 566.

gross, than Venus rewarding Gama and his followers, by bringing a floating island to meet them on their return, and accommodating them each with a sea-nymph, whom Cupid has inflamed for the occasion? In justice, however, to Camoens, it is to be observed, that he intended it for an allegory; but it was injudiciously chosen, and pursued too far. It has, however, all the characteristic merits of his style, his sweetness of diction, and animation of manner.

We could have wished that Mr. Roscoe had introduced his own version of the passages cited by M. Sismondi. Mickle is a poetical, but an unfaithful translator. In many instances, though with great address and judgement, he has altered, sometimes softened, in other places elevated and enriched his author; and not unfrequently, he has taken liberties with the management of the poem. Added to this, he chose the couplet instead of the stanza, which is certainly better adapted to narration. Fanshaw (whose translation was written in the time of Charles I.) is much more true to the sense of his author. The original is rendered stanza for stanza, and the plan and character of the *Lusiad* are faithfully reflected in his version.

As Mickle's translation is in every one's hands, we make no extracts from the *Lusiad*; and indeed, we have already exceeded the utmost limits of our article. We shall only observe, that many of the minor poems of Camoens, of which Mr. Roscoe has rendered a few specimens, may, for sweetness, purity, and tenderness, vie with the finest compositions of their kind. The same remark is applicable to those selected and translated by Mr. Adamson in his memoirs of the Poet. With Camoens we must now take our leave of Portuguese literature. For an account of the few poets and historians who rose into distinction after his age, we must refer the reader to M. Sismondi's work, and to the elegant versified specimens introduced by his Translator. We know not whether we may expect a continuation of the work from the same accomplished Writer; but a similar historical view of the literature of France and Germany, would be a highly acceptable sequel; and we know of no one better qualified than M. Sismondi to render such a work generally interesting. If his criticism is not often profound, it is characterized by impartiality, good sense, and amiable feeling; his information on almost all subjects is very extensive and correct; he is laudably free from national prepossessions; and he neither offends us, as Schlegel does, by the cant of philosophy, nor by the cant of criticism.

rt. II. *The Works of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, late of Kettering, in Eight Volumes: to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by John Ryland, D.D. (which makes a Ninth Volume.)* Price 5l. London and Bristol. 1825.

[N former volumes of the Eclectic Review, we have expressed our sense of the character and talents of the great and admirable man whose name is thus again brought before us.* though the most important of his works were published before the commencement of our critical labours, we have had various opportunities of paying certainly a high tribute, but we trust impartial and discriminating, to his many excellencies. He was not one of those men whose estimation is buoyed up by factitious methods and transitory circumstances. The respect and honour which he enjoyed when living, was not what he had courted; but it was that which followed him, and forced itself upon him. His strong intellect, his uncompromising integrity, his lofty disinterestedness, his independence and penetration in theological sentiments, his manly and evangelical stand against error, the severity of his frown upon all iniquity, and with all this, the child-like tenderness and humility of his religious character, drew to him the venerating love of such as viewed uncorrupt Christianity as the jewel above all price. But, since death has drawn its veil over his personal characteristics, and in proportion as time is carrying back the remembrance of what he was, and is removing his friends into the eternal state, the imperishable monuments of his faith and knowledge, his sanctified and devoted energies put forth in his writings, must rise still higher, and vindicate their claim to be "a possession for ever." It is no presumption to affirm, that those writings will be a bulwark of pure and scriptural religion, as long as the English language shall be read: and do any doubt whether that will be the end of time?

It has indeed afforded us no little pleasure to see a complete edition of all Mr. Fuller's publications, with his posthumous pieces, printed in a uniform and handsome, yet economical manner. Though his larger works could never have sunk into forgetfulness, and separate republications of the principal treatises might be always expected; yet, the numerous minor pieces, which, small as they are, possess great value, would necessarily become scarce, and ere long, next to impossible

* See Ecl. Rev. N.S. Vol. iv. p. 478; Vol. ix. p. 181; Vol. xviii. p. 482.

to be obtained. Hence, a perfect collection, authenticated by the Author's family and his most intimate friends, could not but be, on all accounts, exceedingly desirable.

It is obvious that such a collection is an object for announcement, rather than for criticism. We shall, therefore, do little more than enumerate the contents of each volume.

Vol. I. (670 pages.) 1. 'The Gospel of Christ worthy of all Acceptation; with an Appendix on the Question, Whether the Existence of any Holy Disposition of Heart be necessary in order to Believing in Christ.'—It would not be easy to describe the satisfaction to the mind, and the sanctifying benefit to the heart, which this Essay is capable of affording. We have a grateful recollection of the impression which it made, and the beneficial effects which it extensively produced, almost forty years ago.—2. 'A Defence of the preceding Treatise; in Reply to Mr. Button and Philanthropos.'—3. 'The Reality and Efficacy of Divine Grace; with the certain Success of Christ's Sufferings in behalf of all who are finally saved: including Remarks upon Mr. D. Taylor, &c. under the signature of Agnostos.' Upon this memorable and most important controversy, we are happy to strengthen our opinion by citing the words of a venerable divine, who had had preeminent means of ascertaining the truth of his assertion. 'I have long seen reason to bless God for the success which attended it,' (i. e. the first article in this volume,) 'and scarcely can I think of an instance of religious controversy doing so much good.'*

Vol. II. (pp. 619.) 1. 'The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems Examined and Compared, as to their Moral Tendency.' 2. 'A Postscript, against the Exceptions of Dr. Toulmin, Mr. Belsham, &c.' 3. 'Socinianism Indefensible on the Ground of its Moral Tendency; in reply to two publications by Dr. Toulmin and Mr. Kentish.' 4. 'Letters to Mr. Vidler, on the Doctrine of Universal Salvation.' The impression which the first of these works made upon both the parties referred to, was, at the time of the publication, (1794,) exceedingly great. It placed in a variety of striking lights the holy tendency of Christian truth, and the contrary spirit of the Unitarian system. The work was received with astonishment, alarm, and marks of extreme irritation, by those whose unhappy delusions it laid open: but it was the means of restoring and establishing some who were perplexed with doubts, and of con-

* Dr. Ryland's *Serious Remarks on the Different Representations of Evangelical Doctrine*; part ii. p. 26.

maining many in a solid conviction of both the truth and the divine excellency of evangelical sentiments. It has been our lot to know several instances of persons forsaking those sentiments, and turning into the self-flattering and world-pleasing course of Socinianism. But we have not observed in any one of those instances, that the change was either preceded, or attended, or followed, by any apparent increase of the spirit of piety, tenderness of conscience, and the purity of religious practice. On the contrary, a manifest and alarming declension in all these particulars, was a palpable accompaniment of the altered profession. We have fully seen the confirmation of Mr. Belsham's acknowledgement, that 'the men who are the most indifferent to the practice of religion,' are the most likely and ready to embrace what he so modestly calls 'a rational system of faith.' But we fail to do justice to the importance of this admission, unless we take into the account, the kind of conduct and observance which is ordinarily accredited by that party as *religious practice*, and the extent to which the most reputable among them usually carry it. It is proper for us to inquire, is *their* standard of religious duty and practical holiness remarkably strict? Are *their* conceptions, requirements, and aims so exalted, that few can hope to answer them? Are *they* in general so distinguished for spirituality and purity, disengagement from the world, and heavenly mindedness, that some abatement may be made from their expectations without any serious detriment to the essentials of Christian sanctity? If these inquiries were to be answered in the affirmative,—if it were the fact, that the terms descriptive of personal religion were among them habitually taken in their greatest intension of meaning, the memorable remark would redound less to their disadvantage. But, when every one knows the case to be the reverse; when it is notorious that, if outward decency of character be maintained, an extremely moderate portion of any thing that wears the appearance of piety is abundantly sufficient for their currency; the conclusion becomes fearfully strong: it is impossible for us to avoid believing that the persons whom *they* would describe as 'the most indifferent to the practice of religion,' are verily at the bottom of the scale. It follows, therefore, upon the Unitarian axiom, that its doctrines are ever the most readily taken up by those whom the Scriptures describe as "carnal minds, at enmity with God," "lovers of darkness rather than light," "men destitute of the truth," "natural men who discern not the things of the Spirit of God," the defiled and unbelieving to whom "nothing is pure, but even their mind and conscience are defiled."—If this view of things be not sufficient to arouse and

alarm the votaries of Unitarianism, their insensibility must be great indeed.

The 'Letters to Mr. Vidler' are a fine specimen of Christian fidelity displayed towards a man who had strong natural powers, but whose ignorance, conceit, and arrogance, were extraordinary. The manner in which Mr. Fuller descanted upon this great argument, (for he did not profess a complete discussion of it,) is short, luminous, and conclusive. The 'Letters to a Universalist,' by the Rev. Charles Jerram, Vicar of Chobham, and now Minister of St. John's, ought to be read as an almost indispensable appendage to this work of Mr. Fuller's.

Vol. III. (pp. 678.) 1. 'The Gospel its own Witness,' 2. 'Apology for the Christian Missions to India, in Three Parts, and a Supplementary Letter to Mr. Weyland.' 3. 'Strictures on Sandemanianism, in Twelve Letters.' It would be altogether superfluous to enlarge on the merit and usefulness of the first of these works, than which few more justly popular treatises have appeared in the present age. In the Apologies, the ignorance, malevolence, and impiety of the foes to Christian Missions are exposed in the Author's characteristic manner, which was calm, yet ardent and powerful. Though the then pressing occasion has passed away, and time has amply vindicated the facts and reasonings adduced by Mr. F., yet, his arguments have an imperishable value, and will need to be resorted to so long as profligate men are found to repeat the oft-reputed calumnies. The Letters on Sandemanianism, while touching upon a variety of points which require peculiar nicety of discrimination and minute accuracy of judgement, shew the hand of a master. Impartial justice is done to Glas, Sandeman, and their too blind adherents, and full commendation is bestowed upon them when it is due; but the unscriptural and dangerous character of their system is laid open "with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." It is, indeed, a system well characterized by its prime supporter, when he describes the religion of a man by saying, that 'it all consists in love to that which first relieved him.' What is this but pure selfishness? And ample experience has shewn that, as is the tree, so are its fruits. One cannot but regret that two such men as Mr. Fuller and Mr. Maclean should, in any particulars, have misunderstood each other; yet, it is delightful to perceive that they were separated only by a cloud of human and transient infirmity, and that their real differences were inconsiderable. Independently of the Sandemanian controversy, these Letters abound in admirable passages, replete with information, acumen, and holy unction, on the great principles of faith and practice. The last Letter is peculiarly

le and instructive, on the pure, benignant, candid, humble active *spirit* of the gospel.

IV. (pp. 625.) 1. 'Dialogues and Letters between Paul and Gaius, on—the Peculiar Turn of the Present —the Importance of Truth,—the Connexion between Rational, Experimental, and Practical Religion,—the Moral Character of God,—the Free Agency of Man,—the Goodness of Moral Law,—Antinomianism,—and Human Depravity, Extent and Consequences.' 2. 'Three Conversations between Peter, James, and John, on Imputation, Substitution, Particular Redemption.' 3. 'Answer to Three Queries, on the Accountableness of Man.' 4. 'A Meditation on the Eternity and Progressiveness of the Heavenly Glory.' 5. 'Antinomianism contrasted with the Religion taught and exemplified in the Holy Scriptures.' 6. 'Spiritual Pride; or the Reasons, Causes, and Effects of Highmindedness in Religion.' 7. 'The Awakened Sinner: a Correspondence between Archippus and Epaphras.' 8. 'Part of a Body of Divinity, in Nine Letters.' 9. 'Thoughts on Preaching, in the Letters.' 10. 'The Great Question Answered.' 11. 'Backslider: an Inquiry into the Nature, Symptoms, and Effects of Religious Declension, with the Means of Recovery.' 12. 'Expository Remarks on the Discipline of the Primitive Churches.' 13. 'A Vindication of Protestant Dissent.' 14. 'Remarks on Two Sermons, by Mr. Horne.' 15. 'The Moral Rule of Conduct to Believers.' 16. 'An Essay on Error: containing an Inquiry into its Nature and Importance; with the Causes of Error, and the Reasons of its being resisted.' These numerous titles sufficiently indicate the striking and important character of the pieces contained in the volume, but it is obviously impossible for us to offer any specific observations upon them: nor is it necessary, for the living voice of the best judges has long spoken its decision; many of the pieces have been before published in different forms. The Body of Divinity would probably have extended to six times the magnitude of this fragment, had the indefatigable Author been prolonged. The Letters on Preaching are also published from his manuscripts, and it is not to have brought his design to a close. So far as they possess distinguished excellency. The subjects of the Dialogues are those which the Author had made his constant and anxious study through life. It would be difficult to send too highly their spirit and execution, their perspicuity, their acuteness, their fervour, their solemn and devoted genius. To serious inquirers after truth and evidence, they are invaluable. In the character of Peter, it is impos-

sible not to recognize the venerable Abraham Booth. The brief Letter on the Moral Law is rich in nervous argument and holy unction, proving 'both the authority and perfection of the law; or that the commandments of God, whether we consider them as ten or two, are still *binding* on Christians, and virtually contain the *whole* revealed will of God, as to the matter of obedience.'

The Vth Volume (pp. 508.) contains the 'Expository Discourses on the Book of Genesis;' a work well known and highly esteemed by those who know it, for its perspicacity, good sense, and piety; its calm investigation of the native sense, its judicious adherence to that sense, and its unstrained applications of facts and sentiments to the nourishing of faith and obedience. The excellent and learned Dr. Ryland, whom we do not know whether we may call the Editor, has increased the value of this edition, in a few instances, by subjoining critical notes.

Vol. VI. (pp. 435.) consists of the 'Discourses on the Book of Revelation,' which the Author had prepared for the press a very short time before his decease. The dedication, or rather pastoral letter, to the Church which had been so long blessed with his labours, is dated March 21, 1815; and Mr. Fuller died on the 7th of May. These Discourses are impressed with his characteristic piety and his admirable talent of converting every thing to practical purposes. But the nature of the subject necessitated his addressing himself to the difficult task of interpreting the prophetic symbols and arranging the prophetic scheme. With his usual frankness, he says: 'The method I pursued was, first to read it [the whole book of the Apocalypse] carefully over; and, as I went on, to note down what first struck me as the meaning. After reducing these notes into something like a scheme of the prophecy, I examined the best expositors I could procure; and, comparing my own first thoughts with theirs, was better able to judge of their justness. Some of them were confirmed, some corrected, and many added to them.' Of hypotheses for the explication of this sublime and mysterious book, we may almost say with the king of Israel, "there is no end." Mr. Fuller has his; and, so far as we can speak from a general recollection, it has some resemblance to that of Vitringa; but it possesses much originality, and it wears throughout the stamp of independence and vigour of thought. Above all, it furnishes powerful incentives to faith, hope, and prayer: and it constantly illustrates the Divine assurance, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein."

The VIIth Volume (pp. 615.) consists of 'Twenty-Seven Sermons on Various Subjects,' originally published in one volume, in 1814, but a few of them had been printed separately, at different times. They are full of interest, whether we refer to the special occasions on which some of them were delivered, or to the discussions of the primary doctrines of Christianity which are the topics of others, or to the vital spirit of fervour and heavenly mindedness which animates them all. If, where all are of distinguished excellence, as a *selection* of Mr. Fuller's Sermons could not fail to be, we might let our minds dwell upon a few, we would specify the following as what will peculiarly reward a serious perusal: 'The Nature and Importance of Walking by Faith,' first published in 1784, and containing the germ of Mr. F.'s subsequent most useful publications on the nature and obligation of Faith. 'The Pernicious Influence of Delay in Religious Concerns,' published in 1791, where we see the nascent spirit of missionary exertions. 'On a Deep and Intimate Knowledge of Divine Truth.' 'The Christian Doctrine of Rewards.' 'The Prayer of Faith.' 'Justification.' 'The Sorrow attending Wisdom and Knowledge.' 'The Magnitude of the Heavenly Inheritance.' The Principles and Prospects of a Servant of Christ,' on occasion of the death of a very faithful, amiable, and devoted minister, Mr. Sutcliff of Olney.

The VIIIth Volume, (pp. 721.) is entitled 'Miscellanies.' It contains ninety Treatises, on different topics, but all possessing much interest, both in their own nature and from the manner in which they are handled. The greater number of them had been published before in different periodical works.

A IXth Volume, (pp. 401.) is formed by a new edition of Dr. Ryland's Life of Mr. Fuller; of the first edition of which we gave an account in our New Series, Vol. IX. p. 181. In this interesting volume, we are presented with the unadorned and vivid picture of 'a holy man of God,' drawn by one of congenial spirit. The Extracts from Mr. F.'s Diary are most impressive, heart-searching, and replete with instruction. The portions of Correspondence occasionally introduced, lay open the writer's heart, displaying his united simplicity and force of character, the tenderness of his feelings, his low thoughts of himself, his expanded benevolence, his magnanimity and steadiness of purpose, his fortitude in supporting difficulties, and his unsubdued activity in doing good,—an activity which pushed on its unceasing course to life's last verge, when he sunk under his labours. On his early efforts in the Missionary cause, which were but the seed and promise of his subsequent vastness of exertion, he writes:

‘ My labours in this harvest, I have reason to think, brought on a paralytic stroke,’ (&c.—) ‘ Upon the whole, however, I feel satisfied. It was in the service of God. If a man lose his limbs or his health by intemperance, it is to his dishonour; but not so, if he lose them in serving his country. Paul was desirous of *dying to the Lord*; so let me!’ p. 155.

We cannot better express our views of this good and great man than by borrowing his Biographer's concluding words.

‘ Had Mr. Fuller's life been protracted to ever so great a length, he could never have put in execution all the plans he would have laid for attaining his ultimate end; since, as fast as some of his labours had been accomplished, his active mind would have been devising fresh measures, for advancing the Divine glory and extending the kingdom of Christ. As it was, he certainly did more for God than most good men could have effected in a life longer by twenty years. And, while others admired his zeal and activity, he kept a constant watch over his own heart, and was perpetually applying to himself the Divine interrogation, “ Did ye it unto me ?” None who knew him could doubt the singleness and purity of his intention, but, with him, it was a very small thing to be judged of man's judgement; he well knew that he that judgeth is the Lord. Though conscious of integrity, (of which I never saw a stronger evidence in any man of my acquaintance,) yet, conscious also to himself of unnumbered defects, he cast himself into the arms of the Omnipotent Saviour; and died, as he had long lived, “ Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.”

‘ Thus, may I also live and die, O God my Saviour ! Amen.’

Art. III. *Memoirs of Moses Mendelsohn, the Jewish Philosopher*; including the celebrated Correspondence on the Christian Religion, with J. C. Lavater, Minister of Zurich. By M. Samuels. 8vo. pp. 172. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1825.

THE name of this famous literary Jew occurs more than once in the interesting memoir and journal of Mr. Wolf. He was born at Dessau in Germany, in 1729, and died at Berlin, in the year 1786, at the age of fifty-seven. The work by which he acquired the greatest reputation was, his Translation of Plato's *Phædo* into German, accompanied with notes, which, in less than two years, went through three large German editions, and has been translated into the English, French, Dutch, Italian, Danish, and Hebrew languages. This elegant performance obtained for him, in certain circles, the name of the Jewish Socrates. ‘ Such a brilliant constellation,’ remarks his present Biographer, ‘ had not been seen on the Jewish horizon since the twelfth century, the days of the great Maimonides.’

Jewish authors who have, in that long interval, acquired celebrity, we know only three: *Manasseh ben Israel*, the contemporary and friend of *Hugo Grotius*, and the favourite of *Oliverell*; the major part of whose works, too, are theological, Tal- and written in the Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, and Spanish s. *Benedict Spinoza*, a man of a gigantic intellect and incor- e principles, wrote in Latin, and far above the meridian of the f his days. They detested his doctrine, and—glorious times I mmunicated him as an atheist. Little, however, did he de- his rigour at their hands; for he subsequently declined the mpting offers to embrace Christianity, and rather maintained ; penuriously, through the remainder of his life, by grinding le-glasses. *Orobio* has left us nothing but his interesting con- y with *Limborch*. It may be as well to mention, by the way, . *ben Israel* was of a distinguished family of clandestine Jews, on, who emigrated to Holland, as did many of the first no- and even clergy, in the same predicament, to avoid the ten- rcies of the holy inquisition, and spare that benevolent institu- e trouble of saving their souls by roasting their bodies. *Spil- leo*, and *Orobio* were respectably descended; and all the three named belonged to the Portuguese community of *Amsterdam*, was, at that time, infinitely superior, in consequence, educa- manners, and institutions, to their German brethren. After chasm, when the ideas of a “classical Jew,” an “elegant ish scholar,” a “philosophical rabbi,” were likened, with an dious smile, to those whimsical and grotesque combinations of geneous things, with which the designer and the painter some- muse themselves and the public; *Mendelssohn*, who united in all those qualities, who, moreover, not only wrote his native ge fluently and correctly, but imparted to it a grace and energy it never had before—*Mendelssohn*, we say, could not but appear zing prodigy to his contemporaries. The learned, in parti- were puzzled how to square his notorious Mosaic orthodoxy s habitual liberality of expression; his pertinacious seclusion s undeniable claims to distinction; and his resignation to his h the hinted facility of improving it. A professorship at one universities, and perhaps the honorary title of aulic coun- so cheap in Germany, would have been, under certain cir- nces, no surprising revolution at all in his temporal affairs.— not mean to insinuate, that the example of a neighbouring where a pious, and, no doubt, well-meaning princess, had been the Jewish communities, under her protection, of some spend- reprobates, and starvelings, by the lures of paltry offices and ire sinecures—was deemed worthy of imitation by an enlight- overnment like the Prussian, in the reign of *Frederic II.*, the of religious toleration and liberty of conscience. *Frederic* had t opinion either of deserters or of apostates. When his regiments ir complement, no further recruiting or kidnapping was allowed ominions. No; not even for the kingdom of heaven. And ose depôts of renegadoes, those nurseries of temporal wreck-

leagues and final response, so much the toy, the tool, and the fashion elsewhere, it does not appear that, amongst the number of useful institutions, public and private, formed under his auspices, there was a single one of this description." pp. 39—42.

We have cited this passage, both on account of the curious fact which it discloses, and because it discovers the views and temper of the Biographer. If Spinoza was not an atheist, he maintained atheistic principles; and as to his declining tempting offers to embrace Christianity, he had publicly embraced it and abjured Judaism, in early life. His refusing the professorship of philosophy at Heidelberg must be otherwise accounted for. Oratio, though born of Jewish parents, and secretly educated in Judaism, outwardly professed himself a Roman Catholic, and was made professor of metaphysics at Salamanca. On being accused of Judaism, he was thrown into the Inquisition, and suffered the most dreadful tortures in order to force from him a confession. With wonderful constancy he persisted in denying that he was a Jew, and after three years' imprisonment, was discharged; on which he repaired to Thoulouse, and practised there as a physician, still outwardly professing Popery. At last, weary, it is said, of dissembling, he repaired to Amsterdam, was circumcised, and professed Judaism. Besides his dispute with Limborch, he published a piece against Spinoza and Bredembourg, entitled "*Certamen Philosophicum*," in refutation of their atheistic principles. He died in 1687. We have never seen his correspondence with Limborch; but, if any man had reason to doubt the truth of the Christian religion, it would be one who had been, by those who called themselves ministers of Christ, tortured with all the malignity of infernal beings, on the mere suspicion of disbelieving in it. Well might he conclude that the religion of the Inquisition could not come from Heaven; and Judaism is immeasurably better than Popery. Still, while one admires the fortitude and constancy which he displayed, it is painful to think that it was not in the character of a confessor that he maintained his purpose, but of a dissembler. It was a Spartan, not a Christian constancy,—the physical fortitude of the Indian warrior who laughs in his dying agonies at his tormentors. He owed his life to a lie; and had he died, it would have been as the victim of cruelty, but not as a martyr for the truth.

With these exceptions, it does seem remarkable that Judaism should have furnished no names of either eminent scholars or philosophers, men of science or of attainments, from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. It must be recollected, however, that in Roman Catholic countries, especially in Spain

in Portugal, the number has not been small of those who, like Orobio, have concealed under the profession of the Roman creed, and even under the professor's gown and the sacerdotal robes, the cherished faith of their Jewish ancestors. Other causes may be assigned for the low state of literature among the Jews; we will only mention, the general neglect which has prevailed till of late years among Christian scholars, of Oriental literature; the suppression of the Jewish controversy; the contempt instilled into the Jew for Gentile learning; the want of books in the vernacular Hebrew, and the consequently imperfect state of education among the Jews; the scarcity of the Hebrew Scriptures in either the original or in modern idioms; the neglect of popular religious instruction in the synagogue; the puerile and degrading character of modern Judaism itself as embodied in its traditions and superstitions; and the disadvantages of their political, their exotic condition: these circumstances will sufficiently account for the fact, without supposing that the Jew labours under any natural incapacity of distinguishing himself in any branch of letters, or subverting as evidence of the contrary, the ill-assorted trimmings of Manasseh Ben Israel, Orobio, and the atheist Spinoza.

Mendelsohn was, however, a real phenomenon,—a learned Jew, and yet, neither a Pharisee nor a Sadducee,—neither a rabbinist, nor an infidel, nor, as one might have hoped from his character, a Christian,—but a sort of Jewish Unitarian, strictly attached to his nation, yet not to their superstitions, and avowing his respect for Christians and for Christ, with a reserve, however, which might delight or confound a Socinian:—he would have venerated his character, ‘*if he had not accepted of the homage which is due to the Most High alone.*’ There are but two possible ways of obviating this fundamental objection in the mind of the Jew against Christianity; either by denying the fact, which, so long as the New Testament exists, will never succeed with a Jew, unless we give up even the historical truth and genuineness of the sacred record, or, by maintaining that he did accept of the homage due exclusively to the Most High, because he was entitled to it as the Son of God.

Moses Mendelsohn was descended from a respectable family, though his father was in humble circumstances, and subsisted by his profession of sopher or transcriber of the Pentateuch, and by keeping a Hebrew day-school.

According to the then prevailing system of educating Jew-boys, Mendelsohn was sent to the public seminary (at Dessau),

where children were taught to prattle mechanically the *Mishna* and *Gemarra*, concerning laws of betrothing, divorce, legal damages, sacerdotal functions, and other similar matters above their comprehension, before they were able to read and understand a single text of Scripture correctly. Mr. David Friedlander, Moses Mendelssohn's bosom friend and excellent pupil, has heard him relate, that, when he was only seven years old, and of a very delicate constitution, his father would make him rise at three or four o'clock on winter mornings, and, after giving him a cup of tea, would carry him wrapped in a roquelaure to the Jewish seminary. Mendelssohn, however, was not like other children. Already, at that tender age, the spirit of inquiry stirred within him, and he apprehended that he was not pursuing the proper course to arrive at solid knowledge. Finding that without knowing the Hebrew language grammatically, it would be out of his power to see his way clearly through any Commentary, it being impossible to verify the rules and directions laid down by the later commentators, without knowing how to trace the outlines marked by the primitive teachers; he therefore resolved to make Scripture his principal study, and to use himself to write Hebrew with purity and elegance. Before his tenth year, he had composed Hebrew verses, which, however, when he arrived at a riper age, so little pleased his taste as a critic, that he would never after compose another line of original poetry in that language.

Under the public tuition of Rabbi David Frankel, young Mendelssohn soon made himself master of the text of the Talmud. In studying the Scripture he was unassisted by any teacher, and he is said to have got by heart nearly the whole of the Law and the Prophets. About this time, the *Mor Nebochim* (the Guide of the Perplexed) of Maimonides fell into his hands, which he devoured with avidity; and the intense study which he bestowed on this far-famed work, brought on a nervous disorder, and ultimately curvature of the spine. 'Maimonides,' he once remarked, 'is the cause of my deformity; he spoiled my figure, and ruined my constitution; but still I doat on him for many hours of dejection which he has converted into those of rapture. And if he has unwittingly weakened my body, has he not made ample atonement, by invigorating my soul with his sublime instructions?'

When he was only fourteen, his friend and teacher, Rabbi David Frankel, was elected chief of the congregation at Berlin; and after much entreaty, he prevailed with his father to permit him to join his master. On his arrival in that capital, he had not sufficient money to provide even a single meal; but on the strength of the Rabbi's recommendation, a Mr. Hym Bamberg allowed him the use of an attic and two days' board weekly. How he contrived to subsist on the other five days, does not appear; only his Biographer informs us, that 'when

• he purchased a loaf, he would notch it, according to the standard of his finances, into so many meals, never eating according to his appetite, but to his finances.' In this 'asylum,' he continued his study of the Talmud under the Rabbi, and that of philosophy in his attic; but he soon found, as Mr. Samuels phrases it, that he must 'despair of ever gaining access to the sanctuary of the temple of Minerva otherwise than by the regular avenues of the Greek and Latin languages.' This idea preyed much upon his spirits; for, besides the difficulties which rose out of the state of his finances, he had to dread 'being suspected by bigots of going astray, if he meddled with profane learning.' Probably, the Rabbi would have frowned upon such heretical studies. In this dilemma, he fortunately became acquainted with a medical practitioner of the name of Kish, who, on perceiving young Mendelsohn's eagerness for study, generously undertook to give him a quarter of an hour's instruction daily in the rudiments of Latin.

'Having overcome the declensions and verbs, Mendelsohn purchased a very old second-hand Latin dictionary for a few *groschen*, which he had saved from his earnings by copying writings for the rabbi his teacher, and now commenced, with all the force of his faculties, to read whatever he could get hold of in that language. He even ventured on a Latin translation of "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding;" and a Herculean task it was! He had, in the first place, to consult his dictionary for almost every noun; then to translate the sentences, study and digest the Author's meaning; and, finally, to meditate on the argument itself. By dint of this prodigious industry and stubborn perseverance, he, at last, triumphed over all difficulties, making himself completely familiar with that abstruse work, and deriving from its translation the collateral advantage of becoming so well acquainted with the Roman language as to be enabled to read, successively, the Latin classics with ease and judgment, with which attainment he was highly delighted.

'At that time there was at Berlin a Polander, called *Israel Moses*, an excellent Hebrew scholar and profound mathematician; also a person of most enlightened mind and amiable disposition. This man had been a martyr to liberal principles, on account of which he was obliged to leave his native country, then swarming with fanatic zealots. Mendelsohn courted his society, in order to profit by his conversation. The attachment of brothers in distress, the Talmudist says, surpasses that of brethren by birth. Thus the kindred situation of these two individuals consolidated their friendship, and they became inseparable. As they were both seeking the same goal, Mendelsohn attended his friend's lectures on geometry, from a Hebrew translation of "Euclid's Elements," to which the latter had added many problems of his own invention; became fond of the science, and studied it with his characteristic ardour. In return, he imparted to *Israel Moses*, who understood no language but the Hebrew, his own

readings in Latin and German, which they discussed together, and reaped, from this interesting reciprocation of intellect, a rich harvest of wisdom and useful knowledge. Becoming, in the sequel, very desirous of learning both the English and French languages, in order to be able to enjoy the master-pieces of those nations in their vernacular idiom, *Mendelsohn* solicited for this purpose *Dr. Aaron Enrick's* Instructions, which were cheerfully granted; and in a very short time he made surprising progress, and finally became a decent scholar in both these languages.' pp. 12—14.

Some time after this, (it does not appear how long,) his talents and estimable character having attracted the attention of an opulent Jewish merchant of the name of Bernard, *Mendelsohn* was received into his family in the capacity of tutor to his children. He had now ample means of satisfying his thirst for knowledge. His first concern was to supply his deficiency in books, and to take lessons in the Greek language. There was, moreover, not a branch of the mathematics to which he did not apply himself; and his knowledge of algebra, fluxions, and astronomy is said to have been considerable. He wrote a beautiful hand, and was a good accomptant,—accomplishments which led Mr. Bernard to transfer his services from the school-room to the counting-house, and to make him, first, his clerk, then his cashier, afterwards the manager of his extensive silk-manufactory with a very liberal salary, and finally his partner. Yet, while by day he attended diligently to the concerns of his generous employer, the greater part of his nights were still given to study.

His first publication appears to have been two numbers of a Hebrew work, intended to have been continued periodically, under the title of '*Kohleth Mussar: The Moral Preacher*,' and to have contained chiefly inquiries into natural history, moral essays on the beauties of the creation, and extracts from the Talmud. But, says Mr. Samuels, 'the bigots took the alarm,' and the naturally timid *Mendelsohn* was induced to drop the publication. By the bigots, we are to understand, it seems, the 'Talmudical mountebanks' referred to in the following paragraph.

'The great mass of Jews, in Germany and the surrounding countries, were, at that period, most deplorably deficient in education and useful knowledge. Even ordinary information and reading had almost vanished from amongst them, and few could be met with who knew Hebrew grammar; fewer still who knew that of any other language. Unsophisticated theologians and logical Talmudists, too, had become perceptibly scarce, in proportion as the vices of wandering from good sense and the intelligible precepts of the primitive

doctors—of harping incessantly on philological quibbles, conjuring up doubts, inventing hyper-criticisms, and interposing obstructions, when the straight and level road lay before them—had got the ascendancy. The advantages of subtilizing the understanding, and sharpening the powers of perception, usually pleaded in favour of this practice, did not, by any means, outweigh its pernicious effects in ~~disfiguring~~ **disfiguring** truth, so as even to render it indiscernible. Far-fetched and distorted quotations, arbitrary and preposterous definitions, together with eccentric deductions, became the grand points of Talmudic excellence, and the main qualifications for rabbinical fame and preferment. To deprecate these abuses, or ridicule their absurdity, involved the risk of being held up as an illiterate clown, for not relishing the hocus pocus, or of being detested and hooted as a sectarian, for exposing the quackery.' pp. 17, 18.

The design of the projected publication was, to warn the Jewish youth against this system, and to lead them into the path of rational inquiry. Compelled to abandon this work, Mendelssohn never lost of his great object. His next work was his "Philosophical Dialogues." Prior to this, however, it appears, that he had been prevailed upon by his learned friend Lessing, with whom he became acquainted in the year 1744, to contribute several Essays and Critiques to the "Library of the Liberal Arts," edited by Nicolai. His "Philosophical Essays," which first appeared anonymously, soon passed through three editions. Mr. Samuels extols this work in general terms, and speaks of the universal sensation it produced: had he favoured us with an analysis of the work, we should have been more obliged to him. In conjunction with Lessing, Mendelssohn published a little work entitled "Pope a metaphysician," in reply to a question proposed by the Berlin Academy as to the sentiment of the Author of the *Essay on Man*—'Whatever is, is right.' He afterwards carried off the prize awarded by the Academy for the best solution of the question, 'Are metaphysics susceptible of mathematical demonstration?' though, we are told, he had Kant for a competitor. Whether he took the affirmative or the negative side, does not appear.

In the year 1762, Mendelssohn married the daughter of M. Abraham Gaugenheim of Hamburg, by whom he had several children. With regard to those who survived him, his Biographer is silent. Frederick Schlegel, 'himself at that time nominally a Protestant Christian,' married one of the learned Jew's daughters, and both became Roman Catholics. Mr. Wolf speaks of her from personal acquaintance, as a true Christian and as inheriting the talents of her father

'I know,' he says, 'the daughter and the grandsons of Mendelsohn, who are true believers in Jesus.*'

We now arrive at the period of the correspondence between Mendelsohn and Lavater, for the sake of which, evidently, this volume has been got up. The amiable minister of Zurich, having translated into German M. Bonnet's *Inquiry into the Evidences of Christianity*, published it, in 1769, with a dedication to Mendelsohn; in which, after expressing his admiration of the Jewish philosopher's writings and still more excellent character, that of an Israelite without guile, and complimented him on his 'profound judgement, stedfast love of truth, literary independence, enthusiasm for philosophy,' &c., he beseeches and conjures him in the most solemn manner, to read the work for the purpose of publicly refuting it, if he could, or—'should you,' he adds, 'find the arguments conclusive, with the determination of doing what policy, love of truth, and probity demand—what Socrates would doubtless have done, had he read the work, and found it unanswerable.' It is surprising that Lavater should not have perceived, that such a public challenge was likely to defeat his benevolent intention. He confesses, in his subsequent letter to Mendelsohn, that it was thought by his friends a hasty step. Dictated as it was by kindness of heart, we scarcely like to characterize it as a very weak one. His reference to what 'policy' might demand, was at all events grossly improper, and Mendelsohn was evidently hurt at the expression. 'Were I mean-spirited enough,' he says, 'to balance love of truth and probity against policy, I assure you, I should, in this instance, throw them all three into the same scale.' Lavater's apology evinces his amiable simplicity of character, and only concedes too much. He acknowledges that he ought to have solicited Mendelsohn's opinion of the work in a *private* letter; 'and if I dedicated the work to you at all, the dedication ought to have been written quite differently, when the inquiries of one philosopher are submitted to the investigation of another.' But could such a dedication,—or a dedication of any kind to an avowed unbeliever—be proper as prefixed to a work on the truth of the Christian religion? Are not the Divine claims of Christianity compromised by such language as this? But Lavater goes very much further. 'Not,' he says, 'that I have the least doubt that the Israelite to whom the Omniscient must give that testimonial of integrity which I gave you in my de-

* Wolf's *Missionary Journal*, pp. 12—121.

'dication, will be every way as estimable in his sight as an 'upright Christian.' Then, wherefore, Mendelsohn might justly reply, worry me at all about the matter? That Lavater's correspondent was a man of integrity and a simple-minded man, all will admit; but, had his character corresponded to that which drew forth the encomium pronounced upon Nathanael by the Judge of angels and of men, it would have manifested itself in an ingenuous submission to the higher evidence by which the truth of his Messiahship is now illustrated. With regard to the Israelite, or the heathen, who has never had the Gospel message exhibited to him, we may be warranted in concluding, that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, shall be accepted of him," and that "as many as have sinned without the Gospel, shall perish without being judged by the Gospel." But where the light and evidence of the Christian Revelation are enjoyed, we dare not explain away the fearful declaration, that he who believeth shall be saved, and that he who believeth not shall perish. It is not our province to judge or to pronounce on the eternal destiny of the individual; but it is awful tampering with the souls of men, to attempt to weaken the force of that tremendous sanction by which the command to believe on the Son of God comes attended to every creature within reach of the revelation from Heaven.

Mendelsohn, in his reply, states, that he had read Bonnet's work, and that, 'even considered abstractedly, as an apology for the Christian religion, it did not appear to him to possess that merit which' his correspondent 'attached to it.' 'The major part of his consequences,' he remarks, 'flow so vaguely from the antecedents, that I am confident I could vindicate any religion by the same ratiocination.' This assertion appeared singular to Lavater, as well it might, and he respectfully supplicated an explanation. Mendelsohn, in his 'supplementary remarks' on his Correspondent's letter, thus lets us into his meaning.

'*M. Bonnet* constitutes miracles the infallible criterion of truth; and maintains, that if there be but credible testimony that a prophet has wrought miracles, his divine mission is no longer to be called in question. He then actually demonstrates, by very sound logic, that there is nothing impossible in miracles, and that testimony concerning them may be deserving of credit.

'Now, according to my religious theory, miracles are not, indiscriminately, a distinctive mark of truth; nor do they yield a moral evidence of a prophet's divine legation. The public giving of the law, *only*, could, according to our creed, impart satisfactory authenticity; because the ambassador had, in this case, no need of creden-

tials, the divine commission being given *in the hearing of the whole nation*. Here no truths were to be confirmed by actual proceedings, no doctrine by preternatural occurrences, but it was intended it should be believed, that the divine manifestation had chosen this very prophet for its legate, *as every individual had heard himself the nomination*. Accordingly we read, (Exod. xix. 9.) *And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak unto thee, and believe thee for ever: and* (Exod. iii. 12.) *And this shall be a token unto thee. When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain*. Our belief in a revealed religion is, therefore, not founded in miracles, but on a public legislation. The precept to hearken to a wonder-working prophet (Deut. xviii. 15.) is, as our rabbins teach, a mere implicit law, as given by the legislator, and quite independent of the intrinsic evidence of such wonders. So does a similar law (Deut. xvii. 6.) direct us to abide, in juridical cases, by the evidence of two witnesses, though we are not bound to consider their evidence as infallible. Further information on this Jewish elemental law will be found in *Maimonides' Elements of the Law*, chap. 8, 9, 10. And there is an ample illustration of this passage of *Maimonides*, in *Rabbi Joseph Albo, Sepher Ikkarim*, sect. i. cap. 18.

‘I also meet with decisive texts in the Old Testament, and even in the New, showing that there is nothing extraordinary in *enticers and false prophets performing miracles*; whether by magic, occult sciences, or by the misapplication of a gift truly conferred on them for proper purposes, I will not pretend to determine. So much, however, appears to me incontrovertible, that, according to the naked text of Scripture, miracles cannot be taken as *absolute criterions* of a divine mission.

‘I could, therefore, perfectly well maintain that an argument, founded on the infallibility of miracles, does not decide any thing against the believers in my religion, since we do not acknowledge that infallibility. My Jewish principles will fully bear me out in the assertion, that I would undertake to vindicate, by similar reasoning, *any religion one pleases*; because I do not know any religion which has not signs and miracles to produce; and surely every one has a right to place confidence in his forefathers. All revelation is propagated by tradition and by monuments. There, I suppose, we agree. But, according to the fundamentals of my religion, not miracles only, but a public giving of the law, must be the *origin of tradition*.’

pp. 92—95.

Mendelssohn does not here say in plain terms, as his forefathers did, ‘He cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils.’ He seems merely to argue hypothetically, that Christ might, for any thing that the miracles he wrought prove to the contrary, be a magician or an impostor. But, unless he disbelieved the historic record, that is to say, considered the testimony concerning them as undeserving of credit, (which he does not intimate, and which his Jewish principles certainly

would forbid, since the legation of Moses rests on no better evidence,)—he must either have believed that our Lord was an euticer, a false prophet, an impostor, or have admitted his Divine mission. The teaching of Christ was either from Heaven or of men. To affirm that miracles alone could not decide the inquiry, that they are not absolute criteria of a Divine mission, is, at best, a mere evasion: it amounts only to simply saying, ‘We cannot tell.’ But those miracles were connected with pretensions which must be either true or false; they were either heavenly credentials or the artifices of imposture. Such actions, in whatever light we view them, cannot be of a negative character. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion to which they lead us either in favour or in condemnation of the individual who puts forth claims so extraordinary and supernatural. The question then is, whether the miracles recorded in the New Testament are such as can possibly be referred, admitting them to have been performed, to either magic, collusion, or the misapplication of a Divine gift; that is, to a corrupt purpose and criminal origin. Do they bear any analogy to the signs and wonders referred to Deut. xiii. 2, which, it is supposed, might possibly chance to come to pass? Or did they bear on them, like those signs and wonders, the object of which, it is intimated, would be to seduce the Israelites into idolatry, the broad mark of impiety? Contemplating the benevolent nature, the publicity, the number, the supernatural character of our Lord’s miracles, in connexion with his own exalted pretensions, his disinterestedness, and his spotless life,—is it possible to maintain a comparison between them and any signs and miracles by which any other religion, except the Jewish, which is embodied in the Christian religion, ever pretended to be accredited? If the ‘Jewish Socrates’ could seriously adopt such a proposition, he must have been the most credulous, as well as the most incredulous man that ever missed his way to true wisdom.

But, according to Mendelssohn, all the miracles wrought by the Jewish lawgiver were utterly superfluous. Moses ‘had no need of credentials.’ ‘Our belief,’ he says, ‘is not founded on miracles, but on a public legislation.’ What contemptible trifling! To the miracles which Moses wrought, he owed all his authority over the Jewish nation, who were as little disposed to submit to him as a ruler, as their descendants were to receive their Messiah. The giving of the law upon Mount Sinai was but one amid a series of miracles; nor is it true, that the legation of Moses, or the acknowledgement of his legation, dates from that event. If, to render the Divine appointment binding, it was necessary that every individual should himself

bear the nomination, then, all who were born after that event, were exempt from the obligation. The 'legislation' was not more public, than was the teaching of our Lord; nor was the supernatural attestation of the legislator's authority more public or more unequivocal than that which was afforded by the miracles of our Lord, independently of the Transfiguration, which was, comparatively speaking, a private transaction, and the cardinal proof of his divinity, the resurrection, which was attested by five hundred witnesses. And as to monuments, the Scriptures themselves, the testimonies of heathens, the alteration of the Sabbath, the rites of baptism and the Eucharist, and the Jews themselves,—those awful monuments of the truth of Christianity,—form such a varied and uninterrupted succession of documentary evidence as leaves the unbeliever without excuse.

In one point of view, Mendelssohn's remarks, especially as coming from a Jew, are highly interesting and satisfactory. Some flippant objectors have been known to argue, that the evidence of miracles is so irresistible, that, had those which are recorded in the New Testament, really taken place, the whole Jewish nation must have been convinced by them of the truth of our Lord's mission. A sign from heaven, they imagine, must have been sufficient to overcome the most determined incredulity, although such objectors are the most striking proof of the contrary. But here we have a learned Jew arguing in the very spirit of those who said: "What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been wrought by them, is manifest to all who dwell at Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it."* And again; "What do we? for this man doth many miracles: if we let him thus alone, all men will believe."† Mendelssohn rejects, on the pretended authority of his own Scriptures, the infallibility of undoubted miracles as a criterion of the truth of any religion. He maintains, that 'there is *nothing extraordinary* in enticers and false prophets working miracles.' Here is the identical spirit of obstinate, blind incredulity still at work in this philosophical Jew of the eighteenth century, which manifested itself in those who murmured against Moses in the wilderness, and in those who ascribed the miracles of our Lord to Satan, and would have put to death Lazarus after he had been raised from the dead;—that spirit which drew from the holy protomartyr that indignant rebuke: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your

* Acts iv. 16.

† John xi. 47.

fathers persecuted?.....Who have received the law by the "disposition of angels and have not kept it."

But, in another point of view, this correspondence is instructive. It teaches the Christian advocate how he must deal with a Jewish unbeliever, who is, so to speak, miracle-proof. Entrenched in the Divine authority of his own religion, from which position he cannot be dislodged, he is impregnable against any mode of argument, however logical, which seems to oppose the inspired directions or declarations of the Mosaic law. He must be reasoned with out of the Scriptures. The authority to which he bows, must be proved to be against him. Jesus of Nazareth must be shewn to be the Messiah to whom all the prophets bear witness, and who, "God before had shewed by the mouth of all his prophets," was to suffer.* The declaration of our Lord, that if men believed not Moses and the Prophets, they would not believe one who should come to them from the dead, seems (as we have lately had occasion to remark†) to ascribe to the evidence of prophecy, a higher degree of force than that of miracles. He who "knew what was in man" intimates, that the witness borne to himself by the prophets so many centuries before his appearance, was more directly adapted to convince the Jews of his Messiahship, than even his subsequent resurrection. Prophecy is one of the greatest of miracles; and the series of prophetic testimonies forms a concurrence of miracles more convincing than any single display of Divine power, however illustrious. Nor could the voice of one risen from the dead, be more truly a communication from the unseen world. Mr. Wolf's Journal furnishes abundant evidence that the argument from prophecy is the palmary one in controversy with a Jew.

It is painful to think of such a man as Mendelsohn in the character of an unbeliever. His amiable, feeling, and liberal mind may be seen in this correspondence. 'What a blissful world,' he writes, 'should we live in, did all men espouse and carry into practice, those sacred truths in which the worthier Christian participates with the worthier Jew. May the Lord Zebaoth speedily bring on those happy days when no one shall hurt or destroy, for the whole earth shall be full of the Lord as the waters cover the sea!' Of a man who could utter sentiments like these, who could refrain from saying, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven?' Soon after this correspondence, he had a serious attack of illness, which his Biographer attributes in part to the uneasiness it had oc-

* Acts iv. 18.

† Ecl. Rev. vol. xxii. p. 185.

casioned him. He 'commemorated his return to health by a 'commentary on the book of Ecclesiasticus.' (*Ecclesiastes*?) His next labour was a digest of the Jewish code of civil laws, in conjunction with the chief rabbi of Berlin, in obedience to a royal mandate. It was laid before the king in council, approved of, and published in 1778, under the title of 'Ritual Laws of the Jews.' In the year 1779, Mendelsohn

'brought to light his admirable translation of the Pentateuch; a work which forms an epoch in the history of modern Judaism, and which, for its vast utility, and the immense good it has wrought, entitles the author to the eternal gratitude of his nation. The excellencies of this translation, which is printed in Hebrew character, opposite to the original, are too well known and acknowledged, to require enumeration. For elegance and perspicuity it has no equal. Not an obscure or ambiguous text, but what is made clear; not a noun or verb, but what is rendered in its true sense. His scrupulous attention too to the Massora, proves his veneration of ancient institutions; not a single vowel-point or accent did he disturb; nor did he, with philological and antiquarian ostentation, ransack libraries, and travel in search of monuments, for new versions; or pretend to supply chasms, prune redundancies, or alter readings. The preface, as a treatise on the lyric songs in the books of Moses, and on the general rules of Hebrew poetry, so extolled by poets of all nations, is a classical work by itself. Not but what the introduction of this useful book in seminaries, met, at first, with partial resistance by a remnant of fanatics of the age of darkness, sworn enemies to improvement, and trembling at every new measure, however judicious and salutary, which they were sure to stigmatize with the odious terms of heresy and encroachment; but Mendelsohn's and his ingenious pupil's previous writings, had happily so undermined the arguments of these gainsayers, that the concentrated rays of this meridian sun of reformation, could not fail of exploding their power altogether. Moses the son of Amram delivered his brethren from bodily slavery; the glorious task of emancipating their minds was reserved for Moses the son of Mendel. His brethren duly appreciated the boon, and his Pentateuch has ever since remained the basis of the religious and moral education of their children of both sexes.'

pp. 109, 10.

In 1783, appeared his metrical translation of the Psalms, the labour of ten years. About the same time, he published a translation of Manasseh Ben Israel's Apology for the Jews, with a Preface and Notes. The attack which this drew down upon him, induced Mendelsohn to declare more fully his sentiments on the subject of religion and toleration, in the work entitled 'Jerusalem, or on Ecclesiastical Power and Judaism;' which appeared in 1783. In 1785, he published a little work, entitled, 'Morning Hours, or Lectures on the Existence of

'God,' originally drawn up for the instruction of his eldest son. He was preparing a second volume, when he caught cold on returning, one frosty Saturday, from the synagogue, and his delicate frame, weakened by constant mental exertion, sunk under the illness which it induced. He expired on the 4th of January 1786, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The character of this estimable and truly illustrious Jew might serve at least to rescue his nation from that unfeeling and indiscriminating contempt with which they have been too generally regarded. Possibly, a philosophic Jew may seem to some who call themselves Christians, a more exalted character than a converted Jew. We are told, that, on a bust of Mendelssohn in Professor Herz's study, it is inscribed, 'Moses Mendelssohn, the *greatest sage since Socrates*, his own nation's glory, the confidant of Lessing and of truth.' And Professor Rammler erected to him a monument with this inscription: 'Moses Mendelssohn, born at Dessau, of Hebrew parents; a sage like Socrates, faithful to the ancient creed, teaching immortality, himself immortal.' It is evident that these professors ranked Mendelssohn above St. Paul; whether or not above their Saviour, we cannot tell. Were they, then, Jews? No, to the disgrace of the name, they called themselves Protestant Christians. It was a Protestant professor of this stamp at Frankfort, who, when consulted by Mr. Wolf, told the young inquirer, that it was not necessary to become a Christian, because Christ was only a great man like their Luther, and he might be a moral man without being a Christian. Mendelssohn was, after all, not less a Christian and much more a believer in Revelation, than his literary associates. In this respect, he was most unhappily circumstanced. With Romish idolatry on the one hand, and Protestant infidelity on the other, is it to be wondered at that he should cling to his ancient faith? It is true, that the New Testament was at hand, which it is doubtful whether he ever seriously perused. There he might have found delineated, the genuine religion of Christ, and the evidence of its Divine authority. But to that book 'the Confidant of Lessing and of truth' was, probably, never referred by his brother philosophers; and had he read it, and become a sincere convert to the faith he once opposed, this Jewish Socrates would have lost, with them, more than half his reputation for philosophy, if they had not renounced him as a vulgar enthusiast.

Art IV. *Bibliotheca Biblica* : A select List of Books on Sacred Literature ; with Notices, biographical, critical, and bibliographical. By William Orme. 8vo. pp. 491. Price 12s. London. 1824.

THE adequate execution of the plan proposed by Bishop Marsh in his 'course of Lectures,' which was intended to comprise, 'an account both of the principal Authors, and of the progress which has been made at different periods in 'Theological Learning,'—would, we think, be the means of rendering to divinity students, in the most useful form, the assistance which they need in respect to the knowledge of books. To embody, as the learned Professor has done in the early parts of his 'Course,' an account of books with the description of the subjects to which they relate, is an admirable method of furnishing the uninstructed with the information which they need, as it is thus supplied gradually and in its proper connexion. We agree with the Professor in thinking that a mere catalogue of books, arranged alphabetically, is much less adapted to answer the valuable purposes of theological study, than the plan which he proposed to complete ; and we repeat the expression of our disappointment that so useful a part of the 'Lectures' has been discontinued.

But, till such a plan shall be successfully filled up, an acquaintance with books in this particular department of study must be sought for and obtained by such means as the student may find available for the purpose. He will be fortunate if his situation and circumstances procure for him the aid of a competent adviser, that he may be preserved not only from wasteful expenditure of money, which is not always a plentiful article among students, and of time, which is still more valuable, but from such a course of desultory reading and of pernicious tampering with books, as may give to all his attainments a superficial character, and prevent him for ever from reaching that maturity of knowledge and solidity of judgement, to which well directed studies conduct the persevering scholar. To such an adviser, however, it is not every one that can have the advantage of applying ; and lists of books must of necessity be the sources from which many a theological workman must acquire the knowledge of his tools, and of the uses to which he must direct his employment of them.

The '*Bibliotheca Biblica*' of Mr. Orme is an alphabetical catalogue of writers in sacred literature, comprising only the most useful books in that department of learning,—polyglots, and editions of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures ; concordances, lexicons, and introductions to the Bible ; works relating to its geography, chronology, and antiquities ; transla-

tions and commentaries; books which treat of the principles of sacred criticism, hermeneutics, and philology; and numerous productions of a miscellaneous nature, which furnish illustrations of the sacred writings. At the end of the volume, an arranged Index is added, which directs the reader to the different writers who treat of particular subjects, and the commentators on the several books of Scripture.

It is not to be imagined, that, in even a select list of books, every work which it may include, shall have been personally and particularly examined by the Author. Many publications which find a place in such an enumeration, have obtained a right by prescription to the standing which they occupy; and of many others, the character which is given them, is the judgement which particular critics have passed upon them, for the correctness of which the Author must take credit with his readers. Wherever it was practicable, Mr. Orme states, the original works have been examined by himself, that a faithful report might be given of them; and some which are omitted have been passed over because they could not be personally examined, and no satisfactory account of them could be obtained. He has availed himself of the labours of preceding Bibliographers, and has evidently employed much diligence in accumulating the materials of his work, while the opinions which he delivers on the merits of the several writers whose works he describes, are the judgements of a well-informed and discriminating mind. The biographical notices which he has prefixed to the several articles of the *Bibliotheca*, are brief, but valuable, and will assist the reader in forming his estimate of the character of the authors. The utility of the work is too obvious to require enlarged recommendation. Nor, in a work which is professedly a select list of books, would it be doing justice to the Author, to attribute any instances of omission which we might specify, to any other cause than the discrimination which he has employed in his selections. We shall, however, point out some works which have escaped his observation, and which should not be excluded from a list of 'the most useful books' in Biblical Literature, as well as notice a few errors which have found their way into the volume, that Mr. Orme may have the benefit of our examination of the present publication in the event of a reprint.

P. 27. Benson's Chronology of our Saviour's Life, should have been noticed.

* Beza, Theodore, one of the Geneva Reformers, and among the most learned men of his age; born 1519; died 1605.—*Novum Testamentum, cujus Græco contextui respondent interpretationes duæ:*

una, vetus: altera Theodori Bezzæ, etc. 1565, 1576, 1582, 1589, 1598. The best edition of his Annotations is that printed at Cambridge in 1642, folio.' p. 31.

Beza's Annotations, which accompany the text of his *Novum Testamentum*, might, from the manner in which they are noticed in the preceding description, be understood to be a separate and different work. Either more of the title should have been copied, *Ejusdem* Theod. Bezzæ *Annotationes*, &c., or, 'the best edition of' *this work*, should have been inserted in the concluding sentence.

P. 44. In the list of Modern Translations of the Scriptures, the New Testament only is noticed as having been printed in Lapponic. The whole Bible has been printed in the Lappish language.—*Biblia Sacra*, in *Linguam Lapponicam*, 3 vols. 4to. Hermosand, 1811.

P. 47. *Birch*—*Quatuor Evangelia Græca*. This work was published in folio as well as in 4to., and comprises not only an account of the merits of the celebrated Vatican M.S., but also contains a collation of its readings.

P. 59. *Bretschneideri Lexicon in LXX. post Bielium et Schleuserum*, and the *Lexicon Manuale Græco-Lat. in Nov. Test.* of the same Author, are unnoticed.

P. 60. *Brewster's* Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, do not find a place, though Dick's are subsequently noticed.

P. 86. Dr. Carpenter's Introduction to the Geography of the New Testament should have been noticed.

P. 113. *Buxtorf's* Hebrew Concordance. We are surprised that Mr. Orme should throw in the way of any student the discouraging remark, that unless he who consults this work 'is very familiar with the Masoretic system, it will not be of much use to him.' Every reader of the Hebrew Bible is, or should be, acquainted with Hebrew Notation, and with the Hebrew designation of the several books of the Old Testament; and with this knowledge, there can be no difficulty attending the use of that most valuable work. An hour's labour would be sufficient to prepare even a Hebrew reader who is not familiar with the Masoretic system, for consulting the Concordance of Buxtorf.

P. 158. No mention is made of the voluminous commentaries of Duguet; nor of the work of this Port-Royal Author, 'Règles pour l'Intelligence des SS. Ecritures.' We notice this because Miss Schimmelpenninck's Biblical Fragments are noticed by Mr. Orme.

P. 175. *Eusebius*.—The *Historia Ecclesiastica*. Ed. Cantab. 1720, is not in 3 vols.—but forms the First Volume of Reading's Edition of the Ecclesiastical Historians, 3 vols. folio.

P. 217. *Grey*.—*Liber Jobi*, &c. Under this article, the Dr.'s Edition of the Book of Proverbs should have been included.

P. 241. *Hewlett's* Commentaries are unnoticed.

P. 268. *Josephus*. Havercamp's Edition should not have been neglected.

P. 290. *Levi's Lingua Sacra*, and his Version of the Pentateuch, are unnoticed.

P. 293. *Limborch*. This Remonstrant divine has escaped the notice of Mr. Orme. The '*Commentarius in Acta Apostolorum, et in Epistolas ad Romanos et ad Hebræos*,' should at least have had a place.

P. 294. *Loesneri Observationes ad Nov. Test. e Philone*, is not inserted.

P. 309. *Matthæi's* publication of the Codex Boernerianus should have had a place, since Mr. Orme has noticed both the Codex Alex. by Woide, and the Codex Bezae by Kipling.

P. 315. Dr. Marsh's Notes to Michaelis extend beyond 'the first part of the work' to the Gospel of Luke.

P. 322. *Mosheim*. No information is given as to the incompleteness of Vidal's Translation of the *Commentarii de Rebus Christ.*, which comprises only a part of the work, concluding with the account of the Paschal Controversy at the close of the second century. Mr. Vidal's Notes on the Commentaries were reserved for the final volumes, which have not yet made their appearance, owing, we suppose, to the failure of public encouragement, to which the merits of the Translator, as well as the celebrity of the work, entitled him.

P. 347. *Peters*.—The First Edition of the Critical Dissertation on the Book of Job only is noticed. The Second should have been mentioned, which contains an additional preface of 91 pages.

P. 388. Neither the name, nor any notice of the works of *Sebastian Schmidt* occurs.

P. 398. *Septuagint*,—Holmes's. Under this article, the *Dissertatio Philologica de Variis Lectionibus Holmesianis*, of Amesfoort, might have been mentioned.

P. 420. *Stephens*. Nov. Test. Gr. The edition of 1550 is 'considered chiefly as a reprint of the' fifth, not 'sixth edition' of Erasmus.

P. 441. *Tychsen*. *Tentamen de Variis Cod. Heb.*—To this notice, the Defence of the Tentamen, and the Examination of Kennicott, might have been added.

P. 30. The Gothic Gospels are described as having been published by Zahn at Weissenfels. The error is typographical, for Zahn, at W.

- P. 171. For a Spaniard we find Sapaniard.
 P. 188. For Flaccus, we have Flacius.
 P. 218. Griesbach is said to have been born in 1644.
 P. 300. The Translator of Dr. Mead's *Medica Sacra*, was Dr. Stack.
 P. 306. Mann, of the Charter-House, published his 'Two Dissertations, of the True Years of the Birth and Death of Christ,' in English, in 1733.
 P. 464. West's Dissertation on the Olympic Games, it should have been stated, is prefixed to his Translation of Pindar.

Art. V. *The Tyro's Greek and English Lexicon: or a Compendium in English of the celebrated Lexicons of Damm, Sturze, Schleusner, Schweighauser; comprehending a Concise, yet Full and Accurate Explanation of all the Words occurring in those Works, which, for their superior Purity and Elegance, are read in Schools and Colleges. To which is added an Appendix, containing some Omissions, and an Analysis of the more Difficult and Irregular Words, alphabetically arranged. By John Jones, L.L.D. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. xxx, and columns 1482. Price 1l. 1s. London. 1825.*

THOUGH we took ample notice of Dr. Jones's Lexicon in our XX1st volume, yet, there are so many circumstances of advantageous difference in this new edition, as appear to require this further attention. With a closer page, but without any material inferiority of either type or paper, more matter is got into less space, and the price is reduced almost one third. Many hundreds of words and irregular forms, or what otherwise required elucidation, are added in the Appendix; besides improvements dispersed throughout the work. The Preface is expanded into an interesting Disquisition, on the Principles of Lexicography, the theory of derivations, the arrangement and dependence of secondary and remoter significations, the influence of the association of ideas and the *kind* of the associating *nexus* upon the application of terms, and the dependence of language upon manners and opinions. These principles are illustrated by a variety of examples, in which there may be room for a difference of opinion, but which cannot fail to afford high pleasure and a beneficial stimulus to the mind which has ever caught the enthusiasm of classical studies. At the close of his Preface, Dr. Jones notices, with his characteristic integrity and high spirit, the proceedings of some Reviews; and we cannot but feel ourselves honoured by the candour and good temper with which he is pleased to refer to our animad-

versions. We must make room to cite one passage, the sentiments of which cannot be too widely circulated, or too often brought into notice.

‘ My reasons for attempting (under many articles of the *Lexicon*) to explain the Scriptures, and referring to them, are thus stated in my Answer to a Pseudo-Criticism. ‘ The most distinguished among the classic scholars of the eighteenth century, it is well known, paid little attention to the Scriptures, and therefore were little conversant in biblical learning. While they studied with the utmost zeal, and examined with the minutest care, the writings of Greece and Rome, the oracles of God they thought to be either beneath their notice or beyond their province. The cultivation of the Greek language is productive of many great and solid advantages; and the chief, in my opinion, is, that it enables every scholar to draw sacred truth, pure and unmixed, from the original fountain, without any regard to the traditions of men. I wished to encourage this use of classic literature, by applying it to the elucidation of obscure or mistaken passages in the New Testament. In doing this, it was my fixed purpose to confine myself to general principles of criticism, without seeking to invalidate any article of general belief on the one hand, or to countenance obnoxious sentiments on the other. I chose for my models the brightest ornaments of the English Church, Kennicott, Lowth, Sir William Jones, Watson, Paley, and Parr; and I felt that if, in any degree, I were animated by the same spirit which inspired these great men, and kept within the limits of their views, I should have nothing to fear from the calumnies of gloomy bigots.’ p. xxiv.

We do not wonder that Dr. Jones could not resist the desire of annexing to his Preface, a laudatory letter from the late mighty Grecian, Dr. PARR.

————— πικρυμιος, ιερκος, Αχαΐης,
Μηδίων βλοσυροισι προσώπασι. —————

Nor can we deny ourselves the satisfaction of transcribing a part of this eulogy :

“ Do not suppose that I have lost sight of your great talents, or your great literary attainments, or your great kindness in sending me a copy of your *Lexicon*. I have examined it again and again; and I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the work of a man of sense, and a man of learning. The usefulness of it is indisputable, and my hope is, that it will be extensively known, and justly valued. Even when I dissent from you, I see strong vestiges of your acuteness and your erudition.”

Art. VI. *Tremaine; or the Man of Refinement.* In Three Volumes, small 8vo. London. 1825.

WE are somewhat at a loss how to deal with this publication, since its pretensions seem nearly equally divided between the honours due to an original treatise on moral philosophy, and the less imposing claims connected with the attractive form and decorations of fictitious narrative. The result of this ambitious endeavour to combine qualities not merely dissimilar, but conflicting, is by no means advantageous to the general effect. Both the gay and the serious portions of the tale are encumbered by the metaphysical discussions, which intervene with a very disagreeable suspension of the interest previously excited; and we suspect that a large class of readers will yield to the temptation of passing over those parts of the volumes where the Author has evidently put forth his utmost strength.

Tremaine, the hero of the tale, is represented as an amiable, honourable, and accomplished man, labouring under one of the most tormenting of mental diseases, a sickly and fastidious refinement, which incapacitates him for the enjoyment of life, either in the abstract or the concrete. He has touched nearly all the varieties of existence, and receded from them all. Love, law, arms, ambition, fail him in the essay. He quarrels with one young lady, because he picks up an old garter; with another, because she eats peas with a knife; he detects a third in reading Tom Jones; yet, rather capriciously, admires a fourth for studying Marmontel,—a writer whose compositions are quite as exceptionable, on the score of morality, as those of Fielding. Once, indeed, his heart had been more seriously agitated, by an interesting and innocent girl, who, in the absence of a former lover, was fascinated by Tremaine, but resumed her earlier attachment on the departure of the latter, and the reappearance of her first favourite. Annoyed by the bustle of society, and disgusted at the ill-conceived selfishness of the world, this high-minded, though indolent and self-indulgent man sequesters himself in his country seat, but, unluckily for his eremetical plans, finds in his immediate vicinity, a lovely and accomplished girl, before whose beauty, worth, and sweetness, all his misanthropical resolutions

Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day.

Notwithstanding the disparity between twenty and thirty-eight, Georgina Evelyn cherishes a deeply rooted affection for her wayward lover; their union is, however, prevented by the discovery that, among his other freaks, Tremaine has been

fastidious enough to take umbrage at the great verities of religion, and that he is sceptical as to the existence of a superintending providence. Evelyn, the father of Georgina, is a clergyman, and although he witnesses the failure of his daughter's health under the struggle between her principles and her attachment, he steadily maintains his resolution, until the infidelity of Tremaine is beaten down by argument, when the gloom is scattered, and all becomes happiness and bright anticipation.

We cannot say that all this is very skilfully managed. With much cleverness in parts, there is a heaviness and incongruity about the whole. Nor is the general interest in any way assisted by the obtrusion of party politics. We feel it, however, difficult to support these strictures by specific reference. The Writer's gayeties are scarcely to be exemplified without larger citation than we are in the habit of conceding on similar occasions; and with regard to his metaphysical gravities, although we have no dislike to an occasional discussion of such matters, we prefer choosing our own text. A middle course will suit us best; and as a recent attempt has been made to naturalize among us one of the most mischievously intended works of Voltaire, we shall adopt the following just strictures on the peculiar character of that malignant infidel, as an assailant of Christianity.

"Now, then, if you please, for the ridicule which, you say, has so shaken you upon our late awful subject."

"I alluded to Voltaire," answered Tremaine.

"I thought as much," observed Evelyn; "and I very much fear you mean in the trash of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*."

"It is true," said Tremaine.

"This, in a man of your class and character of mind, is not what I expected!" exclaimed Evelyn. "But will you point out the instances of this attempt at wit? for of wit itself, on these subjects, I have no hesitation to say he had none."

"Voltaire no wit!" exclaimed Tremaine.

"That I did not say," replied Evelyn; "on the contrary, I have willingly laughed with him, in his *Contes*, as well as wept with him in his *Tragedies*; his ease and elegance, on almost whatever subject he handles, delight me; but I am equally moved, not merely with detestation at his impiety, but with wonder at the empty impudence with which he attempts to support it. Hume had some learning; Bolingbroke, at least, borrowed some; Epicurus made a great sect; and Cicero every where keeps the mind on the stretch; but for this wit of yours, if he had written nothing else, I should have only thought him a fool."

"Can you blame me, however," said Tremaine; "you, who own his wit, for paying tribute to it when I find it?"

"By no means," answered Evelyn; "but I deny the wit which presumes to prepare us for laughing, by imposing upon us what we know to be false; and I am at a loss to understand how a man of judgment can be dazzled by sophisms so glaring, and, therefore, so contemptible, that I know not which to wonder at most, their idiocy, or their impudence."

"To what do you particularly apply this severity?" asked Tremaine.

"Possibly to what you may have thought most witty," replied Evelyn. "Take, for example, his illustration of the soul, by the clapper of a bellows, the body being, as he says, the bellows itself. 'There is a clapper to it,' he says, 'which gives it motion and use, and which I have made for it,' he adds, 'under the name of soul. Yet the bellows can be pulled to pieces, and the poor soul goes with it.' What child does not see that the bellows and the clapper are all one machine; that, indeed, the machine cannot be a bellows, but a mere piece of wood, without the clapper: and if he must have a comparison for the soul, it can only be the hand that uses it, and sets it in motion. 'This is wholly distinct, you see, from its body, and so far is for us; yet you, perhaps, have formerly laughed at this, Mr. Tremaine!'"

"Formerly, I confess I have: certainly, not of late."

"And why not?"

"Not because what you say ought not to have been obvious before," replied Tremaine; "but because from my humour at the time, some mist must have been before my eyes, which is now much removed."

"You rejoice me," said Evelyn, "and I will not therefore go on; otherwise I would wish you to consider the truth and fairness with which he asks if the Creator would condescend (alluding to the Jews) to be the King of usurers and old-clothesmen? The wit, you see, is in calling the subjects of the Almighty by these disgusting names. Yet the wit is a lie; for he has wilfully confounded the modern with the ancient Jews. Again, he is witty, to be sure, in asking what is meant by going up to heaven, when in the planetary system there is neither upwards nor downwards; and is most especially facetious when he says this heaven of ours is nothing more than a parcel of clouds and vapours. Who does not see (I am sure the merest child will) that he here wilfully confounds the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, and which we call heaven in physics, with the happy place, whatever it is, which we designate by that name in religion?"

"This is true," said Tremaine.

"Of a piece with this," pursued Evelyn, "are his sneers at the sacred story, where, labouring through falsehoods of his own invention, he tells you that the Patriarch Abraham found it convenient to pass off a beautiful wife for a sister, in order that he might make money of her, by disposing of her beauty to the King of Egypt. The whole wit is here lost, because the statement is a lie. Were I to go into all the blasphemies of the Dictionnaire Philosophique, and examine their witty dress, which seems so to have dazzled your imagination....."

"My dear friend," interrupted Tremaine, "I will spare you the trouble; I have long given up, upon these subjects, even the wit of Voltaire." Vol. III. pp. 107—110.

We do not know whether there exists any tolerable translation of the admirable 'Letters of certain Portuguese Jews to M. de Voltaire,' written by the Abbé Guinée. If not, it ought to be executed forthwith. With wit superior to that of the sneering infidel, and with knowledge and argument before which the empty cavils of the *Malade de Ferney* are scattered to the winds, the Abbé follows his antagonist through all his blunders and misrepresentations, and, with an urbanity that tempers his severest sarcasms, holds up to public ridicule and shame the exposed and baffled gainsayer.

Art. VII. 1. *An Account of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Fever lately Epidemical in Ireland, together with Communications from Physicians in the Provinces, and various Official Documents.* By F. Barker, M.D. and J. Cheyne, M.D. F.R.S. Ed. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1821.

2. *An Historic Sketch of the Causes, Progress, Extent, and Mortality of the Contagious Fever Epidemic in Ireland, during the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819; with numerous Tables, Official Documents, and Private Communications, &c.* By W. Harty, M.B. 1 vol 8vo. Dublin, 1820.

(Concluded from page 269.)

IT has been always admitted, that Fever assumes very various modifications under peculiar diversities of circumstances; and the subdivision of Continued Fever into different genera or species, has presented itself under greatly diversified aspects to medical observers. It must be admitted, that medical writers have commonly erred in multiplying the species of fever; they have assumed as diagnostic signs of the respective species, circumstances which have had their origin either in local or temporary peculiarities, and which, therefore, have had nothing permanent or uniform in their character. To this cause we must attribute many of the changes which are obvious on comparing the opinions of medical writers on the subject of fever, at periods of time remote from each other. Cullen, who possessed a comprehensive mind, and a sound, perspicuous judgement, conferred an important service on medical science, by arranging, in his Nosology, the numerous species of Fever described by preceding writers, under a very small number of genera. He considered typhus as a distinct genus, possessed of a contagious character, and marked by peculiar

symptoms. In this opinion he has been followed by nearly all subsequent writers. It appears, however, from the testimony of many observers of unquestionable fidelity, who were engaged in superintending public establishments appropriated to the reception of cases of fever, that the phenomena observed during the late epidemic, did not correspond to this arrangement of the disease. It was found, that the cases of fever which could be distinctly referred to the influence of contagion, and those which could on rational evidence be referred to no other exciting causes than the ordinary changes in the state of the atmosphere, were not capable of being distinguished from each other by any certain diagnostic signs. The cases of fever originating from these very different causes, appear to have been absolutely identical ; and the examples of disease propagated from them respectively, appear to have presented all the varieties of form which continued fever is ever known to assume. It would appear, therefore, that the remarkable diversities of character under which fever is presented to the notice of medical observers, is to be referred to the influence of those numerous contingent circumstances by which it is known to be constantly modified. Circumstances of this description produce varieties, not distinct genera, or species. The establishment of this principle, as a conclusion drawn from various sources of independent observation, is an important step in our knowledge of febrile diseases assuming the continued form, and tends to simplify an important subdivision of diseases, which has been rendered complicated and obscure by the varying and uncertain results of partial and hasty observation.

Much diversity of opinion has existed concerning the contagious nature of Fever assuming the Continued form ; and the public feeling has been unsettled by the recent discussions of this question as it relates to our Quarantine regulations. With that question as it regards the Plague, we have at present no concern. That is a disease unquestionably *sui generis*, and governed by its own peculiar laws. Nor could the determination of that question, whether in the affirmative or otherwise, influence our judgement in the smallest degree, in estimating the evidence which may be brought forward to prove the existence of Contagion as an exciting cause of Continued Fever. On so important a question, the evidence of competent medical observers is invaluable, especially when the sphere of observation, as in the present instance, has been most extensive, and when the evidence has been derived from various sources perfectly independent of each other.

The facts stated in both the works prefixed to the present

article, to prove the dissemination of the Fever by the agency of Contagion, present a body of evidence perfectly conclusive and irresistible. And as it is an object which ought always to be kept in view, to diffuse correct knowledge on subjects in which the public welfare is deeply concerned ; we think it will be exceedingly useful to present a part of this evidence to our readers, in the fulness of detail in which it is exhibited by the Author.

‘ In the hospitals of the House of Industry, in Dublin, no clinical clerk or apothecary escaped an attack of Fever. On the 20th of January, 1819, it was reported to Government, that five of the medical attendants of the House of Industry were, at that time, lying ill of the disease. At the Hospital in Cork-street, only one physician, and the apothecary, had an attack of Fever ; but then most of the physicians of the Establishment had laboured under that disease on some former occasion previous to the Epidemic. It is mentioned by Dr. O’Brien, in his valuable report of the Sick Poor Institution in Meath-street, that of eight apothecaries who have acted in succession at the Fever Hospital in Cork street, since its first establishment, one only escaped an attack of Fever.

‘ Of the students in attendance on Sir Patrick Dunn’s Hospital, several also sickened. In other cities of Ireland, the medical attendants were great sufferers. In the city of Cork, nine physicians, in attendance either on Dispensaries or Fever Hospitals, were attacked : every medical attendant at the South Fever Asylum in that city suffered. At Limerick, five physicians, chiefly those engaged in attendance at the Fever Hospital or Dispensary, sickened, and the apothecary of that Fever Hospital underwent three attacks. In the town of Clonmel, seven medical gentlemen, five of whom were in attendance on the Hospital, caught the disease ; and in the town of Killarney, five. To these we might add many other examples in the smaller towns. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Fermoy and Mallow, six medical attendants were seized with Fever ; at Tralee, of nine medical gentlemen who might be considered as peculiarly exposed to infection ; in the counties of Sligo and Leitrim, scarcely any of the apothecaries escaped. Nor were these consequences of communication with the sick, in persons of this rank of life, limited to the medical attendants only ; several of those persons whose humanity led them to inspect the wards, and who thus braved danger from no motive but benevolence, caught disease. Examples of this kind occurred at Cork, Limerick, and Clonmel. The reader who compares these facts with the previous statements respecting the comparative frequency of Fever in the superior and lower ranks of life, must perceive that the medical and other visitors of the sick were oftener attacked with the disease, than persons in the same condition of life who were not similarly exposed. Many such persons died : as the steward of the House of Industry ; the purveyor of the Fever Hospital in Cork-street, who was not exposed until he superintended the distribution of soup among the convalescent patients ; and the apo-

thecary at the Meath Hospital, in which establishment, as the crowd of patients is very considerable, the medical attendants were at that time much exposed to infection in the performance of their duty; finally, two of the students at Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital were cut off. Such examples occurred in Dublin. In other parts of Ireland, these sad examples were not less frequent. Thus, at Cork, three of the physicians in attendance at the Dispensary, and the apothecary, died of Fever. At Limerick, two physicians and a Roman Catholic clergyman, who visited patients in the Square Hospital; at Clonmel, too medical gentlemen, though not engaged in attendance on Fever Hospitals; and in the neighbourhood of Mallow, a physician and an apothecary lost their lives at this time; also, in the town of Monte, a physician, soon after he became a resident in that place, sickened with fever and died, and shortly after his attack, his wife also sickened, and fell a sacrifice to the disease; and thus, a young family, deprived of their parents, was left dependent on public bounty. Many similar instances might be adduced, for the disease was most mortal amongst those persons who were advanced in life, and enjoyed its comforts. These examples prove that poverty and its attendant consequences were not essential to the production of Fever. Persons of inferior stations, though well fed and clothed, who came into contact with the sick in Hospitals, suffered in an extraordinary degree. In the Hospital in Cork-street, in the course of fourteen months, fifteen nurses and servants were attacked with Fever. An example still more striking was afforded at the Hospitals of the House of Industry: in these, one hundred and seventy persons were employed in different offices of attendance on Fever patients; and from this part of the establishment, were recorded one hundred and ninety-eight cases of Fever. In Dr. Crampson's medical report of the department of Steevens's Hospital, it is observed, that, with the exception of Dr. Harvey and himself, all those concerned in attendance on the patients, caught the disease: none of the nurses, none of the porters, barbers, or those employed in handling, washing, or tending on the sick, escaped, and many of them had relapses and recurrences of Fever. Indeed, it may be asserted, that persons engaged in attendance on Fever patients, more especially if their duties brought them into close contact with the sick, rarely escaped the disease in most parts of the country. Thus, at Cork, the nurses and other persons who were in attendance on such patients, very generally sickened. At Waterford, in the course of fourteen months, seventeen of the nurses and servants were attacked, and some of them had two or three relapses. At Limerick, scarcely any of the nurses escaped.

Clerical visitors of the sick were also observed to suffer in a very remarkable degree. As the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, in the discharge of their religious offices, are peculiarly exposed, it might be expected that the effects of contagion would, amongst them, be strikingly exemplified. Accordingly, considerable numbers of them were carried off by the disease; as, for instance, in the county of Kerry, where ten Roman Catholic clergymen died of fever. If,

from the number of those who died, we estimate the probable number attacked, and compare this with the total number of that class in the county, we can appreciate the influence of contagion in extending fever.' Barker and Cheyne's Report, Vol. II. pp. 138, &c.

Additional evidence might be adduced of the propagation of fever by contagion, from the extent of its diffusion by the bodies of mendicants, who, during this period of urgent distress, were exercising their wretched vocation in every part of the country in prodigious numbers; and by the individuals who were successively removed from particular apartments or dwellings to the fever hospitals. One house in Cathedral lane, supplied fifty cases of fever to the hospitals in twelve months; from another in Patrick's close, thirty were sent in eight months; and from five rooms in Kevin street, nineteen persons were sent to the fever hospitals in six weeks.

Notwithstanding the notorious diversity of opinion that has existed among professional men regarding the contagious nature of Continued or Typhus fever, (for we use the term synonymously,) the question would now appear to be set at rest, by the conclusive evidence which is so fully and circumstantially detailed in the works now before us. The evidence is as conclusive, in our judgement, as that on which the contagious nature of Small Pox, or Scarlatina, or Measles, is admitted to depend. It is, in fact, one of the most important advantages arising incidentally out of the establishment of fever hospitals, that some points in the history of fever, which were admitted before on very partial evidence, have been established during the recent Epidemic, by such an accumulation of proof, as to satisfy the most sceptical understanding. Of these, the confirmation afforded of its contagious character, is not the least important; and as it regards the public welfare, may be considered as the most so.

A morbid poison, therefore, which, like the contagious principle of Small Pox and of Scarlatina, is capable of producing a similar disease in healthy subjects, must, we conceive, be regarded as the most prolific source of the diffusion of fever, whenever it may happen to prevail as an Epidemic. All the ordinary sources of disease from which fever may originate, appear to be trivial and unimportant in their operation, when compared with this. How severe and extensive ever the causes may be which predispose the human constitution to fall into the febrile state, it appears to us, that it is through the intervention of circumstances which give occasion to the formation of a morbid poison, that fever comes to prevail as an Epidemic. We conceive, in fact, that wherever

fever exists in its continued form, the formation of a morbid poison takes place, which, like the poison of small-pox, is capable of exciting fever in an individual previously healthy, provided it is applied under circumstances favourable to its action on the animal economy. These circumstances may be, either a very remarkable degree of predisposition existing in the individual, or, an active state of the morbid poison arising from its concentration in a confined and impure atmosphere. Very frequently, both circumstances concur; and it ought to be borne in mind, that whenever the contagious principle is in a state of much concentration, it will commonly produce its effect, even independently of the co-operation of the usual sources of predisposition. These are facts which ought ever to be present to our minds, in devising the means of prevention. We are indebted to the spirit of philosophic investigation which directed the inquiries of the venerable Dr. Haygarth, who still lives in honourable retirement, for the most valuable information we possess on this important subject; but, in consequence of his not having made an ostentatious display of the services he has rendered to the public, the obligations which we lie under to him, are in danger of being forgotten or overlooked. The principles which were developed by this truly enlightened Physician, in his Letter to the late Dr. Percival, of Manchester, contain nearly the whole of what we know on this interesting subject. To him we owe the determination of the extent to which predisposition commonly exists; the distance to which the poison diffuses itself from the person of the sick under ordinary circumstances; and the supreme importance of ventilation in disarming it of the power of producing fever in those who are exposed to its agency. Neither is the beneficial effect of free ventilation confined to the individuals who are exposed to the atmosphere of the sick room. It was constantly observed by the physicians attached to fever hospitals, that the simple removal of persons ill with fever, from their own close and squalid apartments, to the clean, airy, and well ventilated wards of a fever hospital, would often produce a conspicuous amendment in the course of a single night. In the large and commodious dwellings of the opulent, the hazard arising from contagion is greatly diminished, from the facility and certainty with which free ventilation can be maintained; but, in the habitations of the poor, it is commonly difficult, and in some cases nearly impracticable; and it requires, therefore, the most watchful attention from medical practitioners, that the advantages of this most salutary practice may be obtained in their fullest influence by that portion of society to which,

from the very limited nature of their domestic accommodation, it is most indispensibly needful. The instances are exceedingly rare, in which the disease is communicated to a second individual, where the importance of free ventilation is understood and practised, while, in close and crowded dwellings where this practice is neglected or disregarded, the danger is such, that no confident expectation of escaping infection ought ever to be held out or encouraged.

These volumes contain numerous and ample documents relative to the proceedings adopted by the official authorities, as well as by private associations of benevolent individuals, who, under the impulse of the best feelings of our nature, directed their exertions with zealous and unwearied assiduity, to diminish the sum of human suffering during this appalling visitation. They will be referred to on future occasions of similar calamity, as the means of enlightening the public mind as to the most prompt and efficient mode of limiting the extent of the evil, by controlling the diffusion of those agencies by which Epidemic Fever is preceded and accompanied. Certainly they are not all under the influence of human control; but many of them are; and, to every enlightened mind, to every Christian, and to every philanthropist, it is a legitimate ground of exultation, to feel that the progress of science enables us to contemplate an evil of such stupendous magnitude, with that calmness and confidence which nothing but true knowledge can inspire. It affords a fine illustration of the axiom of Lord Bacon, that 'knowledge is power'—when the human mind can meet occurrences of this kind with tranquillity of feeling, arising from confidence in those resources which the light of science has supplied, and which observation and experience have taught us to appreciate and to apply. In comparing the past with the present, it is delightful to contemplate the very remarkable change which less than the lapse of half a century has produced with relation to the prevalence of Epidemic Fevers. They are less frequent in their recurrence, and less destructive than they formerly were. The formation of Fever Hospitals has disarmed them of half their danger, and the establishment of more judicious means of treatment, has greatly diminished the degree of mortality to which they gave occasion. Although, therefore, the most sanguine estimate of the future improvement in the condition of the human species, holds out no rational expectation that similar periods of suffering and calamity may not recur, yet, we are permitted by what we now experience to anticipate, that no occurrence of this nature can ever occasion such devastations, as have been witnessed by former generations; and that in

the physical, not less than in the political and moral condition of man, a brighter period is approaching, than has ever beamed on the human race.

Art. VIII. *Considerations addressed to the Eclectic Reviewer, in Defence of those who maintain that Baptism should precede Communion.* By Joseph Kinghorn. 8vo. Norwich. 1825.

(Concluded from page 446.)

ONE of the most remarkable features in Mr. Kinghorn's defence of the practice of strict communion is, his perpetual appeal to the authority of pædobaptist writers. There may be some little controversial dexterity displayed in his use of the *argumentum ad hominem*; but when the matter comes to be sifted, his cause will not appear to have gained much by his citations. The following sentences are prefixed to the title-pages of his 'Defence in answer to Hall,' and the pamphlet before us.

"Among all the absurdities that ever were held, none ever maintained *that*; that any person should partake of the communion before he was baptized." Wall.—History of Infant Baptism.

"What man dare go in a way which hath neither precept nor example to warrant it, from a way that hath the full current of both? Yet, they that will admit members into the visible church without baptism, do so." Richard Baxter.

No one will suppose that the authority of either the learned Episcopalian, or the venerable Nonconformist, has the smallest weight with Mr. Kinghorn, on the subject of Baptism. Their views of the ordinance are altogether opposed to his own. He would deny their premises, while he seeks to avail himself of the conclusion they drew from them. As he has not deemed it necessary to state in what part of Dr. Wall's History, the first of these passages occurs, we are unable, without losing more time than we have to spare, to verify the citation, and examine the context. We readily admit, however, that a host of learned Episcopalian authorities might be cited to shew the absurdity of admitting any unbaptized person to partake of the Lord's Supper. 'The grace which we have by the holy Eucharist,' says Hooker, 'doth not begin, but continue life. No man, therefore, receiveth this sacrament before Baptism, because no dead thing is capable of nourishment: that which groweth, must of necessity first live. And it may be that the grace of Baptism would serve to eternal life, were it not that the state of our spiritual being is daily so much hin-

dered and impaired after Baptism.* Now, if outward Baptism be, as this 'judicious' Apologist for the Church of England maintains, 'a necessary outward mean to our regeneration,' 'the instrument or mean whereby we receive grace,' 'the door of our actual entrance into God's house, the first apparent beginning of life,' so that, 'according to the manifest ordinary course of Divine dispensations, we are not newborn, but by that Baptism which both declareth and maketh us Christians,' and the Church which withholdeth the ordinance from infants, incurs the 'guiltiness of blood,' and, 'as much as in her lieth, wilfully casteth away their souls;'—if it be in Baptism that we are made members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven; who does not see that the Reverend Messrs. Wall and Kinghorn are right? What could be a greater absurdity, than that persons unregenerated, unchristianised by Baptism, dead, graceless souls, should partake of the Lord's Supper? The Church of England consistently excludes such persons, together with the excommunicated and felons *de se*, from the rites of sepulture.

Richard Baxter assuredly held no such Popish views of Baptism. On the contrary, in his Christian Directory, he only contends, that unbaptized persons 'ordinarily are not to be admitted to the rights and communion of the visible church, because we must know *Christ's sheep by his own mark*.' But is Mr. Kinghorn prepared to adopt either this limitation or the reasoning? Will he say that his pædobaptist brethren want the distinguishing mark of Christianity, so that he cannot know them to be Christ's? That Baptism is that mark? One of the champions of strict communion in John Bunyan's time, did not go quite so far as this, when he styled Baptism Christ's livery, by which his servants might be known. 'What,' replies that admirable man: 'known by water-baptism to be one that hath put on Christ, as a gentleman's man is known to be his master's servant, by the gay garment his master gave him? Away, fond man, you do quite forget the text: *By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another*.'

Baxter, it will have been seen, is extremely guarded, and hesitates to deny that cases might occur in which unbaptized persons should be admitted to communion. He admits that they have a remote and incomplete *jus ad rem*, though no *jus in re*. In fact, though, at that time of day, the terms of Christian communion were far from being clearly defined or

* Excel. Pol. B. v. § 67.

understood, he shrinks from the conclusion that Mr. Kinghorn so fondly cherishes. Nay more, he is careful to explain to what sort of persons he refers as ordinarily inadmissible. 'As those that are married, but not by legal celebration, and as those that in cases of necessity are ministers without ordination, so are such Christians as Constantine and many of old, without baptism.*' Constantine, to say nothing of his very equivocal character in other respects, purposely deferred his baptism, under the idea that whenever he submitted to this regenerating process, it would absolve him from all his previous sins. Such Christians, and many of old like him, we, who are not advocates for strict communion, but merely for Christian discipline, should assuredly judge to be ordinarily unfit to be admitted to the rights and communion of the visible church. We are indebted to Mr. Kinghorn for pointing out more than one proof of Baxter's catholicism. Although, in his 'Plain Scripture Proof of Infant's Church Membership,' he represents the Anabaptists as playing the Devil's part, acquitting them, however, of malicious intention, still, in his Directory, to the question, 'May Anabaptists, that have no other error, be permitted in church communion?' he replies: 'Yes, and be tolerated in their own practice also.†' 'This,' remarks Mr. Kinghorn, 'seems the full stretch of charity then.' We know not how charity could stretch much further. It has assuredly shrunk since then, in certain communities. With the views he held of the sentiments of his opponents, (and his language shows that he did not consider them as less erroneous, or their error as less serious, than the opinions of pædobaptists are deemed by Mr. Kinghorn,) what more could Baxter have conceded, than that they ought still to be recognised as brethren, and allowed the utmost liberty of conscience?

With regard to Mr. Kinghorn's other pædobaptist authorities, so far from proving, as he imagines, that their opinion is, in its principle, the same with that which is embraced by 'the strict Baptists,' they prove just the reverse; that, if there was any coincidence of practice, there was none of principle, since they attributed to Baptism a character and an efficacy which no Baptist can ascribe to the rite, considering it as analogous to circumcision, and arguing on that hypothesis. That Baptism is an initiatory rite, all persons must admit. That the conscientious and so far involuntary omission

* See the passage cited in Mr. Kinghorn's 'Baptism a Term of Communion,' p. 157.

† Ibid. p. 72.

of that rite excludes from church-membership, or disqualifies for participation of the Lord's Supper, is neither maintained by Mr. Kinghorn's authorities in words, nor does it follow as a necessary consequence from their positions. If any pædobaptists have maintained such an opinion, it has been as a deduction from premises which Mr. Kinghorn would deem erroneous, —from what he would regard as mistaken views of the ordinance itself; or otherwise from connecting perversity and moral delinquency with the wilful neglect of the rite.

But, if neither Mr. Kinghorn's episcopalian nor his dissenting authorities will bear him out in the practice of strict communion on his principles, since their reasons are not his reasons, and he is only building upon their errors, we suspect that he would be as little inclined to rest the defence of strict communion on the reasons which some of his own brethren have assigned for the practice. We have seen that Richard Baxter compares unbaptized church-members to unordained preachers, and married persons whose marriage has not been legally celebrated. The latter comparison is carried much further by a writer named Danvers, one of those who assailed the excellent John Bunyan with a coarseness and malignity which Mr. Kinghorn seems not to be aware that any strict-unionist had ever manifested. 'By that public declaration of consent,' (the baptismal vow and covenant,) says this Writer, 'is the marriage and solemn contract made betwixt Christ and a believer in baptism. And if it be preposterous and wicked for a man and woman to cohabit together and to enjoy the privileges of a married estate, without the passing of that legal solemnity; so, it is no less disorderly upon a spiritual account, for any to claim the privileges of a church, or be admitted to the same, till the passing of this solemnity to them!' These words, remarks good John Bunyan, 'are very black.' But he cites some still blacker, for these primitive and more consistent defenders of strict communion argued, that, as pædobaptists were not fitly qualified for church communion, so, their communion *among themselves* was unlawful and therefore unwarrantable: 'they are joined to idols, and ought not to be shewed the pattern of the house of God, until they be ashamed of their sprinkling in their infancy, and accept of and receive baptism.' Again, they argued, that as 'no uncircumcised person was to eat the passover,' so, the sign of baptism was not less required now, and for 'the like reason.' And one of them intimates, that 'a transgression against a positive precept respecting instituted worship, hath been punished with the utmost severity that God hath executed against men, on record, on this side hell.' It is

not quite clear, whether this charitable denunciation is levelled at pædobaptists or at those who admit them to communion. In precisely the same spirit, M'Lean asks: 'Was it not the transgression of a *positive* law which introduced sin and death into the world?' He too maintains, that Baptism is '*essentially necessary* to the visible communion of saints,' and he broadly intimates that the same law of exclusion applies to the incestuous person and the pædobaptist sinner*. Now, we have too high an opinion of Mr. Kinghorn to suppose, that he would either adopt such reasons as these, or justify the spirit and language of such advocates. But these are the genuine and original grounds of strict communion, and the practice can be consistently maintained on no other.

Our object in these citations has been, not merely to expose the fallacy of the appeal made to Episcopalian and other authorities, but to shew that the principle on which all communities have proceeded in enforcing their terms of communion, has been, that a spiritual incapacity or moral disqualification attached to those who were thereby excluded. Those whom the Church of Rome excludes from communion, she excludes from salvation also. Those whom the Church of England excludes, she excludes as unregenerate, and abandons, to use the words of Bishop Mant and others, 'to the uncovenanted mercies of God.' Those whom the strict-communion Baptists of other days excluded, they excluded as unfit for the communion of saints, not visible Christians, uncircumcised, idolatrous, transgressors of a positive precept, not legally married to Christ, not wearing his livery. All this sounds very intolerant, and yet, admitting only that these terms were properly applied, the common principle of exclusion is right. The Church of England does right to exclude the unregenerate, if she can; and the strict Baptist church does right to exclude all idolatrous or un-christian persons. Here is plainly a Scripture principle. The error lies simply in the misapplication of those terms to persons who are regenerate and are joined to Christ. If a Baptist church excludes a pædobaptist in the character of a moral delinquent, it acts consistently, for no bad man ought to be recognised as a Christian brother. Mr. Kinghorn's principle is the greatest innovation as well as the greatest inconsistency imaginable: he pleads for the privilege of excluding the vast majority of the pious and the regenerate from his communion, acknowledging them to be such, and bows them out of the church, with the softest words and most compli-

* Works, Vol. III. pp. 349, 50, 55.

mentary assurances : they have not a ticket, and he has not the honour to know them. And thus he would administer the awful penalty of excommunication with the grace of a Chesterfield.

What, let us be permitted to ask, has been in every age the professed design of all Christian communion, widely as that design has been departed from? To separate between believers and unbelievers, saints and the ungodly, the Church and the world. That this is the theory even of the Established Church, no one can doubt who attends to the provisions of her rubrica, and the total structure of her ritual. Still less can it be doubtful that this was the grand desideratum which it was one primary object of separate assemblies to realize. For this purpose, all the cautious discipline of Nonconformist churches was adopted,—their articles, confessions, covenants, letters of recommendation, &c. ;—unnecessarily minute or objectionably rigid as these might be, their design was, to ascertain the genuine piety of the candidate, and to secure from taint the purity of the society,—to keep out, in short, heretics and worldlings. This ancient land-mark, the principle of strict communion would supersede, and lay down a new boundary, that intersects the Church itself. It has built up a new wall of separation for the express purpose of excluding, together with heretics and wicked persons, the glorious company of ‘ unbaptized’ martyrs, confessors, reformers, and saints of every age, under the nice distinction of being ‘ not unworthy, but *only unqualified.*’ Like the old terms Jew and Gentile, this new classification into the baptized and unbaptized, levels every moral distinction before a ceremonial qualification, and teaches its abettors to confound, under the opprobrious designation of unbaptized persons, the saint and the sinner, the confessor and the heretic, the holy and the reprobate. Precisely the same language is applied to the pædobaptist as to the wilful despiser of the authority of God ; and to admit Baxter, or Watts, or Doddridge to the Lord’s table, would have been to be ‘ partaker of their sin.’ What, then, is the object of strict-communion Baptist churches? Mr. Kinghorn informs us : ‘ They consider themselves as having the honour of holding up to notice one neglected truth.’ Was such the object of the association of the primitive Christians? Did our forefathers separate from the Establishment for such a Quixotic purpose? ‘ What,’ indignantly exclaims Mr. Hall, ‘ is the consequence that must be expected from teaching an illiterate assembly, that the principal design of their union is to extend the practice of a particular ceremony?’ Mr. Kinghorn denies, in reply, that his words support the inference. ‘ If

'we are not,' he says, 'to state our sentiments without being exposed to such a charge as this, the next step will be that we must not state our opinions at all.' Far be it from us to hinder Mr. Kinghorn from stating his opinions; but he must submit to have their natural consequences pointed out. That he did not mean to affirm all that his words imply, we willingly believe; but this does not invalidate Mr. Hall's charge. And we must still think, that both his words and the whole tenor of his reasoning imply, that strict-communication churches have for their distinguishing object, the maintenance of a high spiritual prerogative,—not the exemplification of the Christian character, but the assertion of a particular tenet,—not the fellowship of saints, but the propagation of Baptism,—not a separation from the ungodly, but a separation from the unbaptized. Yet, this honour, for which Mr. Kinghorn would sacrifice the peace of the Church, has, like other honours, its draw-backs and inconveniences. When Mr. Hall calls upon his opponent to reflect on the enormous impropriety of investing—we will not repeat the offensive words, but say,—Abraham Booth or Dr. Gill 'with the prerogative of repelling from his communion a Howe, a Leighton, or a Brainerd, whom the Lord of Glory will welcome to his presence,'—he endeavours to evade the biting conclusion thus:

'Are they not to venture an opinion, or to act on their convictions in the presence or in opposition to the wishes of Howe, Leighton, and Brainerd? But even *these men*, with all their excellencies, *whatsoever they were*, would not have given the objects of Mr. Hall's scorn any trouble; for we know of no evidence that any of them adopted *his* sentiments, or ever thought either of receiving persons whom they declared not baptized, or of soliciting communion with any who would tell them their own baptism was a nullity.'

These '*men*,' these unbaptized men, these uncircumcised ones, might not have wished to give trouble to any Baptist society, especially to any that should have insulted them; but yet, they were meek, humble men, and, had they found themselves in circumstances which left them no alternative but either neglecting the celebration of the Lord's Supper, or soliciting communion with a church who would tell them their baptism was a nullity, we think we can answer for either the Apostolic Brainerd or the heavenly-minded Howe, that he might have done it. Nay, as nothing is more probable than that Howe or Brainerd might have been preaching to this very Baptist community, they might very innocently and naturally give 'the Baptist teacher' the opportunity of exercising his prerogative of holding up to notice one neglected truth, by repelling the

preacher from communion,—‘not as unworthy, but simply disqualified.’ Mr. Kinghorn knows that such cases have again and again occurred, when the disqualified preacher has, during the celebration of the Lord’s Supper, been obliged to take his station in the gallery. Why then does he disingenuously evade Mr. Hall’s appeal? What does it matter, as regards the propriety or correctness of the principle, whether such men as Howe or Leighton would have applied for communion or not? Is he ashamed of the consequences of his own positions, that he shrinks from meeting them? ‘The strict communionist,’ says one of kindred spirit to Brainerd, the estimable Mr. Ward of Serampore, ‘if he and another Baptist, and Doddridge, lived together in a country where there were no churches of Christ, ought, on his own principles, to shut out Doddridge from communion, though he could commemorate the Lord’s death no where else, and though Doddridge lived in a state of the highest communion with God, while these two Baptists, perhaps, were almost too loose to be retained in a Christian church.* This is Mr. Kinghorn’s principle; and he may indeed esteem himself happy that he is not called to act upon it, and may bless himself that he has no applications from such troublesome quarters; but still, this is the glorious prerogative for which he contends, the right of repelling the holiest and best of men from communion,—as *‘unqualified.’*

We have known some amiable and pious individuals of Mr. Kinghorn’s way of thinking, who have groaned under this revolting consequence of their unhappy prejudice; but they fancy they have no option in the business. There is a rule which they find in some part of ‘the Gospel according to Leviticus,’ which they take to be peremptory and absolute, that they must not join with a pædobaptist in commemorating the death of their Saviour. They secretly wish that the law were otherwise, or, as they will sometimes say, that they could see the matter of duty in a different light. Were they to follow the impulse of their kindest, holiest feelings, it would lead them to welcome to communion the men whom they repel. But a stern, positive mandate interposes to repress those feelings. Yet, if it is without a murmur, it is not without a pang, that they yield obedience to that imaginary law which divides what Christ has joined, and tears asunder the members of his mystical body. They may think it impious to speculate on the

* Stennett’s Memoirs of Ward, p. 191.

Reasons of the prohibition. It is their duty, they think, like Abraham, to seize the knife, and sacrifice their noblest sentiments by an act of implicit obedience. We honour their conscientiousness. But to such individuals we would say, Be sure that what you are obeying is a voice from Heaven. If the error be great, of acting, on the pretended guidance of the Spirit, in opposition to the word of God, there is also a danger of acting, on the supposed authority of Scripture, in opposition to the dictates of the Spirit. Can, then, that be a law of Christ, against which the best feelings of the heart rebel in the very act of obedience? Is there any thing like such a law in the whole code of Christian precept? What, with such saints of God must I not even eat at his Table? What can be in more direct contradiction to the Apostolic reasoning? "Forasmuch, then, as God gave them the like gift as he did unto us who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, what was I that I could withstand God?"

But says Mr. Kinghorn, 'If we ask for no more than that men come to Christ's terms, are *his* terms liable to this charge?' Assuredly not. Those who come not to Christ's terms, are not received by Christ; and if he rejects all pædobaptists, doubtless his ministers may. This is precisely what Mr. Hall maintains, that the terms of communion ought to correspond to those of salvation. But when Christ has evidently received an individual, and stamped the seal of the Spirit upon his character, we apprehend that that person must have come to Christ's terms,—to the terms of communion with Christ. Mr. Kinghorn asks for much more than this; but they are *his* terms, not his Master's. That "God hath received" the individual, forms no reason, in his view, that the Church should. 'When Christ made known his terms to his disciples,' he says, 'baptism was one: let it be shewn that this part of his appointment is abrogated.' This is specious enough, and has imposed upon many simple people. But what can be more unfair than the attempt to confound the abrogation of baptism as an institute, with the abrogation of baptism as a term of communion with Christ? When Christ required baptism as a term of receiving the Holy Spirit, well might the Church require it. When it was a term of salvation, that every one who believed should also be baptized, it was also a legitimate term of communion. But, as a condition of salvation, if it has not been formerly abrogated, it has undergone that silent repeal which has resulted from its being no longer the inseparable concomitant of true faith. It is no longer, even in the view of the strict-communionist, an indispensable mark or a necessary evidence of piety. What Christ

requires of all his followers is, obedience, nor does he receive those who refuse to obey him. If the unbaptized are still to be ranked among the disobedient whom Christ rejects, then Mr. Kinghorn's reasoning is good. If not, it is quite evident that, since the time at which Baptism was appointed, some change in the state of Christ's household has taken place, and that a want of light does not nullify the obedience of those who are thought to mistake the letter of one particular mandate. If *he* receives the unbaptized, Baptism, considered as a term of admission to his family, is so far abrogated. If he bestows equally his Divine favours on the baptized and the unbaptized, it is manifest that *his* terms are complied with. Were a paedobaptist to submit to immersion, he would perform no acceptable act, for it would not be, in him, an act of obedience or a reasonable service. As Bunyan judiciously argues, 'If it is not a person's light that giveth being to a precept; it is his light and faith respecting it, that can alone make him perform it acceptably.' The strict-communionist requires of him terms that it is morally impossible he should comply with, demanding a change of opinion as a test of allegiance; a change of opinion not in the slightest degree involving his religious character; and he endeavours to attach this arbitrary and intolerant requisition as a rider, if we may be allowed the expression, to a law of Christ. But when he says that he asks for no more than that men come to Christ's terms, he says what is manifestly untrue. They are terms of his own making; terms for which Scripture affords not the shadow of support. That there is no direction in the word of God that the unbaptized should not partake of the Lord's Supper, Mr. Kinghorn is obliged to concede; and his only reply is the dogmatic assertion, 'None were necessary: our rule is the direction that is given.' But the direction that is given, is, to *receive those whom Christ has received*, and his palpable violation of this rule rests wholly on the assumption that the unbaptized are excepted. The exception is wholly a gratuitous one, a human exception attached to a Divine rule, and requiring Inspiration to make it valid or binding. This is indeed assuming something beyond a dispensing power; for, as good John Bunyan says, it is 'to be wise above what is written, contrary to God's word and our own principles.' Mr. Kinghorn asks: 'When that term which Christ devised, became a term which *we* devised?' We will tell him. As soon as it ceased to be a term of spiritual communion with Christ,—as soon as the exacting of it became inconsistent with Christ's own rule, to receive those whom he has received, and fell under the condemnation attached to dividing the body of Christ, and 'withstanding God.'

This is the sum of the argument. Mr. Kinghorn asks, whether, 'on cool, deliberate reflection, the Eclectic Reviewer 'thinks the *cases* are the same,'—the case of the primitive Christians to whom the rule was first given, and the case of the Baptists. We will answer by another question: Does he suppose that general rules are limited to specific cases; or that an inspired direction was given without regard to the future circumstances of the Church, which, it was foreseen, would occur? Does the validity of the reason, 'God hath received him,' rest on the circumstances of the case? 'God hath received him, Christ hath received him,' says Bunyan; 'therefore do you receive him. There is more solidity in this argument than if all the churches of God had received him. This receiving then, because it is set an example to the Church, is such as must needs be visible to them, and is best described by that word which discovereth the visible saint. Whoso, therefore, you can by the word judge (to be) a visible saint, one that walketh with God, you may judge by the self-same word that God hath received him. Now him that God receiveth and holdeth communion with, him you should receive and hold communion with. Will any say, we cannot believe that God hath received any but such as are baptized? I will not suppose a brother so stupified, and therefore to that I will not answer. "*Receive him to the glory of God.*" This is put in on purpose to shew what dishonour they bring to God, who despise to have communion with them who yet, they know, have communion with God.'

Again, under his tenth reason, Bunyan adds: 'Bear with one word further. What greater contempt can be thrown upon the saints, than for their brethren to cast them off or debar them from Church-communion? Think you not that the world may have ground to say, Some great iniquity lies hid in the skirts of your brethren, when in truth the transgression is yet your own? But I say, what can the Church do more to the sinners or openly profane? Civil commerce you will have with the worst, and what more have you with these? Perhaps you will say, we can preach and pray with these, and hold them Christians, saints, and godly. Well; but let me ask you one word further: Do you believe that, of very conscience, they cannot consent, as you, to that of water-baptism, and that, if they had light therein, they would as willingly do it as you? Why then, as I have shewed you, our refusal to hold communion with them is without a ground from the word of God. But can you commit your soul to their ministry, and join with them in prayer, and yet not count them meet for other Gospel privileges? I would know

by what Scripture you do it. Perhaps you will say, I commit not my soul to their ministry, only hear them occasionally for trial. If this be all the respect thou hast for them and their ministry, thou mayst have as much for the worst man living. But, if thou canst hear them as God's ministers, and sit under their ministry as God's ordinance; then, shew me where God hath such a Gospel ministry, as that the persons ministering may not, though desiring, be admitted with you to the closest communion of saints. Where do you find this piece-meal communion with men that profess faith and holiness as you, and separation from the world?

If you object that my principles lead me to have communion with all, I answer, With all as afore described, if they will have communion with me. *Object.* Then you may have communion with the members of antichrist. *Ans.* If there be a visible saint yet remaining in that church, let him come to us, and we will have communion with him.

His fifth reason for his practice, this admirable man states to be, 'Because a failure in such a circumstance as water, doth not unchristian us. This must needs be granted, for that thousands of thousands that could not consent thereto as we have, more gloriously than we are like to do, acquitted themselves and their Christianity before men, and are now with the innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. What is said of eating or the contrary, may, as to this, be said of water-baptism: Neither, if I be baptised, am I the better, neither, if I be not, am I the worse;—not the better before God, not the worse before men; still meaning, as Paul doth, provided I walk according to my light with God. Otherwise it is false; for if a man that seeth it to be his duty, shall despisingly neglect it, or if he that hath no faith therein shall foolishly take it up, both these are for this the worse, being convicted in themselves for transgressors. He, therefore, that doth it according to his light, doth well; and he that doth it not, or dares not do it, for want of light, doth not ill; for he approveth his heart to be sincere with God; he dares not do any thing but by light in the word. If, therefore, he be not by grace a partaker of light in that circumstance which thou professest, yet, he is a partaker of that liberty and mercy by which thou standest. He hath liberty to call God father, as thou, and to believe he shall be saved by Jesus; his faith, as thine, has purified his heart; he is tender of the glory of God as thou art, and can claim by grace an interest in heaven, which thou must not do because of water. Ye are both then Christians before God and men without it. He that

‘can, let him preach to himself by that: he that cannot, let him preach to himself by the promises. But yet, let us rejoice in God together; let us exalt his name together.’.....
 ‘The best of baptisms he hath: he is baptized by that one spirit. He hath the heart of water-baptism; he wanteth only the outward shew, which, if he had it, would not prove him a truly visible saint; it would not tell me he had grace in his heart. It is no characteristical note to another, of my sonship with God. Indeed, it is a sign to the person baptized, and a help to his own faith; he should know by that circumstance that he hath received remission of sins, if his faith be as true as his being baptized is felt by him. But if, for want of light, he partake not of that sign, his faith can see it in other things, exceeding great and precious promises. Yea, as I have hinted already, if he appear not a brother before, he appeareth not a brother by that. And those that shall content themselves to make that the note of visible church-membership, I doubt, make things not much better, the note of their sonship with God.’*

These were the clear, solid, Scriptural sentiments which drew down upon the head of Bunyan, the coarse and splenetic reviling of the strict-unionists of that day. These are what Mr. Kinghorn calls ‘practically undermining the authority of Baptism.’ We have said that the spirit of the cause is, in the many, both an intolerant and a malignant spirit, and that the Baptist churches that have dared to act on the principle of Christian communion, have been in particular the objects of this malignity. ‘This,’ replies Mr. Kinghorn, ‘is an accusation I never heard before, and it is of so serious a nature, that it requires better evidence than the mere opinion of the Eclectic Reviewer.’ He shall have it.

‘Be intreated to believe me,’ courteous reader,’ says Bunyan, ‘I had not set pen to paper about this controversy, had we been let alone at quiet in our Christian communion. But, being assaulted for more than sixteen years, wherein the brethren of the baptized way (as they had their opportunity) have sought to break us in pieces, merely because we are not in their way all baptized first; I could not, I durst not forbear to do a little, if it might be, to settle the brethren, and to arm them against the attempts which also of late they begin to revive upon us. That I deny the ordinance of baptism, or that I have placed one piece of an argument against it,

* Bunyan’s Works, vol. i. pp. 68—73.

(though they feign it,) is quite without colour of truth. All I say is, that the Church of Christ hath not warrant to keep out of its communion, the Christian that is discovered to be a visible saint by the word, the Christian that walketh according to his light with God. I will not make reflections upon those unhandsome brands that my brethren have laid upon me for this, as, that I am a *machivilian*, a *man devilish*, *proud*, *insolent*, *presumptuous*, and the like; neither will I say, as they, "the Lord rebuke thee;" words fitter to be spoke to the devil than a brother. What Mr. Kiffin hath done in the matter I forgive, and love him never the worse, but must stand by my principles, because they are peaceable, godly; profitable, and such as tend to the edification of my brother, and, as I believe, will be justified in the day of judgement.'

It is indeed, not a little amusing to find the Paul's and Danvers's and Denn's of those times, telling the Author of the Pilgrim's Progress, the man of the greatest genius that the English Baptists have the honour of ranking in their number, that he would not have meddled with the controversy at all, had he found 'any of *parts* that would divert themselves to take notice of' him. These illustrious persons stigmatise honest John as 'a person of *that* rank that need not to be heeded or attended to.' 'Why is my rank so mean,' he replies, 'that the most gracious and godly among you may not duly and soberly consider of what I have said? Was it not the art of the false apostles of old to say thus,—to bespatter a man that his doctrine might be disregarded? *Is not this the carpenter's son?* and, *His bodily presence is weak and contemptible*, did not use to be in the mouths of the saints.' Some of these worthy strict-communionists, we find, compared him to the devil, others to a bedlam, others to a sot and the like, for his 'seeking peace and truth among the godly.' Two of them, however, it seems, gave pretty good evidence that strict communion and strict moral conduct are not always united; 'the one' (Mr. Lamb) 'having given his profession the lie, and for the other, perhaps they that know his life will see little of conscience in the whole of his religion.' 'This I thank God for,' adds Bunyan in conclusion, 'that some of the brethren of this way are of late more moderate than formerly, and that those that retain their former sourness still, are left by their brethren to the vinegar of their own spirits; their brethren ingenuously confessing, that, could these of their company bear it, they have liberty in their own souls to communicate with saints as saints, though they differ about water-baptism. Well, God banish bitterness out of the

although, on his reasoning, it must be a pre-requisite to public worship and every part of moral obedience. For thus sagaciously he argues :

• The Supreme Lawgiver has expressly enjoined—first, to make disciples—then, immediately to baptize the disciples—lastly to teach the baptized disciples to observe, keep, or obey his laws or institutions. It must be admitted, that church-fellowship and the Lord's Supper fall under the last head ; and if so, then, according to the order of the commission, men can no more be admitted to church-fellowship or the Lord's Supper before baptism, than they can be admitted to baptism before they are made disciples.

But unfortunately, there is nothing about admitting to church-fellowship in the passage, and the substitution of those words in the place of *teaching them to observe*, savours more of legerdemain than of logic. Mr. M'Lean's argument is, that the order of the words shews, that persons must be baptized before they are taught to observe what Christ has commanded. Then it is wrong, it seems, to teach the unbaptized to obey the commands of Christ. What must it be, to sanction unbaptized teachers ? But *some* things must be taught to the unbaptized, in order to make them disciples at all ; and a person who had not been taught to observe, or who had not observed, some of the ' all things ' which are commanded, would not be thought a proper subject for Christian baptism. By what means are we to gather from the order of the words, how much or how little it is allowable to teach the unbaptized to observe. May he be taught to observe the positive ordinance of Christian worship ? We doubt much whether the Apostles ever inculcated that ordinance on the unbaptized, or taught it as a duty detached from the observance of the Supper. There is every reason to believe, that the Supper constantly formed a part of their religious observances on the Sabbath ; and that any were admitted to join with them in other parts of Christian worship, who were excluded from this, is a position wholly gratuitous. Those who will not allow that any departure, in circumstantial, from the primitive practice, is both necessitated and warranted by the alterations in the circumstances of society, will have to tread back their steps further than they may be aware of. But, waiving this point, we repeat the inquiry, what do ' the all things ' consist of which are to be taught exclusively to the baptized ? As far as we can understand the expositors referred to, the ' all things ' is a figure of speech, meaning *one thing*, for the unbaptized may be taught to observe all things but one. This one thing is the Lord's Supper ; and when we ask for the proof of this exception, we are told, that it ' falls under the ' head ' of the—all things. Exquisite demonstration !

‘ Behold, therefore, gentle reader,’ says Bunyan in disposing of this palmary argument of his strict-communion brethren; ‘ the ground on which these brethren lay the stress of their separation from their fellows, is nothing else but “ a supposition,” without warrant, skewed out of this blessed word of God. ‘ Strongly supposed !’ But may it not be as strongly supposed, that the presence and blessing of the Lord Jesus with his ministers is laid upon the same ground also ? For thus he concludes the text, “ And lo ! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” But would, I say, any man from these words conclude, that Christ Jesus hath here promised his presence only to them that, after discipling, baptize those that are so made ; and that they that do not baptize, shall neither have his presence nor his blessing ? I say again, should any so conclude hence, would not all experience prove him void of truth ? The words, therefore, must be left by you as you found them : they favour not at all your groundless supposition.’

The other thirteen arguments have been partly noticed in the course of our remarks, and we have no room to particularize, nor do we feel it necessary to refute them. But we cannot take leave of the subject, without adverting to what Mr. Kinghorn is pleased to term ‘ the grand practical argument for mixed communion—*expediency*.’ Our readers will judge how far either Bunyan, or Mr. Hall, or the Eclectic Reviewer makes expediency the ground of the argument. Mr. Kinghorn, however, describes certain cases, in which he fears that expediency would be a dangerous counsellor,—although, as we shall see, he has no objection to enlist expediency on his own side when he can. His first case is that of a pædobaptist, residing in a place where there is a Baptist church, and not one of his own denomination : ‘ it is to him so *expedient* to be admitted to their communion, that he sometimes is tempted to try whether he cannot gain their consent.’ What he ought to do in such a case,—whether live contentedly in the neglect of Christ’s ordinance, or endeavour to form a separate church, or remove from the place, or ‘ go to the Establishment,’—Mr. Kinghorn does not inform us. How far such an individual so applying, from a sense of duty, to a community who would tell him that his baptism was a nullity, can be with propriety represented as acting on the principle of expediency, we submit to his ‘ cool, deliberate judgement.’* The next case is, where

* A case of this kind was submitted to the late Dr. Gill by a church in Buckinghamshire, the strict-communion party being confi-

the opinion of different parts of a family may be divided. 'It would be so desirable to keep them together, if it can be done, that for this purpose mixed communion would be very *expedient*.' In relation to this point, we will not appeal to Mr. Kinghorn, but to Christian fathers and Christian husbands, whether *expediency* is precisely the word that they think ought to be applied to the desire of a Christian family to unite in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Whence comes this ruthless system which would pour contempt on the best affections of our nature, in their holiest exercise, and term the union of husband and wife, parent and child, in the most solemn office of Christian devotion, a matter of expediency? Possibly, Mr. Kinghorn may think, that if a Baptist should commit the sin of marrying a pædobaptist, he ought to bear the punishment which the strict-communion law inflicts upon him. But what if one of the parties should have received light in this matter after Baptism: must he be punished for becoming a Baptist? Since Mr. K. supposes a case, we will put a real one,—that of a pædobaptist husband debarred, during the latter years of his life, from accompanying his aged companion to the Lord's Table, by which the feelings of both were alike outraged. On the same church devolved the honour and duty of announcing to a most respectable Baptist gentleman and his lady, that their daughters, members of a pædobaptist church, could not be admitted with their parents. Expediency or in-expediency in cases like these, is not a consideration that we should feel inclined to insist upon, but the palpable impropriety of the proceeding, and the infinitely strong presumption it affords, that the hypothesis in which such regulations originate, cannot be a law of Christ.

On the other hand, it is our firm persuasion, that the grand argument for strict-communion, in the view of the majority of its abettors, is expediency, and expediency only. In Mr. Kinghorn's reply to Mr. Hall, he tells us (in the preface), that he does not intend to rest the argument on expediency, but he endeavours, nevertheless, to avail himself of this argument. 'The eminent John Bunyan,' he says, 'who zealously advocated the cause of mixed communion, seems to have had no great success in promoting *the interests of the Baptists*.' What,

dent that the decision of the learned umpire would be in their favour; but when the Dr. was told that the pædobaptists could not communicate with any other church, he, without hesitation, gave his opinion in favour of mixed communion, as a matter not of expediency, but of bounden duty.

then, are *the interests* of the Baptists? Are they those of a party, or those of Truth and Godliness? That the treatment Bunyan met with, did not promote the interests of the Baptists, we can readily imagine; and the interests of the Baptists have been not a little injured in more recent times by a similar spirit. Mr. Kinghorn does not see it in this light. He trembles for the existence of the Baptist denomination, should mixed communion prevail. We have not the slightest doubt that, if he could be brought round to the views of Mr. Hall and Dr. Ryland on *this* point, and believe with them that the sentiments of the Baptists require but the removal of this obstacle, to extend themselves indefinitely, he would soon see the whole subject in a new light. But, however this may be, we know that this is the case with many. There is a large proportion of persons in strict-communion churches, whose objection relates not to admitting pædobaptists to communion, but to church-membership. What, they say, if the pædobaptists should become a majority? These good people do not comprehend very distinctly the logic about our Lord's commission, but they can understand the expediency of keeping their church to themselves, and not letting pædobaptists have votes in their societies. An instance came to our knowledge very recently, in which this argument wrought so powerfully on the female part of the society, that it was notoriously the ground on which they attended in a body, according to a pre-concerted plan, to out-number the majority of the male members, who, with the pastor at their head, wished to adopt the Scriptural principle of Christian communion. It is but fair to mention, however, that some of them were told by a worthy deacon, that if pædobaptists were admitted to the Church, Socinians and Antinomians might follow.

Mr. Kinghorn, however, will agree with us, that the simple question to be determined is, What is the law of Christ? and that being ascertained, it is the duty as well of churches as of individuals to adhere to it at the hazard of any apprehended consequences. If it be against his will, and in opposition to his directions, that we reject those whom he has received, then, to persist in so doing in order to promote the interests of the Baptists, is but doing evil that good may come. The cause of God and truth stands in no need of a narrow, jealous, sectarian policy, nor can it be served by it. And as for the Baptist interest, may we be allowed to say, that its perpetuity and prosperity will, under God, depend far less on the zeal with which the churches contend for the honour of holding up to view one neglected truth, than on the fidelity with which they adhere to the whole of the Christian system; that they

are in far more danger from the Antinomian leaven, than from any possible consequences of mixed communion; and that every legitimate interest of the denomination has been far more effectively served by the holy examples and apostolic labours of its Pearces and Fullers, Wards and Careys, Stennetts and Fawcetts, than by all the angry discussions which have taken place on the subject of Baptism.

Art. IX. *Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations.* By John Howison, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's Service, and Author of *Sketches of Upper Canada*. 2 vols. post 8vo. Price 15s. Edinburgh, 1825.

THE former occasion on which Mr. Howison was presented to us, was in the year 1821, on his return from Upper Canada.* Since then, he has been passing part of his 'life at Sea,' and has visited the Island of Cuba, New Providence, and the Deckan. We frankly confess that he appears to us improved by his travels, and he has furnished us with two very entertaining volumes of light reading, containing much picturesque description and desultory information connected with foreign scenes and foreign manners.

At the present moment, when the political destiny of Cuba is a subject of so much anxious speculation, the most interesting article in the Contents will be, 'The City of Havana.' Humboldt, who visited the island in 1800, remarks, that 'notwithstanding the increase of the black population, we seem to be nearer Cadiz and the United States of North America at Caracas and the Havanna, than in any other part of the New World,' and that 'in no other part of Spanish America, had civilization assumed a more European physiognomy.† The port has been considered as the principal maritime key of the West Indies; it is at least the key of the Gulf of Mexico, and of all the maritime frontier of the United States. The occupation of this Island concerns almost equally the North American, Mexican, Guatemalan, and Colombian Republics, and the British Empire. 'Some of our highest interests, political and commercial,' remarks Mr. Poinsett in his *Notes on Mexico*, 'are involved in its fate.' Long have his countrymen jealously watched the proceedings of the British Cabinet in reference to this coveted possession. The following lan-

* Eclect. Rev. N.S. vol. xviii. p. 352. † Pers. Narr. vol. iii. p. 472.

guage was held on this subject five or six years ago by Mr. Robinson, late American consul at Caracas.

‘ Should Great Britain gain possession of the island of Cuba, it would, no doubt, be in her power to retain it for a long time ; and, by the establishment of extensive arsenals at the port of Havana, she would, likewise, be able to keep there an immense fleet ; so that, in the event of a war with the United States, the vast commerce of the river Mississippi, and that of all the Mexican Gulf, would be seriously annoyed, and, perhaps, entirely suspended. All this we admit ; but, nevertheless, we do not hesitate to predict, that in less than half a century hence, when the United States shall have a population exceeding *forty millions*, and a naval force, such as the extent of their maritime resources will then enable them to maintain, the island of Cuba, as well as all the Antilles, and the commerce of the Mexican Gulf, will be under the control of the republic. This idea does not spring from any ill-will towards other nations, but is merely a hint to the governments of the Old World, that their establishments in the New are limited to a short duration ; and that every new attempt, whether on the part of Great Britain or any other nation, to oppose the natural and inevitable progress of the United States, by planting *rival posts*, either on the continent or islands adjacent, will only tend to an earlier development of our resources ; and, consequently, accelerate the epoch, when the power of our republic will be felt and acknowledged over the western hemisphere.

‘ East and West Florida must be incorporated in our federative states, either by *treaty* or *conquest*. We have already experienced the fatal consequences of permitting that section of the continent to be held by nations hostile to our interests, and jealous of our prosperity. Our citizens on the frontiers of Georgia and Louisiana, must no longer be exposed to invasion and massacre, in consequence of the impotence and dispositions of a neutral power in the Floridas. The security of the vast commerce of the Mississippi, and the prosperity of our great western states, must not be jeopardized by allowing any foreign nation to possess the important maritime keys of East and West Florida.

‘ If Great Britain should hoist her royal banners at Havana, and make it the depôt of her navy, and the Gibraltar of the West Indies, we must then make *Pensacola* and *Espiritu Santo* our two great southern arsenals ; and if we are to become rivals for supremacy on the western shores of the Atlantic, then be it so.

‘ Before we close our remarks on this important subject, we deem it necessary to say a few words on the probability that Cuba will not remain long under any foreign flag, but will become an independent power, under the protection of the United States. We know that this is the *wish*, and we are likewise certain it is the *interest* of the people of that island. It has not escaped the penetration of all the enlightened inhabitants of Cuba, that Spain cannot protect them during war ; and, consequently, they know that every war in which she may in future be engaged, exposes them, not only to have their

commerce destroyed, but to invasion and conquest. Under these circumstances, independent of all political enmity to the government of Spain, the inhabitants of Cuba have no common interests with her. The products of the island are valuable, in proportion as they can, without restriction, be sent to every part of the world ; and the articles necessary for the subsistence and comfort of the inhabitants cannot be supplied from Spain, and therefore must be furnished by other nations.

‘ The city of Havana and its environs, at this day, consume more flour and provisions of the growth of the United States, than Jamaica, or any other island in the West Indies. *One hundred and twenty thousand barrels of flour, besides an immense quantity of other provisions,* are now annually carried to Havana from the United States.

‘ The enormous influx of negroes into the island of Cuba, within the last few years, and the inattention of the planters to the culture of provisions, have rendered the island completely dependent on foreign supplies, for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Suspend all commerce with Havana, by a strict blockade of its port, for only four or five months, and the city, with all its famous fortifications, would be compelled to surrender, without firing a gun.

‘ The United States at present have a greater tonnage employed in the trade to the island of Cuba, than to all the rest of the West India islands. From our proximity, as well as the enterprise of our citizens, and more especially from our being the great source from whence must be derived flour and other provisions, we must always enjoy a considerable portion of its commerce. If it become independent, we shall be perfectly satisfied with such portion of the trade as will fall to our lot, from the circumstances just suggested ; and we shall feel pleasure in beholding the island in the enjoyment of an intercourse with all nations, giving to none any exclusive privileges.’

Robinson's Memoirs, Vol. II. pp. 297—301.

The same jealousy of this country, but tempered by more gentlemanly feeling and a less pugnacious spirit, is discovered by Mr Pousett.

‘ The size, the wealth, the population, and especially the position of this Island, render it an object of great political importance. The Europeans, and most of the Creoles, who possess large estates, are disposed to adhere to the mother country, under all circumstances : some of the Creoles, on the contrary, are disposed to shake off the yoke of Spain, lightly as it bears upon them, and to declare Cuba an independent government. The dread of the slave population and of the lower class of whites in the cities, will probably constrain them to be tranquil. What part they may take, in the event of an attack being made upon the Island by the free government of Mexico or Colombia, it is difficult to say. It is probable, that some effort will be made by those countries, to revolutionize or to reduce the Island. For so long as Spain holds Cuba, Puerto Rico, the coast of the main, and of the Gulf of Mexico, are open to her fleets and armies. It is probable, however, that the course pursued by Colombia, with regard to their slave population, will prevent the Creoles of

Cuba from listening to any proposals from that quarter. This is a subject highly important to our Southern Atlantic States, and I am glad to find, that every precaution will be used to prevent the black population from gaining an ascendancy in this Island.

‘What, however, I dread still more, and what in my opinion would be much more detrimental to our interests, is the occupation of this island by a great maritime power. Such an event would not only deprive us of this extensive and profitable branch of commerce, but, in case of war with that nation, (an event which would probably be hastened by our proximity,) would give her a military position, from whence she might annihilate all our commerce in these seas—might invade our defenceless southern maritime frontier, whenever she thought proper—and might effectually blockade all the ports, and shut up the outlets of our great western waters.’

This gentleman gives his opinion too, that the Americans ‘ought to be satisfied that it should remain dependent on Spain, or, in good time, be entirely independent.’ But he subsequently gives pretty good reason why it should not be left in the nominal possession of the Spanish Government.

‘I cannot take leave of Cuba, without adverting to the scandalous system of piracy, organized by the lawless banditti of Havana and Regla, and countenanced and protected by the subaltern authorities of the Island.

‘The pirates are so numerous and daring, and their leaders have acquired so much wealth by plunder, that the timid are awed, and the corrupt are bribed to pass unnoticed their frequent and flagrant violations of the laws.

‘From Regla, vessels proceed on piratical cruises, and return openly. The plundered goods are stored and sold with scarcely a decent attempt to conceal the manner in which they were acquired. Persons well known in Havana, have proposed to the owners of fast-sailing American vessels to purchase them, avowing their intention to convert them into cruisers. Attempts have been made to cut such vessels out of the harbour, and to obtain forcible possession of them. Articles plundered on the high seas, have been publicly exposed for sale in the city, and when identified as such, persons have been brought to swear that they were their property, and brought by them from other parts of the Island. These men care not to elude detection, for they are sure to escape punishment, or even the restitution of their plunder. Although I believe that the subaltern magistrates alone profit by the sale of temporal indulgencies, and by conniving at this system of villany, still, the higher authorities of the Island are not free from censure.

‘When the British squadron arrived here, with an order from the Spanish government to the captain-general, directing him to co-operate with the commander in suppressing piracy, that officer refused to do so, and declared that he had no disposeable force. At that moment there were nearly five thousand men in Havana, and a

fleet lying in the harbour, of three corvettes, of twenty-six guns each, a brig of war, and four schooners. This fleet has never been sent against the pirates, and it is worthy of remark, that in no instance has a vessel under the Spanish flag been plundered by them.

‘ I hazard nothing in asserting, that piracy will not be completely put a stop to, until the public authorities of Cuba and Puerto Rico are compelled to expel from their territory, all who are known to be engaged either in fitting out licensed or unlicensed piratical vessels, or in receiving and selling goods plundered on the high seas. All the great commercial nations of the world, ought to unite to induce or to compel Spain to adopt some such measure. If that nation does not possess the power of carrying it into effect, the United States ought to lend the necessary aid to insure its execution.

Mr. Howison does not enter into these political speculations, but, in approaching the Havana, occupies himself with his pencil.

‘ On rounding the Morro castle, and entering the harbour, an interesting scene presents itself. In front, one sees a forest of masts, surmounted with the flags of all nations, and vessels of every description, from the ship of war to the coasting-sloop, lie at anchor around him. On one side, a high ridge of rocks, crowned with formidable batteries, extends along the water's edge ; and on the other are clusters of houses fancifully painted and adorned with verandas, terraces, and balconies, where groupes of Spanish ladies sit enjoying the sea-breeze, and slaves stroll idly, awaiting their master's call. A little way off, the antique towers of a convent rise with sober majesty, and, in the distance, spires of various architecture project into the clear balmy atmosphere above, while the deep tolling of their bells comes upon the ear with varying loudness. Small boats with painted awnings glide about in every direction, conveying people to and from the different vessels ; and the snatches of barbarous Spanish which reach the ear as they pass and repass, forcibly remind the stranger that he is in a foreign land.’

The wharfs at Havana are very extensive and commodious, and are always thronged with people. ‘ I have never seen so much shipping,’ says Mr. Poinsett, ‘ and such an appearance of business in any port of the United States, except New York ; and there it is not, as here, concentrated in one spot. The heat of the sun reflected from the harbour, the hubbub that prevails, and the frightful black figures that create it, give the scene no very pleasing character. The streets of the city are narrow and, in the rainy season, excessively dirty, — the narrowest and dirtiest,’ says the American Traveller, ‘ in Christendom. In some of the towns of Asia, I have seen the streets of a whole town as narrow, as filthy, and as badly paved ; and some few streets in Lisbon and in the towns of

' the south of Europe, are *almost equal* to those of Havana.' The houses never exceed two stories, and are usually painted blue, or some other bright colour; and no public buildings meet the eye of a stranger, except the governor's palace and the churches, none of which have any exterior regularity or beauty of architecture. The interior of several of them, however, is sufficiently grand and imposing. The most magnificent, in point of furniture and decoration, is that of San Domingo; but the noble dimensions, double range of Gothic arches, and lofty roof give to the church of San Francisco a more impressive effect. The number of priests in Havana exceeds four hundred. ' With a few exceptions,' says Mr. Howison, ' they neither deserve nor enjoy the respect of the community.'

' However, no one dares openly to speak against them. In Havana, the church is nearly omnipotent, and every man feels himself under its immediate jurisdiction. Most people, therefore, attend mass regularly, make confession, uncover when passing a religious establishment of any kind, and stand still in the streets, or stop their *volantos* the moment the vesper bell begins ringing; but they go no further; and the priests do not seem at all anxious that the practice of such individuals should correspond to their profession. The priests shew, by their personal appearance, that they do not practice those austerities which are generally believed to be the necessary concomitants of a monastic life. The sensual and unmeaning countenances that encircle the altars of the churches, and the levity and indifference with which the most sacred parts of the service are hurried through, would shock and surprise a Protestant, were he to attend mass in the expectation of finding the monks those solemn, majestic, and awe-inspiring persons which people who have never visited Catholic countries, often imagine them to be.'

Nothing can be worse than the state of society in this city. The lower classes, including the three descriptions of free blacks, slaves, and Spaniards, are all alike dissolute and unprincipled. Assassinations are so frequent that they excite little attention; and assault and robbery are matters of course when a man passes alone, and at night, through a solitary quarter of the town. ' I believe,' says Mr. Howison, (and Mr. Poinsett makes a similar statement,) ' this city is the scene of ' more outrages and daring crimes than any other of its size in ' the civilized world.'

' Several assassinations take place in the streets every week; but one will not learn this from its newspapers or from the Spaniards themselves, both the government and private individuals being anxious to conceal from foreigners the reproachful state of their town. When the dead body of a stranger, or person of low rank is found, it

is laid on the pavement in front of the prison, and is allowed to remain there till claimed or recognised by relations or acquaintances; and, therefore, those alone who have occasion to pass the place of exposure early in the morning, know how often a murder is committed.

' This depraved and lawless state of things may be ascribed to three causes; the inefficiency of the police,—the love of gaming and dissipation that prevails among the lower orders,—and the facility with which absolution of the greatest crimes can be obtained from those to whom the people are taught to intrust their consciences and spiritual concerns. In fact, the Catholic religion, as it now exists in Cuba, tends to encourage, rather than to check vice. We shall suppose, for example, that a man makes himself master of one hundred dollars by robbing or by murdering another, and that the church grants him absolution for half the sum thus lawlessly obtained, it is evident that he will gain fifty dollars by the whole transaction, and think himself as innocent as he was before he committed the crime. The negligence of the police enables four fifths of the offenders to escape detection; and no man need mount the Havana scaffold, whatever be his crime, if he has the means of ministering to the rapacity of the church, and of bribing the civil authorities. A poor, friendless criminal is executed a few days after sentence is pronounced upon him; but a person of wealth and influence generally manages to put off capital punishment for a series of years, and at last to get it commuted to fine or imprisonment.'

Three instances of this kind came to the Writer's knowledge while in Cuba. In one case, two girls were found guilty of having murdered their mother under circumstances of the deepest atrocity, were condemned to death, and the day was twice fixed for their execution; but their uncle, by paying large sums to the church, succeeded in deferring each time their execution, and at length he found means to persuade the civil authorities to let them escape. A Spaniard who had murdered a priest for carrying on a criminal correspondence with his wife, was condemned to death, but, by means of bribery, succeeded in delaying his execution for more than two years. At length, his funds being exhausted, he was hurried to the scaffold. The third case was that of a mulatto whose execution Mr. Howison witnessed. He had been found guilty of murder seven years before, but, by occasionally paying money to the church, had obtained a series of respites, till at length, his resources were exhausted, and the priests resigned him to the executioner.

This frightful picture of the moral state of society, receives a finishing touch in the following paragraph.

' It is evident that, however interesting the objects with which a man is surrounded may be, he will overlook them all if he is aware

that his life is in danger. Therefore, most foreigners, on arriving in Havana, think more about the yellow fever than any thing else. The fatal effects of this disease are forced upon their attention so frequently, and in so many different ways, that none but those who possess a large share of philosophical coolness can regard its ravages with indifference. At the boarding-house, a man seldom sits down at table without perceiving that one or two of the usual party are absent. If he inquires for them, he is told that they lie dangerously ill, and in the course of next meal probably receives intelligence of their dissolution or burial. Those who have resided long in Havana bear things of this kind without the slightest discomposure, and sometimes even pass jokes upon the subject: for a consciousness of their own security, makes them careless about the danger to which others are exposed; while, at the same time, a familiarity with sudden death renders its awfulness comparatively unimpressive.

'The proximate causes of the yellow fever have not as yet been correctly ascertained, and therefore it is difficult to explain why this epidemic should prevail so much in Havana. The city is indeed filled and surrounded with sources of disease. The streets are badly aired and odiously dirty; the water is obnoxious to the eye and to the taste, and the harbour forms a receptacle for the innumerable impurities which are daily thrown from four or five hundred vessels of all descriptions and sizes. The miasmata arising from such a quantity of putrescent materials, conjoined with the scorching heat of the sun, soon operate upon a European constitution, and produce the most fatal consequences. Two-thirds of the crew of a ship, recently come into port, often fall victims to the yellow fever in the course of a few days. Those who escape the first attack of the disease are generally exempted from a second, unless they leave Havana, and return to it after residing some months in a northern climate. The Protestants who die in Cuba are not allowed interment among Catholics; and therefore the hotel-keeper already mentioned has a burying ground of his own, in which the bodies of the English and Americans are deposited; however, within these few years past, the mortality has been so great that the premises have become rather small, and the corners of the piles of coffins, which occupy every part of them, may be seen projecting through the earth.'

These same British and Americans, with whom the higher classes of Spaniards seldom or ever associate, are described as for the most part uneducated adventurers leading a very contemptible sort of life. There is something attractive and amusing to a foreigner fresh from Europe, in the novel and varied habits, costume, and manners of the motley population; but the disagreeable features of the place, soon force themselves on his attention. He finds round him, 'a debased state of society, a pestilential atmosphere, an unprincipled and hypocritical priesthood, and a dissolute, atrocious populace;' curiosity soon yields to disgust, and he becomes anxi-

ous to escape from a spot in which physical and moral evil personified in their most dreadful forms, seem the very demons that wait on avarice, the master demon who holds his court in this infernal capital.

That the Spaniards should be expelled from Cuba, is at all events ardently to be desired by every friend of humanity. The island, from its geographical position, would seem to belong naturally to Mexico. Humboldt supposes that it originally formed part of the peninsula of Yucatan, and that it was separated by some great physical convulsion. As an island, however, it would require to be rather under the protection of some maritime power, which the Mexican Republic is not likely to become. Colombia, who is pushing her frontier towards the North, and already lays claims to great part of the Mosquito coast, stands in the nearest political relation to Cuba. On the other hand, the merchants of New Orleans are closely bound in commercial ties to those of the Havana. Were Great Britain to become possessed of this fine island, what could she do with the four hundred priests and a slave population dangerous alike in bondage and in freedom? We have already enough on our hands in the West Indies. Time will resolve the problem.

The other contents of Mr. Howison's first volume are entitled, *Life at Sea*; *Boarding-house Recollections*; a *Journey in the Deckan*; *Two Days at the Cape of Good Hope*; and a *Voyage from Havana to New Providence*. The first of these articles is extremely well managed, and has interested us highly by the almost dramatic spirit which pervades it. The least edifying or entertaining portion of a volume of travels is, in general, that which details the log-book memoranda of a voyage. The writer is then going out, perhaps for the first time, full of curiosity and ignorance, and is unable to analyze even his own sensations. The description which Mr. Howison gives of a 'life at sea,' is evidently written by an old traveller. We shall make room for his description of a sun-set at sea.

'Sunrise, sunset, and moonlight, constitute some of the most interesting modifications of ocean-scenery. The first, however, seldom displays much beauty or variety; for, at a distance from land, the great luminary in general emerges upon an unclouded horizon, and, therefore, nothing but a glare of light attends his appearance on the brow of the morning. With sunset, it is quite the reverse. In almost every dissimilar climate and different sea, the celestial phenomena that accompany the departure of day, vary in their character, and assume different aspects. I am far from thinking that sunset, as seen at sea, can ever equal what it is on shore, where mountains, valleys, forests, rivers, and ruins, clad in the glorious investments

of evening, and mutually heightening the individual effect of each other, dazzle the eyes and mind of the beholder, and make the scene excite emotions as numerous and diversified as the objects that compose it. But, in the midst of the ocean, the exhibition has a more abstract kind of magnificence, and, from the absence of all terrestrial features and associations, more ideality.

‘ Perhaps the finest sunsets of any take place in the West India seas during the rainy season. In the morning, the horizon is encircled by a range of clouds, the masses of which gradually increase in magnitude till noon. They then become motionless and unchanging, and float indolently in the overpowering fervour of day; but when the sun has declined considerably, new masses start up from the place at which he will set, as if to prepare for his reception. After he sinks behind them, he remains for a little time completely shrouded; but the obscuring volumes are at length divided by a chasm, through which a magnificent burst of splendour flashes forth with startling rapidity. Every flake now rolls away from before him, and his orb, dilated into glorious magnitude, pouring floods of golden light, and sublimely curtained with clouds of the most dazzling tints, throws a parting smile upon the ocean, whose mirrored bosom placidly receives the radiant gift, and reflects back the whole celestial pageantry with a chaste and tempering mellowness. But as the moment of dipping approaches, the sun’s glare falls unequally upon the gigantic clouds, and lights them with gorgeous dyes on one side, while they remain black, portentous, and pregnant with thunder on the other, and seem to await, with lurid impatience, the time when their controlling luminary will disappear, and leave them to burst into tempest, and discharge their pent-up wrath upon the bosom of night; at last he sinks below the horizon, and darkness almost instantaneously involves both ocean and sky.

‘ Sunset, as seen in the Southern Atlantic, has a more sober magnificence than in the West India seas. The clouds are equally brilliant in colour, but are less fantastically arranged; the light is nearly as vivid, but has not the tropical glare and fierceness just described; and the reflection upon the sea is quite as beautiful, but not so dazzling and extensive.

‘ The most lovely and impressive sunset I ever witnessed, took place at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where the river is thirty miles wide. I was on board ship, and we lay in the middle of the majestic stream, the surface of which was perfectly calm, and apparently without current. Several vessels had anchored within a mile of our station, and the sound of the voices and rattling of cordage, which occasionally proceeded from them, were the only vibrations that agitated the air. A number of belugas, or white whales, sported silently on the still expanse around us, raising their backs gradually above it, in the form of a snowy crescent, and then gliding downwards with graceful smoothness and elegance. On one side, the dreary coast of Labrador, lightened by the glow of sunset into an appearance of richness and verdure, occupied the horizon, and, on the other, the barren mountains of the American coast were dimly

viable. Before us we traced the windings of the St. Lawrence, and saw them studded with islands, and narrowing into more intense beauty, until they were lost amidst the recesses of accumulated hills and forests. The sun was setting serenely on a land of peace,—a land which was calling the children of misery to her bosom, and offering them the laughing joys of ease and plenty. We were in the midst of the most magnificent of nature's works,—these appearing still more magnificent from our having seen nothing but ocean and sky for many preceding weeks. We had just entered the gates of a new world, and it was impossible to view the glorious sunset which illumed its skies, without mingled emotions of awe, gratitude, and exultation.

'Sunset in the East Indies is as deficient in grandeur, gloriousness, and impressive magnificence, as is the country in which it takes place. The horizon is usually cloudless, and the sun, even when about to disappear, emits a glare and heat nearly as concentrated and scorching as he does at noonday. He is not encircled with orient colours and fanciful forms, nor tempered by kindly vapours, but descends in all the unadorned and unattractive simplicity that characterizes the face of nature in the eastern tropics.

'But where, after all, shall we find sunsets equal to British ones? where such serenely beautiful horizons—such rich and varied dyes—such mellowness of light—such objects to be irradiated by it, and evenings so happily adapted for contemplating them? The mixture of fierceness and gloom in a West India sunset call to mind the coarseness of the people there, and the implacable deadliness of the climate. The milder glories of one in the Southern Atlantic can be enjoyed at sea only where every thing else is unpleasing. The effect of a similar scene in America is injured by the want of objects of antiquity, and of the lofty associations connected with them; and, in India, the tropical glare attending the departure of day, forces us to imprison ourselves while it is taking place, and to remember that we are in exile. A British sunset alone excites no regretful ideas; its placid beauty is heightened by that of the scenery which it embellishes, while the quiet imagery of its horizon, and the softness of the succeeding twilight, are characteristic of the undisturbed peace and domestic happiness that have their dwelling-place in that land upon which the shadows of night always steal softly and unobtrusively.'

Vol. I. pp. 32—37.

The contents of the second volume are, *Life in India*; *Foreign Adventure*; the *Cantonment of Seroor*; the *Delinquent*. Of *Life in India*, Mr. Howison draws a very dark and gloomy picture; and he is aware that it will convey a very unfavourable impression of the country. But we are by no means disposed to suspect that the description is overcharged. He visited *Bombay*, he tells us, under the impression that it was the seat of wealth, splendour, fashion, and extravagance, but a stroll upon its esplanade dissipated the illusion. 'I believe,' he says, 'there are few English watering-places of the third

' class that could not produce a better evening turn-out than this Scotch factory. Every thing had an appearance of dinginess, age, and economy, that seemed miserably out of place beneath the ardent clime and radiant skies of Asia. One week's residence in India usually serves to dispel all the delusive anticipations of a life of splendour and voluptuousness which occupy the minds of the young men and women who embark for its shores. After giving the journal of a day, the Author makes the following very sensible and useful remarks:

' It will appear, from this sketch of a day's existence in the East, that life there, in most instances, consists chiefly of a succession of struggles against personal inconveniences and bodily uneasiness, and that those energies which people in temperate climates employ in augmenting their sources of positive enjoyment, are expended in diminishing the causes of positive suffering. The means which in India are adopted to alleviate the heat are of comparatively little avail. They affect the imaginations of those for whose benefit they are resorted to, more than they do the thermometers that hang in their houses. The influence of the climate can be successfully resisted only by withdrawing the attention from it. When the mind is idle, the body is delicate. Constant employment renders one almost insensible to the heat, and invigorates the frame infinitely more than the combined operation of fans, punkahs, and tatties, ever can do. But this plan cannot be pursued without considerable exertion: for that overwhelming languor and indolence which seem to be interwoven with existence in the East, and which prove hostile to any sort of activity, however agreeable in itself, must first be overcome and put to flight. Repeated efforts will not fail to effect this; and when a man has once got into regular habits of employment, he will suffer comparatively little exhaustion from the heat, and will enjoy much better health and spirits than he would otherwise do. This is the only system that can render life tolerable in India; and one must adopt it in the early part of his career there, otherwise it will become impracticable. He who passively yields up soul and body to the enervating dominion of the climate, will gradually acquire a torpidity of mind, such as will render him incapable of any higher enjoyment than what arises from exemption from actual suffering.'

Under the head of 'foreign adventure,' will be found some affecting biographical sketches, and much useful advice and caution to young emigrants and fortune-hunters.

'The West Indies and the Southern States of America form a present the grand theatres for adventurers, to whom temperate climates are not at all favourable, the waste of human life in them not being sufficiently rapid to render a constant influx of strangers necessary. The European population of Jamaica undergoes a total change every seven years, and that of New Orleans and of Sierra Leone is renewed twice in the same period. Two-thirds of the foreigners who

come to reside in Havana, die within six months after their arrival : and in some of the Dutch East India islands the mortality is still greater.

' It is from the deadliness of tropical climates that the ferocity of character which distinguishes European society in the West Indies and in the Southern States of America takes its origin. When men see their associates perishing around them, and know that they themselves may become death's next victims, they lose all tender feelings, and study self-preservation only. Life seems too short and uncertain to be wasted in the indulgence of human affections. Every one is aware of his danger, and scrambles to secure the means of flying from it. It is like a retreat after a battle, in which soldiers do not scruple to trample down their friends and companions in order to facilitate their own escape. So, in tropical climates, adventurers are obtuse to all circumstances unconnected with gain ; and even rejoice to see their fellow creatures precipitated into the whirlpool of destruction, when they happen to impede their progress through the avenues that lead to profit, preferment, and prosperity.

' Revolting and unnatural as this state of feeling appears to a stranger, on his first visit to a tropical country, it ought to be contemplated with forbearance, as being excusable and unavoidable. No man ever resides under a bad climate, except for the purpose of acquiring the means of eventually living in a good one ; and, therefore, the adventurer who comes to the West Indies has no object in view but gain. His avowed business is to struggle against competition, bad fortune, disease, and death ; and any refinements of feeling would be fatal to his personal comfort and injurious to his interests. To avoid cheating his fellow-creatures, and to respect the common rights of humanity, is all that can reasonably be required of him ; for his situation is too desperate a one to admit of his having any concern for the welfare, happiness, or safety of others ; and any professions to the contrary might justly be regarded as the offspring of hypocrisy, instead of the fruits of benevolence and disinterestedness.'

Vol. II. pp. 130—142.

The Delinquent is a horrible tale very powerfully told ; but we have no room for further extracts or remarks. Upon the whole, we have not been better pleased for a long time with two volumes of light reading, than with these ' travelling re-creations.'

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

In the press, the Works of James Arminius, D.D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin by James Nichols, Author of "Calvinism and Arminianism Compared in their Principles and Tendency."—Volume the First.

Mr. Belcher of Folkestone, has in the press, a 12mo. volume, entitled, Poetical Sketches of Biblical Subjects; comprising a Selection of Passages from the best Poets, illustrative of the Sacred Volume. It is intended as a companion to his "Narratives," lately published.

In the press, a Translation into English Verse of the French Hymns of the Rev. Cæsar Malan.

In the press, a new edition, in 2 vols. 12mo., of Dr. Bogue's Discourses on the Millennium.

In the press, The Life of John Chamberlain, late a Missionary of distinguished eminence in India. By Mr. Yates, of Calcutta. Republished in England, and edited at the desire and under the immediate patronage of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, by F. A. Cox, A.M. Hackney.

Part I. of Dr. Alexander Jamieson's New Practical Dictionary of Mechanical Science, will appear in June, embellished with engravings.

In a few days will be published, The New Shepherd's Calendar, a new volume of Poems. By John Clare.

Also, Aids to Reflections, in a Series of Prudential, Moral, and Spiritual Aphorisms, extracted from the Works of Archbishop Leighton: with notes and interpolated Remarks, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. post 8vo.

In the press, the Songs of Scotland, ancient and modern: with an introduc-

tion and notes, historical and critical, and characters of the lyric poets. By Allan Cunningham. 4 vols.

In the press, Essays and Sketches of Character. By the late Richard Aysa, Esq.; with a memoir of his life, and portrait.

Mr. Mitchell is preparing a Dictionary of Ancient and Modern Greek, to unite the two languages, distinguishing the words purely ancient and the modern terms. Also, a Compendium of the Modern words, to be used as a Supplement to all existing Greek Lexicons.

In the press, in one vol. 8vo. A Manual of the Elements of Natural History, by Professor Blumenbach, of Berlin. Translated from the tenth German edition.

Mrs. Henry Rolls, Authoress of Sacred Sketches, Moscow, &c. &c. will soon publish, Legends of the North, or the Feudal Christmas. A Poem.

Mr. Woolnoth will complete his Series of Views of our Ancient Castles in the course of the summer. No. XXIV., concluding the work, will contain a descriptive catalogue of all the castles in England and Wales.

The Rev. B. Jeanes, of Chelmsford, is preparing for publication, A General Pronouncing Vocabulary, or Guide to a correct Pronunciation of Proper Names, ancient and modern. 1 vol. 8vo.

A new edition of the Rev. John Bird Sumner's Essay on the Records of the Creation, revised and corrected by the Author, will shortly be published.

The Rev. J. T. James, Author of Travels in Russia and Poland, has in the press, The Scepticism of To-Day; or the common sense of religion considered.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Christian Characteristics; or, an attempt to delineate the most prominent features of the Christian Character. By the Rev. T. Lewis, Minister of Union Chapel, Islington. 12mo. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

A Letter to the Rev. Edward Irving, occasioned by his Oration for Mission-

aries, &c. By the Rev. W. Orme. 8vo. 2s.

Doddridge's Family Expositor, complete in one vol. sup. royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Reflections on the Word of God for every Day in the Year. By William Ward of Serampore. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Lectures on Popery. By W. Gann. 12mo. 5s.

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